NOT TO BE ISSUED
THE LIBRARY.

God
942·06
Jes/mem
36837

00036837

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.
Class 6

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018

EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES I AT WHITEHALL

MEMOIRS

OF

THE COURT OF ENGLAND

DURING

THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS,

INCLUDING

THE PROTECTORATE.

36837

BY JOHN HENEAGE JESSE.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.
1840.

00036837

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

CONTENTS

OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

CHAPTER I.

Character of Cromwell — Apartment in which he was born — his Infancy— he is snatched from his Cradle by a Monkey —notorious for robbing Orchards — his narrow Escape from Drowning — Childish Quarrel with Prince Charles — he is visited by an Apparition—singular Prediction of his future Greatness — performs the Part of Tactus in the Play of The Five Senses— Attempts to degrade him as a Person of mean Birth — his supposed Relationship to Charles the First.

Page 1

CHAPTER II.

Refutation of Cromwell having been a Brewer — Lampoons on the Subject — his early Profligacy — he is entered at Sydney College, Cambridge — removal to the Inns of Court — associates with Roysterers and Drunkards — becomes the Terror of the "Ale-Wives" of Huntingdon — his Marriage — Reformation in his Conduct — his religious Melancholy and Fanaticism.— Cromwell takes a Farm at St. Ives — Failure of

his agrarian Speculations — removes to Cambridge — subscribes in Favour of the Republican Cause — prevented from emigrating to America — Hampden's Foresight of his future Greatness. . . . . Page 14

CHAPTER III.

Cromwell's Indifference as to Dress — Rudeness of his Manners — his personal Infirmities caricatured — he is the first to take up Arms against the King — his Regiment of *Ironsides* — their Discipline and good Conduct. — Cromwell beloved by the common Soldiers — his first Military Exploit — plunders the Cathedrals at Peterborough and Ely. — Battle of Marston Moor. — Cromwell's narrow Escape from being killed. — The second Engagement at Newbury. — Cromwell's personal Encounter with a Cavalier Officer. — Anecdote of Fairfax at the Battle of Naseby. — Cromwell's rapid Successes — accused of Cowardice by his Enemies. . . 26

CHAPTER IV.

Cromwell appointed to the Command in Ireland — he departs from Whitehall with a splendid Cavalcade. — Massacres at Drogheda and Wexford. — Instances of Cromwell's merciless Disposition. — Battle of Dunbar. — Treatment of the Prisoners. — Scotland indebted to Cromwell for the Introduction of Newspapers — he is attacked by a dangerous Illness — endeavours to shoot his Officers in his Delirium. — Battle of Worcester. — Cromwell's Election — marked Alteration in his Behaviour. 40

CHAPTER V.

Cromwell's personal Exertions to insure the Execution of Charles — forces Ingoldesby to sign the King's Death-warrant — his indecent Behaviour in the Court of Wards — visits the

King's dead Body. — Anecdotes. — Cromwell's love of Buffoonery — his Practice of flinging Cushions at his Friends.— Curious Scene at a Banquet at Whitehall.—Cromwell's strange Conduct at State Conferences — encourages practical Jokes among his Soldiers — thrown from his Coach-box in Hyde Park — Lampoons on the Subject — his practice of being carried in a Sedan Chair. . . Page 47

CHAPTER VI.

Installation of the Protector — his Views of Aggrandizement —his general Unpopularity — Ceremonies which attended his Installation — dines in State with the Citizens of London — takes Possession of the royal Palaces — Notices of his Removal to Whitehall — Tables provided for his Household — aspires to the title of King — consults with his Friends on the Subject — refuses the Title — Instance of his Trickery — his Second Inauguration. — Gloom of his Court — affects greater Magnificence — his Entertainments at Whitehall — discourages the Visits of the Queen of Sweden — his frequent and prodigal Feasts. 59

CHAPTER VII.

De Grammont's Visit to the Court of Cromwell. — Respect paid by Foreign Ambassadors to the Protector's Daughters. — Cromwell's Love of Hunting — his Intrigues with the Duchess of Lauderdale and Mrs. Lambert. — Tact with which he ingratiated himself with others.— Anecdotes. — Cromwell's Want of Literary Taste and Information — Unsteadiness of his Religious Principles — his Cant and Hypocrisy — his Hatred of a Commonwealth — his Views regarding an Established Church — thought to be the Messiah by the Jews — feared and respected by Foreign Powers.— Mazarine's dread of him.—Subserviency of the French and Spanish Monarchs. — Anecdotes. 76

CHAPTER VIII.

Vigilance of Cromwell, and his extraordinary Means of acquiring Information — he despatches Thurloe on a mysterious Errand — informed of all the Secrets of the Court of Charles the Second — expends large Sums in obtaining secret Intelligence — his System of employing Spies — he discovers the Projects of Lord Orrery — his singular Interview with that Nobleman — he ascertains that the Marquis of Ormond is in London — his liberal Treatment of the Marquis — Anecdote illustrating the cautious Policy of the Protector. Page 91

CHAPTER IX.

Death and Burial of the Protector's Mother. — Distressing State of Cromwell's Mind at the Close of his Career. — Reflections on his ephemeral Greatness — his Dread of Assassination — his Custom of wearing secret Armour — Conspiracies against his Life. — Syndercombe's Plot and untimely Fate. — Reward offered by Charles II. to whoever should take away the Life of the Usurper. — Letter from the Duke of York on the Subject. — The Pamphlet of "Killing no Murder." — Sickness of the Protector — he removes from Hampton Court to Whitehall — his fanatical Enthusiasm — his last Moments — his Death — the fearful Storm which attended it — Blasphemous Language of his Panegyrists. . . . 103

CHAPTER X.

Cromwell's "fortunate Day" — magnificent Ceremony of his lying in State — his splendid Funeral — his Body exhumed and exposed at Tyburn — other Accounts of the Disposal of his Remains. — The Body of Charles supposed to have been substituted for that of Cromwell. — Barkstead's singular Narrative. — Descendants of the Protector. — Reflections on his Character and Conduct. 127

ELIZABETH CROMWELL,

WIFE OF THE PROTECTOR.

Abuse heaped on her by the Cavaliers — her Lineage — introduced to Charles I. at Hampton Court — her want of Beauty — her Thriftiness — Behaviour at her Elevation — Pasquinades of the Period — her Character and want of Influence with the Protector — her Flight at the Restoration — endeavours to secrete Pictures and other Valuables belonging to the Royal Family — her Residences and Death. Page 142

RICHARD CROMWELL.

Character of Richard — his Love of Field Sports — his Attachment to the Pleasures of the Table — opposed to the Measures of his Father — intercedes for the King's Life — his Marriage — lives in Retirement at Hursley — initiated in State Affairs — succeeds his Father — his brief Government and Abdication — in Danger of being arrested for Debt — lives Abroad under a feigned Name — his singular Interview with the Prince de Conti. — Anecdotes. — Richard's Personal Appearance — his Death and Burial. . 152

HENRY CROMWELL.

His Resemblance to his Father, the great Protector — his Military Services — his amiable Character — his Marriage — appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland — his admirable Administration in that Country — his Recall — lives in Retirement after the Restoration — visited by Charles II. — his last Illness — the King interests himself in his Sufferings — his Death and Burial — Encomiums on his Character — his Descendants. 173

BRIDGET CROMWELL,

MRS. IRETON.

Her Republican Principles — her Sanctity — her Marriage with Henry Ireton — her second Marriage (with Fleetwood) — Anecdote — her Intrigue with the Duke of Buckingham — her Death and Burial. . . . . Page 184

ELIZABETH CROMWELL,

MRS. CLAYPOLE.

The favourite Daughter of the Protector — her amiable Disposition—her royalist Principles — her Marriage. — Cromwell's Buffoonery on the Occasion. — Notice of Mrs. Claypole's Husband. — Mrs. Claypole befriends the oppressed Royalists — recovers the MS. of the Oceana for its Author — her last Illness — she reproaches her Father for his Crimes — her Death, and the Grief of the Protector — Andrew Marvell's Lament — her Burial. 188

MARY CROMWELL,

COUNTESS OF FALCONBERG.

The Protector's Third Daughter — her Character — her Marriage — curious Anecdote connected with it — her Personal Appearance — her Resemblance to the Protector — her spirited Disposition. — Anecdotes. — Changes her Principles at the Restoration. — De Foe visits her in her Old Age — her Death. 196

FRANCES CROMWELL,

MRS. RICH.

Charles II. her Suitor. — The Protector refuses his Consent to their Union. — The Duke d'Enghien another of her Suitors. — Cromwell wishes to marry her to the Duke of Buckingham. — Courtship of Jerry White, the Protector's Chaplain. — Her Marriage with Robert Rich — Cromwell's practical Fooleries on the Occasion. — Death of Rich. — Her Second Marriage (with Sir John Russell) — her numerous Offspring — her Death. . . . Page 205

CHARLES II.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Charles. — Remarkable Constellation. — Ceremony of his Christening — Anecdotes of his Childhood — Juvenile Letters — his Guardians. — Charles witnesses from an Eminence the Battle of Edgehill — parts with his Father for the last Time — sent into the West of England, with the Title of General — retreats before Fairfax — retires to Scilly — passes over to Jersey — visits the Hague — invited to Scotland after the Execution of his Father — proceeds to Paris — again lands at Jersey — quits that Island for Breda — arrives in the Frith of Cromarty — hard Conditions imposed upon him by the Scots — his Misery and Privations — crowned at Scone — frequently reprimanded for his Levity. — Battle of Dunbar. — Charles takes the Command of the Scottish Army — marches into England — admirable Conduct of his Soldiers. 215

CHAPTER II.

Battle of Worcester—Gallantry of Charles during the Action —his Flight — halts at White Ladies — disguises himself as a Woodman — separates from the Duke of Buckingham and his other Attendants — his Adventures the Day after the Battle — his Journey to Madely — Adventure with the Miller — Return to White Ladies. — Charles conceals himself in the Oak — his Hiding-place at Boscobel — he is conducted by the Penderells to Moseley — Meeting with Lord Wilmot —his admirable Disguise. . . . . Page 233

CHAPTER III.

Boscobel searched by the Parliamentary Soldiers—their Visit to Moseley.— Charles removes to Bentley — rides "double" as a Servant before Miss Lane — his Awkwardness in his new Character — Adventure with the Blacksmith at Bromsgrove — employed to wind the Meat-jack at Longmarston — Arrival at Abbotsleigh — recognised by Pope, a Butler. — Journey to Trent. — Cavalier Family of the Wyndhams — their affectionate Loyalty. — Rejoicings at the King's reported Death. — Charles listens to them from his Hiding-place — removes to Charmouth — disappointed in his Hopes of Escape — his narrow Escape at Lyme — nearly recognised by an Ostler. — Parliamentary Soldiers in pursuit of him — quartered with the Enemy's Troopers at Broad Windsor — Journey to Hele — Arrival at Brighthelmstone — Charles escapes to France. 252

CHAPTER IV.

Munificence of Charles to those who assisted him during his Wanderings. — Notice of the Penderells — of Jane Lane. — Pensions conferred on Colonel Wyndham and others. — No-

tices of the Houses visited by Charles — the Royal Oak. — Residence of Charles in France — at Spa — at Cologne — his splendid Reception in the latter Town — Poverty of his Court — his Habits and Amusements — his Love of Pleasure, and especially of Dancing — pays a Visit to Frankfort Fair — his Interview with the Queen of Sweden — Removes to Bruges — Profligacy of his Court — Plot against his Life — pays a clandestine Visit to the Hague — his Matrimonial Projects and Disappointments. . . . Page 281

CHAPTER V.

Restoration of Charles II. — The King sails for England — received on landing by General Monk — his splendid Progress towards London — his Gratitude to Heaven singularly exemplified. — Coronation. — Familiarity of Charles with his Subjects — his Habit of fast walking — his Saying to Prince George of Denmark — his Custom of feeding the Fowls in St. James's Park. — Anecdotes. — The King's witty Retort to the Duke of York. — The royal Barber. — Fondness of Charles for Dogs. — Lampoons on the Subject. — Social Qualities of Charles — his Love of Wit. — Shaftesbury's Retort to Charles. — Anecdote of Blood. — The King's quiet Reprimand of Penn, the Quaker — his witty Sayings and Love of Fun. . 304

CHAPTER VI.

Instances of Charles's right Feeling and Kindness of Heart — his good-natured Support of Lord Keeper Guildford — his Kindness to Sir John Reresby. — Liberality of Charles — his excellent natural Capacity — his Knowledge of the Arts and Sciences — his Interest in naval Affairs — his Taste for the Sea becomes fashionable at Court — his Love of Theatricals. — Anecdotes. — Verses believed to be the Composition of Charles. — Profligacy of the Court. — Remarkable Punishment of Sir Peckshall Brockas. — Desecration at Court of the Sab-

bath Day. — A Court Ball. — Ancient Palace of Whitehall.— The King's Mode of Living at Windsor — his Taste for Fishing — his Manner of Living at Newmarket. — Picture of a royal Debauch.—Anecdotes.—Royal Mistresses — their Rapacity. — The King's Nick-name of "Old Rowley"— his Poverty — his Custom of attending the Debates in the House of Lords. . . . . Page 319

CHAPTER VII.

Religious Tenets of Charles — reproves the Duke of Buckingham for his Profaneness — his Ridicule of Isaac Vossius — his praiseworthy Conduct to Bishop Ken — requests the dying Benediction of his old Tutor, Bishop Duppa — his Adoption of the Roman Catholic Belief — Interest which he takes in Religious Matters — his written Arguments in Favour of the Roman Catholic Religion — attacked by his last Illness — declines receiving the Sacrament from the Bishops — receives it from a Catholic Priest — his Demeanour during his Sickness — his Tenderness to the Duke of York and the Queen. 345

CHAPTER VIII.

Dying Injunctions of Charles.—Grief of the Queen.—Affecting Descriptions of the King's last Moments — his Piety and Resolution — his Death — Neglect shown to his Remains — his Funeral in Westminster Abbey — Reasons for believing him to have been poisoned — Anecdotes illustrating the Supposition. — Extraordinary Story related by the Duchess of Portsmouth. — Evelyn's Reflections on the Death of Charles. — Description of the King's Person — his Loss lamented by the lower Orders — his illegitimate Children. . 361

CATHERINE,

QUEEN OF CHARLES II.

The Queen's uncomfortable Situation at the Court of Charles —her Lineage— arrives at Portsmouth— Charles's Description of her to Lord Clarendon — her Marriage with the King — Descriptions of her Person — her extraordinary Retinue — List of her Household in 1669 — Anecdotes — Lady Castlemaine attempted to be forced upon her as a Lady of the Bedchamber — Indignation of Catherine — unfeeling Conduct of Charles and Lord Clarendon — the Queen consents to the Appointment of her Rival — Alteration in her Conduct — encourages Gaiety and Frolic — fashionable Freaks of the Period — the Queen's Unhappiness — Evidences of her being capable of bearing Children — her dangerous Illness, and Affliction of Charles — accused by Titus Oates — her Grief at the Death of Charles — Description of her later in Life — her Death. . . . . Page 383

PRINCE RUPERT.

Military Capacity of Prince Rupert — his early Attachment to England — his Services in the German Wars — taken Prisoner by General Hatzfield — proposed Marriage with Mademoiselle de Rohan — her generous Conduct towards him. — Military Exertions of Prince Rupert in favour of Charles I. — The Prince's uncalled-for Surrender of Bristol — his Quarrel with the Earl of Southampton — distinguishes himself in Naval Warfare — turns Philosopher — his Skill at Tennis and in Pistol-shooting — imitates the Fashionable at the Restoration — his Mistress — his natural Children. — Notice of his gallant Son, Dudley Rupert. — Death and Burial of the Prince. . 415

GEORGE MONK,

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.

Lineage of this Personage — cudgels the Under-Sheriffs for insulting his Father — adopts the military Profession — sides with the King in the Civil War — taken Prisoner by Fairfax — his Imprisonment in the Tower — released by Cromwell — curious Particulars relating to his Wife, Anne Clarges — her Character and Share in the Restoration. — Monk effects the Return of the King — Honours heaped upon him by Charles. — Anecdotes. — Monk's Conduct during the great Plague. — Gumble's Account of its Ravages. — Instances of Monk's Intrepidity — Summary of his Character — his last Sickness — his Death and Burial. — Notice of Christopher, the second Duke of Albemarle — extraordinary Character of his Duchess — Suitors of this Lady — her Death . . Page 426

GEORGE VILLIERS,

SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

CHAPTER I.

Character of this Nobleman — his Education with the Children of Charles I. — present at the Storming of Lichfield — his Estates confiscated by the Parliament — his Defeat under the Earl of Holland at Nonsuch — Melancholy Death of his younger Brother, Lord Francis Villiers. — The Duke escapes to St. Neot's — present with Charles II. in Scotland — escapes from the Battle of Worcester — his subsequent Adventures — performs the Character of a Mountebank in the Streets of London — escapes to France — returns privately and marries

Fairfax's Daughter. — Anger of Cromwell, who commits the Duke to the Tower — released by Richard Cromwell. — Honours conferred on Buckingham at the Restoration — his Wit and conversational Talents. — Anecdotes. — Instances of his whimsical Caprice . . . . Page 454

CHAPTER II.

Buckingham's Conspiracy against Charles II. — Proclamation issued for his Apprehension — conceals himself in London — surrenders himself to the Lieutenant of the Tower — his Conduct at his Examination — pardoned by Charles. — Buckingham's Quarrel with Lord Ossory — his late Hours — his Fray with Lord Dorchester — kills the Earl of Shrewsbury in a Duel — his Intrigue with the Countess of Shrewsbury — the Duke's Seat at Cliveden — sent on a Mission to France — Anecdote — again in Disgrace at Court — sent to the Tower — witty Reply to Lord Shaftesbury — retires from Court at the Death of Charles II. — his vast Debts — amusing Controversy with Father Petre — his last Moments and Death. — Character of Buckingham. 478

OLIVER CROMWELL.

MEMOIRS

CONCERNING

THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

CHAPTER I.

Character of Cromwell — Apartment in which he was born — his Infancy— he is snatched from his Cradle by a Monkey— notorious for robbing Orchards — his narrow Escape from Drowning — Childish Quarrel with Prince Charles — he is visited by an Apparition — singular Prediction of his future Greatness — performs the Part of Tactus in the Play of The Five Senses— Attempts to degrade him as a Person of mean Birth — his supposed Relationship to Charles the First.

ONE of the weaknesses of human nature is to derogate from the genius and merits of a great man, according as his political principles happen to differ from our own. Posterity itself is not always an impartial umpire; and the virtues and capacity which were denied to the hero in his life-time, are too often handed down to us discoloured by prejudice and party feeling. Not unfrequently

the conceptions and encomiums of his worshippers are equally exaggerated. There is no medium between eulogium and execration; no feeling in common between the panegyrist and the detractor. The one would award a halter, the other a laurel — the one the pillory, the other a triumph.

Difficult as it is to reconcile to common sense that Cromwell should have been the idol of any particular party, he has, nevertheless, had an extraordinary share of adulation as well as obloquy. And yet, what party is there that would naturally recognise him as their head? Not the royalist, for he overthrew monarchy; — not the whig, for he perverted the representative system, governed with a standing army, and left an exhausted treasury where he found an overflowing one. Still less should he be a favourite with the republicans, for he was an apostate to the party who exalted him; he threw down the ladder which had raised him to the summit, and would have installed himself in the ranks of legitimate kings whom he had assisted to expel.

Although the portrait of Cromwell has been sketched by many a masterly hand, his character continues to be as great an enigma as it is a wonder; and we, who are enabled to take a calmer view of his conduct, are perhaps as far removed from the truth as were his more bigoted contemporaries. Who, indeed, can form a just estimate of one whose whole life was a continued artifice,— a long

contradiction; whose tools were the vices and weaknesses of mankind, and whose stepping-stones were dissimulation and deceit; who professed humility while he aimed at greatness; who spoke of liberty, yet ruled with the sword; who fought against monarchy, yet made himself a despot; and who, committing the most fearful crimes, could solemnly appeal to Heaven for their justice? In so extraordinary a compound of courage, enthusiasm, ambition, and hypocrisy, who will venture to draw the line, or undertake to sift the gold from the dross? Who will assert that he was always the hypocrite; or, on the other hand, who will point out at what particular period he was honest in politics or sincere in religion; that at such an era he was a patriot or a dissembler, a fanatic or a sceptic?

That which we really know of Cromwell's character may be summed up in a few words. On the one hand, he was brave in battle and wise in council; temperate and sober in his manner of living; and in the bosom of his own family kind, cheerful, and affectionate. On the other hand, he was at best an illustrious hypocrite. There was nothing of the Roman in his patriotism; his religion was sullied by fanaticism and grimace; and he rose by artifices incompatible with true greatness.

But whether we regard him as a patriot or a tyrant, who is there who will deny to Cromwell

the almost supernatural genius which awed and yet dazzles mankind! That a mere country gentleman, without wealth, person, eloquence, and the many accomplishments by which the world is captivated, should have destroyed an ancient monarchy, and have brought his sovereign to the scaffold; that, at a period of life when most men prepare to retire from the stage, he should have come forward and thrust aside the many great and wise men who already occupied the arena; that he should have won battle after battle, and have reduced a powerful empire by the sword; that the mere servant of the domineering Commons should rise to be their master; that he should have created a peerage, and nominated parliaments at his will; that he should have raised the national glory to a pitch of splendour unexampled in its annals; that the princes of the earth should have trembled at his word; that he should have been able to bequeath three kingdoms with his dying breath; and that the terror of his name should have ensured the succession;—who is there whom even so passing a summary of greatness will not strike with admiration and wonder? But, alas, that such a catalogue of splendour should be tarnished by pettiness and infamy! His purple is the gore of his sovereign. We strain our eyes to the summit of the column on which he stands;— the pillar is a *composite* of human weaknesses; the *reliefs* are the disasters of

his country; and what consolation is it that the suppliants at its *base* were the rulers of the world!

Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, on the 25th of April 1599, and was christened four days afterwards in the parish church of St. John's in that town. The apartment in which he was born was standing in the time of Noble the historian, and may possibly still exist.* The house itself belonged, within the last century, to a Mr. Edward Audley, a draper of Huntingdon, and a man of some note in his time. Lord Sandwich told Noble that when Audley, who was a bigoted politician, used to show the room, he invariably pointed out a figure of Satan in the tapestry behind the door, leaving his visitors to draw their conclusions.

The Protector was not born to a crown, or doubtless many signs and wonders would have recorded so remarkable an event. It is related,

* Since the above was written, I have met with the following passage, in a modern memoir of the Protector. "The house (in which Cromwell was born) was built of stone, with gothic windows and projecting attics, and must have been one of the most considerable in the borough. It had extensive back premises, in which the brewery was carried on, and a fine garden. In the year 1810 the estate was purchased by James Rust, Esq., whose extensive improvements have entirely obliterated every trace of the Cromwell mansion. Previous to this date, the chamber in which Oliver was born, and the room under it, remained as they were at the time that even took place, and an out-building noticed by Noble, in which Cromwell was said to have held forth among the Puritans, was pointed out to strangers."—*Life of Cromwell in Const. Misc.* vol. i. p. 18.

however, on the authority of Dr. Scott's MSS. that when a mere infant in arms, his grandfather, Sir Henry Cromwell, having sent for him to Hinchinbroke, a mischievous monkey entered the apartment, and snatching the baby in his arms, flew with him to the roof of the house. Sir Henry and the nursery-maids were in the utmost consternation, and feather beds were in immediate requisition to break his fall. It is added, however, that the monkey eventually descended of his own accord, and restored the "fortune of England" to the repose from which he had snatched him. The monkey should have dropped the child, and Charles have rewarded the animal with a pension.

His schoolmaster was a Rev. Mr. Long, of Huntingdon, and afterwards a Dr. Beard of the same place, the latter of whom is described as a very severe castigator. Cromwell himself is generally spoken of as having been a very obstinate, mischievous, and wrong-headed boy, always under the lash or in disgrace. Heath, who enters more fully than any other writer into the circumstances of Cromwell's boyhood, affords an amusing picture of his youthful delinquencies. "Amongst the rest of those ill qualities which fructuated in him at this age, he was very notorious for robbing of orchards; a puerile crime and an ordinary trespass, but grown so scandalous and injurious by the frequent spoils and damages of trees, breaking of hedges and inclosures, committed by this *apple-*

dragon, that many solemn complaints were made both to his father and master for redress thereof, which missed not their satisfaction and expiation out of his hide. From this he passed unto another and more manly theft, the robbing of dove-houses, stealing the young pigeons, and eating and merchandising of them, and that so publicly, that he became dreadfully suspect to all the adjacent country." The same writer tells us that he had his fits of learning, and would occasionally study hard for a week, though afterwards he would be idle for months. Bolingbroke, Rochester, and other gifted profligates, coquetted in a similar manner with their genius.

Cromwell, in his boyhood, was once in imminent danger of being drowned, but was saved by a Mr. Johnson, a clergyman. Many years afterwards, they encountered each other in the streets of Huntingdon, when the hero of Marston Moor was at the head of his Ironsides. Cromwell recognised his benefactor, and reminded him of the circumstance. "I remember it," said the old man; "but I would rather have put you in, than seen you in arms against your King."

Noble mentions a curious tradition which, within rather more than half a century, was current in Huntingdon. Charles the First, then a very weak child, being on his way from Scotland, in 1604, to join his parents in London, happened to spend a day at Hinchinbroke, then the seat of the Crom-

wells, and one of the resting-places of the kings of England in their progresses. Little Oliver was sent for to amuse the royal guest, and the children becoming intimate, they commenced the usual pastimes of boyhood. They had not played long when a dispute, and afterwards a fight ensued, in which the blood was made to flow from the Prince's nose. Certainly it was the first that was shed during the civil troubles. Cromwell could only have been five years old at the time alleged, and Charles a year younger.

There is another story connected with the Protector's boyhood, to which the name of Clarendon adds some weight. It would appear that a gigantic figure presented itself to him in his waking hours, and opening the curtains of his bed, assured him that he should one day be the greatest man in England; though the phantom made no mention of the name of King. Heath, in his "Flagellum," in some degree varies the relation: "'T was at this time of his adolescency," he says, "that he dreamed, or rather a familiar instincted him, and put into his head that he should be King of England." According to this writer, the boy insisted so pertinaciously on his having seen the vision, that his schoolmaster, Dr. Beard, at the especial desire of old Cromwell, gave him a sound flogging for his impudence and vanity. It is certain that, in his prouder days, Cromwell often alluded to the dream of his youth.

Lord Clarendon says, that it was "generally spoken of, even from the beginning of the troubles, and when he was not in a posture that promised such exaltation." He adds, that when the crown was actually offered to Cromwell, he revolved in his mind the words of the apparition with perplexity and doubt.

This story naturally gives rise to another scarcely less remarkable. "It happened," says Heath, "as was then generally the custom in all great free-schools, that a play called *The Five Senses* was to be acted by the scholars of the school, and Oliver Cromwell, as a confident youth, was named to act the part of Tactus, the Sense of Feeling; in the personification of which, as he came out of the tyring-room upon the stage, his head encircled with a chaplet of laurel, he stumbled at a crown purposely laid there, which, stooping down, he took up and crowned himself therewithal, adding beyond his cue some majestical mighty words." The title of this play, which is reprinted in Dodsley's collection, is "Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority."* The following scene is the one referred to by Heath.

* "Lingua; or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority. A pleasant comedy. Anon. 4to. 1607. Winstanley has attributed it to Anthony Brewer; and tells us, moreover, that on its being performed once at Trinity College, in Cambridge, Oliver Cromwell acted the part of Tactus in it, from which he first imbibed his sentiments of ambition. The scene is Microcosmus in a grove. The time,

Tactus. 'T is wondrous rich, but sure it is not so;
Do I not sleep, and dream of this good luck?
No, I am awake and feel it now.
Whose should it be?
(*He takes up the crown.*)

Mend. Set up a *si quis* for it.

Tact. Mercury, all 's mine own, here 's none to cry half 's mine.

Mend. When I am gone.

Scene 6. *A Soliloquy.*

Tact. Tactus, thy sneezing somewhat did portend!
Was ever man so fortunate as I,
To break his shins at such a stumbling-block?
Roses and bays, back hence; this crown and robe
My brows and body circles and invests:
How gallantly it fits me! sure the slave
Measured *my* head that wrought this coronet.
They lie who say complexions cannot change,
My blood's ennobled, and I am transformed
Into the sacred temper of a king.
Methinks I hear my noble parasites
Styling me Cæsar, or great Alexander,
Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
This precious ointment. How my pace is mended!
How princely do I speak, how sharp I threaten!
Peasants, I 'll curb your headstrong impudence,
And make you tremble when the lion roars;
Ye earth-bred worms! O for a looking-glass!
Poets will write whole volumes on this change.
Where's my attendants? Come hither, sirrah, quickly,
Or by the wings of Hermes—

---

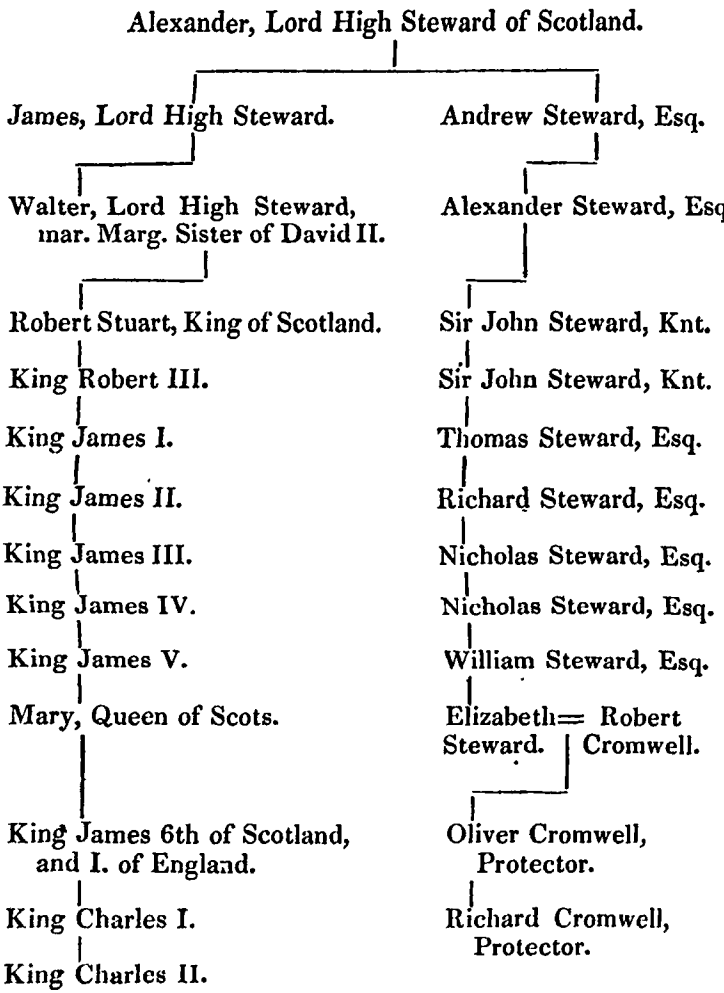
from morning till night." *Biog. Dram.* v. iii. p. 372. — Winstanley has doubtless mistaken Cambridge for Huntingdon. The first impression purports it to have been originally performed at Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards at the Free Grammar-school, Huntingdon.

Whether the part of Tactus was the especial choice of Cromwell, or whether it was selected for him by others, the coincidence between this passage and the events of his after-life is equally singular.

There is no meanness to which the political bigot of any party will not willingly descend, and in the present instance it has been an object to degrade Cromwell as a man of low birth. The mighty genius of this extraordinary person is so far above the mere question of ancestry, that it would be folly to dwell long on the subject. It is certain, however, that his secretary, Milton, when he speaks of him, in his Latin Panegyric, as of noble and illustrious birth, is not far from the truth. That his connections were highly respectable there can be no question. He was related to the St. Johns, Barringtons, and Hampdens, and his forefathers had been sheriffs for Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire at different periods, from the reign of Henry the Eighth. They were the possessors also of considerable landed property, and were long the masters of Hinchinbrooke. Cromwell himself tells us, in one of his speeches,—"I was by birth a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity;" a definition which seems exactly the truth.

There is a favourite theory of the indefatigable Noble, that a relationship existed between Charles the First and Cromwell,—the mother of the Pro-

tector having been a Stuart. As Noble took great pains on the subject, and was himself fully satisfied of the reality of this strange connection, we may at least place as much faith in the following genealogical table, as in most of the common deductions of descent.



It appears, from this table, that Charles and Cromwell were ninth cousins, once removed, and that Charles and the Protector Richard were tenth cousins. There were certainly no prejudices of consanguinity. Horace Walpole mentions as a "marriage extraordinary," that the *descendants* of Charles the First and Cromwell intermarried in the fourth degree. There may possibly have been such a marriage through the Hydes, but we have not been able to trace it out. The connection of Cromwell with the blood-royal is far from being a modern question of dispute. Anthony Wood says,—"His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Steward, Knt., whence 'twas that when Oliver gaped after the Protectorship, it was given out by those of his party, that he was descended of the royal blood, and had right to the crown of England."

CHAPTER II.

Refutation of Cromwell having been a Brewer —Lampoons on the Subject— his early Profligacy— he is entered at Sydney College, Cambridge — removal to the Inns of Court — associates with Roysterers and Drunkards — becomes the Terror of the " Ale-Wives" of Huntingdon—his Marriage—Reformation in his Conduct — his religious Melancholy and Fanaticism.—Cromwell takes a Farm at St. Ives — Failure of his agrarian Speculations — removes to Cambridge — subscribes in Favour of the Republican Cause — prevented from emigrating to America — Hampden's Foresight of his future Greatness.

THE question whether Cromwell or his father were ever actually engaged in trade as brewers, has given rise to many lampoons and more disquisition. The fact of itself could scarcely be considered as a disgrace, and would be of little importance, but for the height to which Cromwell afterwards attained, and the weight which was attached to it both by his friends and foes. That Robert Cromwell, the father, purchased the brewery is undoubted. It was asserted, however, by the friends of the Protector, that it was his wife who managed the concern, and that old Cromwell had nothing to do with the business; as if it signified which of the parents were gaining an ho-

nest livelihood, or as if it were any credit that the old gentleman should be idle while his wife worked! Coke informs us, that when his own father was once asked whether he was acquainted with the Protector,—"Yes," he said, "and his father too, when he kept his brewhouse in Huntingdon." Whether Cromwell was himself engaged in the trade is another question. Certainly he was one of a large family; and there is a period of his life, from his marriage to his being returned to Parliament, during which we know little of his means of subsistence. On the other hand, his enemy Heath affirms that he was *not* a brewer; there is a want of actual proof of his having been so employed, and the evidence is principally gathered from the lampoons of the period. Some of these are amusing. By the author of "Oliver's Court" he is described,—

> As fickler than the city ruff,
> Who changed his brewer's coat to buff;
> His dray-cart to a coach, the beast
> Into two Flanders mares at least;
> Nay, hath the art to murder kings,
> Like David, only with his slings.

But the following pasquinade has considerable merit:—

> A brewer may be a *burgess* grave,
> And carry the matter so fine and so brave,
> That he the better may play the knave,
> Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be a *parliament man,*
For there the knavery first began,
And brew most cunning plots he can,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may put on a *Nabal* face,
And march to the wars with such a grace,
That he may get a *Captain's* place,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may speak so wondrous well,
That he may rise (strange things to tell),
And so be made a *Colonel,*
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may make his foes to flee,
And raise his fortunes so that he
Lieutenant General may be,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be all in all,
And raise his powers both great and small,
That he may be a *Lord General,*
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be like a fox in a cub,
And teach a lecture out of a tub,
And give the wicked world a rub,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer, by his excise and rate,
Will promise his army he knows what,
And set upon a college gate,*
Which nobody can deny.

Methinks I hear one say to me,
Pray why may not a brewer be
Lord Chancellor o' th' University?
Which nobody can deny.

* This is obscure.

A brewer may be as bold as Hector,
When as he had drunk his cup of nectar:
And a brewer may be a *Lord Protector*,
Which nobody can deny.

Now here remains the strangest thing,
How this brewer about his liquor did bring,
To be an *Emperor* or a *King*,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may do what he will,
And rob the Church and State, to sell
His soul unto the Devil in Hell,
Which nobody can deny.

That the early period of Cromwell's life was passed in profligate society there can be no doubt. Dugdale says,—"In his youth he was for some time bred up in Cambridge, where he made no great proficiency in any kind of learning; but then and afterwards, sorting himself with drinking companions, and the ruder sort of people, (being of a rough and blustering disposition,) he had the name of a Roysterer amongst most that knew him." According to Sir Philip Warwick, "the first years of his manhood were spent in a dissolute course of life, in good fellowship and gaming." And Wood tells us, that "his father dying whilst he was at Cambridge, he was taken home, and sent to Lincoln's Inn to study the common law, but making nothing of it, he was sent for home by his mother, became a debauchee, and a boisterous and rude fellow."

On the 23d of April 1616, when on the verge of

completing his seventeenth year, he was entered at Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge.* According to Hume, "his genius was found little fitted for the calm and elegant occupations of learning, and consequently he made small proficiencies in his studies." But Dugdale tells us, in less graceful language, that "he threw himself into a dissolute and disorderly course of life, being more famous for foot-ball, cricket, cudgelling, and wrestling, than for study." He remained at the University about a year.

From Cambridge, Cromwell was removed to one of the Inns of Court in London, but whether it was Lincoln's Inn, as stated by Noble, there exists some doubt, there being no trace of his name on the books of that Society. Here he again became a frequenter of taverns and the intimate of drunkards, and after a residence of two or three years, returned to his widowed mother a finished and noisy profligate. "His next traverse," says Heath, in his Flagellum, "was back again into the country to his mother, and there he fell to his old trade, and frequented his old haunts, consumed his money in tipling, and then ran on score per force. In his drink he

* Some zealous royalist has inserted in the College Register, between Cromwell's name and the next entry, the following words:—*Hic fuit grandis ille impostor, carnifex perditissimus, qui, pientissimo rege Carolo I. nefariâ cæde sublato, ipsum usurpavit thronum; et tria regna, per v. ferme annorum spatium, sub Protectoris nomine indomitâ, tyrannide vexavit.*

used to be so quarrelsome, as few, unless as mad as himself, durst keep him company. His chief weapon, in which he delighted, and at which he fought several times with tinkers, pedlars, and the like, was a quarter-staff, in which he was so skilful, that seldom did any overmatch him. These and the like strange, wild, and dishonest actions, made him everywhere a shame or a terror, insomuch that the ale-wives of Huntingdon, and other places, when they saw him a-coming, would use to cry out to one another, '*Here comes young Cromwell, shut up your doors.*' For he made it no punctilio to invite his roysterers to a barrel of drink, and give it them at the charge of his host; and in satisfaction thereof either beat him or broke his windows, if he offered any show, or gave any look or sign of refusal or discontent." Another more venial vice has been attributed to the future Protector at this period of his career. "It was his rude custom, we are told, to seize upon all women he met in his way on the road, and perforce ravish a kiss." Such are the notices which we have been able to collect respecting Cromwell's early profligacy. His juvenile delinquencies have doubtless been exaggerated: but were they even as formidable as they have been represented, the man of the world will make allowances for the effervescence of youth, and the Christian will give him the more credit for eventually overcoming them.

On the 22nd of August, 1620, having only completed his twenty-first year, he united himself to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, Knight, of Essex. Her name was a respectable one, and her fortune considerable; but it would seem she was in no way related to the Earls of Essex of the same name. They were married in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, the same interesting edifice which contains the bones of his secretary, the illustrious Milton.

About the time of his marriage Cromwell became an altered man, and began to reflect on his former transgressions with terror and remorse. The change was at first a painful one, and fraught with deep melancholy and a deplorable tincture of fanaticism. His physician, Dr. Simcott, informed Sir Philip Warwick, that "his patient was a most splenetic man, and had fancies about the cross which stood in the town; and that he had been called up to him at midnight and such unseasonable hours, very many times, upon a strong fancy which made him believe he was then dying." For a considerable period, however, after this radical change in his mode of living, he continued a zealous adherent of the Church of England, and a friend of some of its most eminent divines; but, falling into the hands of the Puritans, he shortly became the frantic enthusiast we afterwards find him.

That at this period his enthusiasm was sincere,

there can be little doubt; but, unfortunately, in disentangling himself from his early habits of depravity, he was only getting rid of one disease to incur another. His mind became a prey to religious melancholy, and his house the rendezvous of the canting and disaffected. He was now residing on a farm which he had taken at St. Ives; but, according to Heath, was so entirely absorbed in heavenly concerns, that his earthly ones prospered but indifferently. He engaged his household so many hours in morning prayer, that it was usually nine o'clock before his labourers went to their work; and even then, perceiving how little their master concerned himself with his temporal interests, instead of performing their task, they put a pack of cards in their pockets, and, after turning up a furrow or two, sat down quietly to their game. That his worldly interests suffered, is the greatest proof of Cromwell's sincerity. The enthusiast had a chapel behind his own house at St. Ives, where he frequently held forth in person to his fanatical brethren.

Although now a Separatist, and therefore on bad terms with the neighbouring clergy, we find him intrusted with the common parochial offices, and occasionally attending the parish church. Secession had not then been carried to its extreme length. Cromwell was long remembered by the congregation of St. Ives, from his wearing a piece of red flannel round his neck to

protect him from the atmosphere. He was subject to inflammation of the trachea, and it was, perhaps, the dampness of the country around, as much as the failure of his agrarian speculations, which eventually drove him from the neighbourhood. At this time he made every exertion to defray his just debts, and, we are informed, "would *now* punctually keep his word." Heath, who doubts whether his conversion were genuine, admits that he had grown so scrupulous at this period, that, "having some years before won 30*l.* of one Mr. Catton, at play, meeting him accidentally, he desired him to come home with him and receive the money, telling him that he had got it by indirect and unlawful means, and that it would be a sin in him to detain it any longer; and did really pay the gentleman the said 30*l.* back again."

Later in life, Cromwell certainly reverted with deep regret to the occurrences of his early career. In 1638 he writes to his relation Mrs. St. John:— "One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it; blessed be His name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine. You know what my manner of life hath been! Oh! I lived in and loved darkness, and hated the light. I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. Oh, the richness of his mercy! praise him for me; pray for me, that he who hath begun a good work

would perfect it to the day of Christ." He had scarcely yet been introduced to Mammon; but the day of temptation was at hand.

According to Dugdale, on leaving his farm at St. Ives, he retired to some "*mean lodgings*" at Cambridge. This is not a solitary insinuation of Cromwell's poverty, but it is without reason and without evidence. Much as we may abhor the man, there is something paltry in attacking a great genius, and such a genius too, merely because he was *poor*. But there is no proof that Cromwell, in fact, ever was in such distress. It was shortly, indeed, after leaving St. Ives that his maternal uncle, Sir Thomas Steward, bequeathed him a large property in the neighbourhood of Ely; and we find him contributing, about this time, so liberal a donation as 500*l.* towards quelling the Irish insurrection, and at another, 100*l.* in favour of the republican cause.

It is well known that Cromwell was once on the point of quitting England for ever. To the non-conformist, the man of broken fortunes, the enemy of control, and the discontented of all classes, America, at this period, opened a vast field of unrestraint, and no indifferent means of subsistence. Many Puritans, and others, had already flocked there; and it was undoubtedly the policy of Charles to encourage such migration. From some motives, however, the expediency of which it is difficult to comprehend, the Government were

induced, in 1637, to withhold their licence, and eight ships were at once detained in the river. On board of these vessels were Sir Arthur Hazelrig, Rich, Hampden, Pym, and Oliver Cromwell! The untoward policy of this measure could never have been forgotten, nor its adviser forgiven by Charles.

As late as 1641, Cromwell appears again to have entertained the project of quitting England for ever. After the grand remonstrance of the Commons against the general grievances of the nation, which was carried at three o'clock in the morning by a majority of only nine, Cromwell, on the house breaking up, whispered Lord Falkland in the ear, that "if that remonstrance had not passed, he would have sold all he had the next morning, and never have seen England more;" and he added, "he knew many other honest men of the same resolution."*

Cromwell must have possessed some claims on the suffrages of his fellow-townsmen, since we find him the representative of his native town when only twenty-nine. He was returned to Parliament as member for Huntingdon in 1628, and again for Cambridge in 1640. It was undoubtedly owing to the influence of Hampden that he was elected for the latter place. That celebrated patriot had early entertained a high opinion of Cromwell's talents. One day, meeting Lord Digby going

* Cromwelliana, p. 2.

down the Parliament stairs, — "Pray," said his Lordship, "who is that sloven, for I see he is on our side by his speaking so warmly to-day?" "That sloven," said Hampden, "whom you see before us, who hath no ornament in his speech: that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the King, which God forbid! in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England."

CHAPTER III.

Cromwell's Indifference as to Dress—Rudeness of his Manners — his personal Infirmities caricatured. — He is the first to take up Arms against the King — his Regiment of *Ironsides* — their Discipline and good Conduct. — Cromwell beloved by the common Soldiers — his first Military Exploit — plunders the Cathedrals at Peterborough and Ely. — Battle of Marston Moor.—Cromwell's Narrow Escape from being killed. — The second Engagement at Newbury. — Cromwell's personal Encounter with a Cavalier Officer. — Anecdote of Fairfax at the Battle of Naseby. — Cromwell's rapid Successes — accused of Cowardice by his Enemies.

In the early part of his career, Cromwell had been careless in his dress, and dirty in appearance; but as he increased in power, he probably considered, like Napoleon in our own times, that external appearances have their influence over the minds of men, and consequently grew more nice in his person as he advanced in greatness. Sir Philip Warwick, who had frequent opportunities of observing him, has bequeathed to us two portraits of him, sketched at different periods of his career. "The first time," he says, "that ever I took notice of him, was in the beginning of the Parliament held in 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman, for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes. I came one morning into the house well clad, and

perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor: his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar; his hat was without a hatband; his stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervour."

Later in life, his toilet certainly changed for the better. In 1653, after he had become Protector, on an occasion of his dining with the Lord Mayor in state, we find him dressed in a "musk-colour suit, and coat richly embroidered with gold." Speaking also of about the same period, Sir Philip Warwick varies his description:—"I lived to see this very gentleman," he says, "whom out of no ill will to him I thus describe, by multiplied good successes, and by real but usurped power, having had a better tailor and more converse among good company, in my own age, when for six weeks together I was in his Serjeant's hands a prisoner, and daily waited at Whitehall, appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely presence." Dr. South, in his early description of Cromwell, agrees with Sir Philip Warwick:—"Who that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell first entering the Parliament House,

with a thread-bare torn cloak, and a greasy hat, and perhaps neither of them paid for, could have suspected that, in the course of a few years, he should, by the murder of one King and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a King but the changing of his hat into a crown."

His manners at this period seem to have been as rude as his appearance. Lord Clarendon tells us, in his Life of Himself, that being one of the same committee with him, in 1640, Cromwell flew into a violent rage, reproached the chairman, threatened the witnesses, and behaved altogether with the greatest indecency and rudeness. At last, he adds, his "carriage grew so tempestuous," that the chairman was obliged to reprehend him, and threatened to complain to the House if he persisted in such behaviour. Higgons informs us, in his Short View of English History, that, as early as 1641, before Cromwell was known to fame, Sir Bevil Granville, a Member of Parliament, conceived such an aversion to him, that he could on no account be induced to sit near him. When asked the reason by his friends, he could hardly account for it, he said, but he had a foreboding that, "that ill-looking fellow would kill the King."*

Undoubtedly, at the commencement of his ca-

* Morgan's Phœnix Britannicus, p. 187.

reer the appearance of Cromwell must have been far from prepossessing. His frame was robust and ungainly, and impressed the by-stander with the idea of clumsiness and vulgarity. He was of an ungracious aspect; his complexion was muddy, and of a sallow hue, his eyebrows large and bushy, and his nose of a bright red. "Cromwell," says Samuel Butler, "wants neither wardrobe nor armour; his face is natural buff, and his skin may furnish him with a rusty coat of mail. You would think he had been christened in a lime-pit, tanned alive, but his countenance still continues mangy. We cry out against superstition, and yet worship a piece of wainscot, and idolize an unblanched almond. Certainly 'tis no human visage, but the emblem of a mandrake, one scarce handsome enough to have been the progeny of Hecuba, had she whelped him when she was a bitch. His soul, too, is as ugly as his body, for who can expect a jewel in the head of a toad! And yet this basilisk would King it, and a brewer's horse must be a lion."

In Cromwell art and nature strive
Which should the ugliest thing contrive;
First nature forms an ill-shaped lump;
And art, to show how good wits jump,
Adds to his monstrous shape and size
All sorts and kinds of villainies;
So that he was by art and nature,
An ugly, vile, and monstrous creature.*

* Butler's Remains, p. 252.

Even personal infirmities are not sacred from party rancour, and the "ruby nose" of the Protector was productive at the time of much doggrel nonsense and low buffoonery. The "blazing of his beacon nose,"—the "glow-worm glistening in his beak,"— and similar instances of abuse, occur frequently in the pages of the opposite party. This prominent feature was even made to personify the Protector himself, and we find persons, instead of asking how Cromwell was, inquiring after his nose. "Thanks to Cromwell's nose," was a frequent expression; and again, the "Ruby Nose drew his dagger in the house;"—"thanks to the devil first, and next, to Nol Cromwell's nose,"— and "Nose-Almighty made answer," &c. Cleavland says, in his character of a London Diurnal, "This Cromwell should be a bird of prey by his bloody beak: his nose is able to try a young eagle whether she be lawfully begotten; but all is not gold that glitters." Even such a person as the Marquis of Montrose could condescend to this indifferent wit. Soon after the execution of Charles, we find Montrose asking a new comer to the Hague, "how Oliver's nose did?" But there is more humour in a similar taunt of Walker, in his History of Independency:—"Oliver," he says, "is a bird of prey, as you may know by his bloody beak." We have seen, however, that Cromwell improved in person as he rose in greatness. The habit of commanding, and of

being obeyed, unconsciously induces a dignity of manners even in the least gifted, and sometimes elevates the physiognomy as well as the demeanour. Of this, Cromwell, though a remarkable, is not a solitary instance. In the last years of his life there was much of courtliness in his address, and something commanding and not unkingly in his appearance.

It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that Cromwell was one of the first persons who appeared in open arms against his sovereign. It is possible that the visions of future empire had begun already to dawn upon him, and that even now he contemplated his elevation, and had commenced his moves. His first step was to transmit a supply of arms and ammunition to his native county. He shortly followed in person, and among the clowns and idlers in the neighbourhood of Huntingdon laid the foundation of that famous regiment which afterwards bore the proud name of Cromwell's Ironsides. As a mere captain of a militia company he could have done nothing, and would probably have been nothing; but as the head of a gallant and well-disciplined body of men, he was certain to attract observation, and thus open to himself the path to fame. Let us mark the man. Instead of joining the parliamentary army, as did half the discontented country gentlemen, with a clownish and undisciplined force, he lost no pains in instructing his followers in

military tactics; while at the same time he carefully instilled into them that frantic enthusiasm, which, combined with the former, rendered them invincible. He accustomed them to clean their horses, to keep their accoutrements bright, and to pass the night on the ground. But not content with their mere soldier-like appearance, he hit on a characteristic expedient to try the nerve and dispositions of his men. During one of their musters, he had posted an ambuscade of twelve men, who at a particular moment rushed forward as if they had been the enemy. About twenty of his followers rode off as fast as their horses could carry them, and were of course supplanted by other recruits.

Within a twelvemonth he had raised a body of two thousand men, whose sobriety and good conduct were as remarkable as their military efficiency.* For an oath, a private was fined twelve pence, and if drunk was set in the stocks. "Cromwell," says Sir Richard Baker, in his Chronicle, "kept the armies under him in so exact a discipline, that they rather seemed a body of well governed citizens than soldiers: swearing, profaneness, drunkenness, murder, rapine, uncleanness,

* "As for Colonel Cromwell, he hath 2000 brave men, well disciplined; no man swears, but he pays his twelve pence; if he be drunk he is set in the stocks or worse; if one calls the other roundhead, he is cashiered; insomuch that the countries where they come leap for joy of them, and come in and join them."—*Cromwelliana*, p. 5.

the common vices of other soldiers, were not to be found among his." Cromwell had the peculiar art of attaching the soldier personally to his interests. Even when his command comprehended the large forces of the Commonwealth, he sedulously acquainted himself with the names and characters of the private men; joined with them familiarly in discourse, and sometimes even called them into bed with him, in order to insure greater secrecy to their conversation. He affected to each a strong interest in his individual welfare, encouraging intimacy, we are told, by occasionally clapping them on the shoulder, or playfully boxing their ears.

Cromwell often reverted, with much pride, to the tact which he had shown at the commencement of the civil troubles. In his conference with the Parliament, on being offered the title of King, there is the following curious passage;—"I did labour," he says, "as well as I could, to discharge my trust, and God blessed me, as it pleased him. I had a very worthy friend then, and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to you all; Mr. John Hampden was the person. At my first going out into this engagement, I saw our men were beaten on every hand. I did indeed; and desired him that he would make some additions to my Lord of Essex's army, of some new regiments. And I told him it would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as

I thought had a spirit, that would do something in the work. *Your troops, said I, are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters and such kind of fellows; and their troops are gentlemen's younger sons, and persons of good quality. And do you think that the mean spirits of such mean and base fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour, and courage, and resolution in them? You must get men of a spirit—and take it not ill what I say—of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else I am sure you will be beaten still.* I told him so; he was a wise and worthy person, and he did think that I talked a good notion but an impracticable one. I told him, I could do somewhat in it: and accordingly raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did. And from that day forward, they were never beaten; but wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually." This passage is obviously curious on more than one account; but Cromwell had no very high opinion of the vulgar. On his expedition into Scotland, when followed by the acclamations of the assembled populace, Lambert turned to him and expressed his gratification that the nation were so evidently on their side.—"Do not trust them," said Cromwell; "these very persons would shout as much if we were going to be hanged."

At the time when Cromwell raised his celebrated

troop, he had attained his forty-third year. It took but eleven years more to exalt "the sloven" to the summit of human greatness. Too little stress has been laid on his actions in the early part of his public career. The incidents which have just been recorded will illustrate the well-known maxim, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute;* and more, they will point out the peculiarity of Cromwell's genius, and how immediately he seized the opportunity when a prospect of aggrandizement presented itself.

His first exploit with his newly-raised troop was to seize the royal magazine in the castle of Cambridge. The victory of Gainsborough followed in July 1643; and shortly afterwards the fights at Winsley Field and Horncastle. After taking Stamford and Burleigh-house, he again marched to Cambridge, where he wrung large sums of money, besides their valuable plate, from the University. From thence he proceeded to Peterborough and Ely, where he not only plundered at will, but had the barbarity to permit his followers to deface the venerable cathedrals. The ornaments were torn down, the glass windows destroyed, and the organs broken to pieces. At Ely, divine service was proceeding when he entered the building followed by his cuirassiers. He drew his sword, and ordering his followers to drive out the congregation, the work of devastation barbarously commenced.

At the battle of Marston Moor, which was fought on the 2nd of July 1644, he behaved with great gallantry. Here it was that, from their invincible bravery, his troopers obtained the well-known name of Ironsides. At the first play of the artillery, their leader had a narrow escape from a cannon-ball, which almost grazed his head. Those who were near him imagined, for the moment, that he had been killed, but, instantly recovering his self-possession, he remarked smilingly that "a miss was as good as a mile."

The second engagement at Newbury took place on the 27th of October 1644, and on the 14th of June, 1645, was fought the battle of Naseby, in which he was second in command under Fairfax. His conduct and success in this important action raised him highly in the estimation of the Parliament. Heath, who even disputes his claim to mere personal courage, endeavours to throw an indirect ridicule over the hero of the fight. "A commander of the King's," he says, "knowing Cromwell, advanced smartly from the head of his troops to exchange a bullet singly with him, and was with the like gallantry encountered by him; both sides forbearing to come in, till their pistols being discharged, the cavalier, with a slanting back blow of a broad-sword, luckily cut the riband which tied his morion, and with a draw threw it off his head; and now, ready to repeat his stroke, his party came in and rescued him, and

one of them alighting threw up his head-piece into his saddle, which Oliver hastily catching, as being affrighted with the chance, clapped it the wrong way on his head, and so fought with it the rest of the day."

It was at Naseby that Fairfax, having killed an ensign with his own hand, and possessed himself of his colours, intrusted them to a private soldier till after the close of the engagement. The man boasting that he had himself won them, and being reproved for his impudence by an officer who had witnessed the gallantry of his general,— "Let him retain the honour," said Fairfax; "I have to-day acquired enough beside."

Dryden, alluding to the rapid successes of Cromwell at this period, addresses him in the following verse:—

> Swift and resistless through the land he passed,
> Like that bold Greek that did the East subdue;
> And made to battles such heroic haste,
> As if on wings of victory he flew.

It is certainly curious to find such a man as Cromwell accused of cowardice; but Heath, on this occasion, is not a solitary maligner. Lord Hollis, in his Memoirs,* not only charges him with being deficient in courage, but asserts that, on one of the days of the King's trial, the soldiers openly reproached him with his weakness. His lordship mentions two contemporaries of Crom-

* Maseres's Tracts, vol. i. p. 89.

well, Major-general Crawford and Colonel Dalbier, who, he says, were not only persuaded of his cowardice, but accused him of it openly and almost to his face. In alluding to this passage in Lord Hollis's Memoirs, Lord Orford, in his peculiar style, observes, — "From the extreme good sense of his lordship's speeches and letters, one should not have expected that weak attempt to blast Cromwell for a coward. How a judicatory in the Temple of Fame would laugh at such witnesses as Major-general Crawford and a Colonel Dalbier! Cæsar and Cromwell are not amenable to a commission of oyer and terminer."

Lord Hollis, singularly enough, places the scene of Cromwell's timidity at Marston Moor, the loss of which battle was especially attributed by the royalists to the gallantry and generalship of their arch-enemy. Nevertheless his lordship is not without some support in his accusation. About three weeks after the fight, Principal Baillie thus writes: —"Sheldon Crawford, who had a regiment of dragoons, upon his oath assures me, that at the beginning of the fight Cromwell got a little wound on the neck which made him retire, so that he was not so much as present at the service; but his troopers were led on by David Leslie." There may possibly have occurred some circumstance during the fight, in which these charges originated, but the whole tenor of Cromwell's life compels us to reject them as evidence. We must

remember, too, that Hollis, though once a friend, was now his avowed enemy, and that Baillie, being a Presbyterian, could have borne but little good will to a zealous Independent. The informant of both was undoubtedly the same.

CHAPTER IV.

Cromwell appointed to the Command in Ireland — he departs from Whitehall with a splendid Cavalcade. — Massacres at Drogheda and Wexford. — Instances of Cromwell's merciless Disposition. — Battle of Dunbar. — Treatment of the Prisoners. — Scotland indebted to Cromwell for the Introduction of Newspapers — he is attacked by a dangerous Illness — endeavours to shoot his Officers in his Delirium. — Battle of Worcester. — Cromwell's Election — marked Alteration in his Behaviour.

In 1649, the state of affairs in Ireland rendered it imperative on the Parliament to send her boldest citizen to reduce that country to obedience. Cromwell was selected for the task, and about the beginning of August, three Puritan ministers having solemnly invoked a blessing on his banners, and he himself having expounded the Scriptures to his surrounding friends, he entered his coach and six, and, followed by his body-guard, drove from Whitehall amidst the cheers of the populace.

His departure, and the stateliness of his cavalcade, are announced in the Moderate Intelligencer, July 10, 1649: "This evening, about five of the clock, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey, by the way of Windsor and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage as the

like hath hardly been seen; himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish grey, divers coaches accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army: his life-guard consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof, a commander or esquire, in stately habit, with trumpets sounding almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it been now standing: of his life-guard many are colonels, and, believe it, it's such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world." He arrived at Dublin on the 15th of August, and instantly commenced his rapid progress of blood and misery.

It has been attempted, by more than one historian of the Irish campaigns, to defend Cromwell from the charge of cruelty; but admitting (and the apology is an indifferent one) that the Irish slaughters were permitted by him from motives of expediency, it is to be feared that the few instances of his mercy had also their origin in policy. Great as may be our admiration of his genius, we must admit that there is, perhaps, no single action of his life which appears to have been prompted by the pure spirit of Christianity. The massacres at Drogheda and Wexford are almost without their parallel in the annals of barbarity. On the surrender of the former town, he issued an express order that the life of neither man, woman, nor child should be spared, and when one of his own officers pleaded for mercy for the unresisting wretches — "He would sacrifice their souls," he

said, to the ghosts of the English whom they had massacred." Cromwell, however, well knew, that so far were his victims from having been the authors of the recent massacre, that the garrison was composed almost entirely of English royalists.*

For Cromwell, indeed, there can be no excuse. His own despatches afford the most graphic description of the slaughter; his own pen admits that he was the author of the cruelties; and he himself attributes his conduct to revenge, or, as he styles it, "the righteous judgment of God."—"I *forbade* my soldiers," he says, "to spare any that were in arms in the town, and I think that night they put to the sword about two thousand men. I believe all the friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two, the one of which was Father Peter Taaf, brother to the Lord Taaf, whom the soldiers took the next day and made an end of. The other was taken in the round tower." Thus calmly could he speak of the heart-rending scenes which were acting immediately before his eyes, and of which he was himself the sole instigator. We are assured that, of the garrison of Drogheda, only one indi-

* The following was his laconic reply to the governor of Wexford, on his demanding a cessation of hostilities:—

"Sir,—I am contented to expect your resolution by twelve of the clock to-morrow; because our tents are not so good a covering as your houses, and for other reasons, I cannot agree to a cessation. I rest,

"Your servant,

"To the Commander-in-Chief of the town of Wexford." "O. Cromwell."

vidual escaped.— "During five days," says Lingard, "the streets of Drogheda ran with blood; revenge and fanaticism stimulated the passions of the soldiers; from the garrison they turned their swords against the inhabitants, and one thousand unresisting victims were immolated together within the walls of the great church, whither they had fled for protection." The picture, terrible as it is, scarcely appears to be exaggerated.*

The same horrible cruelty was exercised at Wexford. The defenceless inhabitants were put to the sword, and about three hundred women, whose superstition led them to hope for safety by flocking round the great cross of the town, were inhumanly massacred by the brutal fanatics. By Cromwell himself the number of the slain was computed at five thousand, and he afterwards speaks of the massacre of another thousand, who had sought refuge in the principal church. "We refused them quarter," he says, "having the day before summoned

* If we may credit a contemporary journal, the following may be cited as another instance of Cromwell's cold-blooded barbarity. "It was this day advertised by letters out of Huntingdonshire, that Colonel Cromwell had committed many barbarous outrages in several parts of that county, robbing and spoiling all men of what sort soever, whom he was pleased to call malignants. And, in particular, that having made great havoc there among the orthodox clergy of those parts, he came at last into the house of one Master Wilson, an ancient and painful minister, whom he handled in so rough and rude a manner, that a son of his being then in the house (who also was in holy orders) was forced according to his natural duty, to make

the town; I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants." These are not solitary instances of Cromwell's merciless disposition. After the battle of Dunbar, the slaughter, or as he himself styles it, "the chase and execution," of the flying and unresisting Scots, was as needless as it was cruel. But the fate of the survivors was even more miserable. Of the three thousand prisoners whom he had sent into England, some died on the road-side, and within two months afterwards there were only about six hundred who could be called in health. About sixteen hundred were already dead, and nearly five hundred either sick or dying. At Morpeth, a walled garden formed their resting-place, and their food consisted of raw cabbages, leaves, and roots. Such is the account of Sir Arthur Hazelrig, to whom the charge of these poor wretches was committed. At Durham they fared somewhat better. The bishop's palace was converted into a hospital, and the cathedral

intercession for his father; and amongst other motives which he laid before him, told Cromwell that the wheel might turn, and that he might stand in need of that mercy then, which now was in his power to show. At which Cromwell became so furious and impatient, that he told him he would spoil his preaching, and presently caused him to be hanged, and bored his tongue through with a hot iron; an act so barbarous, that it may very well be affirmed of these desperate wretches that they have not only rebelled against God and the King, but against nature also." *Mercurius Aulicus, 7th May*, 1643. — Another brutal act is related of Cromwell in the Richardsoniana, but it must be admitted that it requires corroboration.

housed the remainder. Shortly afterwards they were sent by the Parliament to work as slaves in the West Indies; a horrible refinement of cruelty, considering that their only crime was their loyalty. Had the rebels of Culloden or Preston Pans been similarly dealt with, we can imagine how monarchy would have been execrated by the friends of freedom. But it was only the poor and friendless whom the Parliament thus tyrannized over, for their treatment of the better class of prisoners was seldom unnecessarily severe. History has shown us that the patriot is often the worst enemy of the lower orders, and that it is better for the poor man to gain his livelihood even by weaving purple for a despot, than to trust for emancipation to the delusions of republicanism.

It is singular that Scotland should have been indebted to its arch-enemy Cromwell for the introduction of newspapers: his army, like that of Charles, carried with it its own printer, who was constantly employed in publishing its proceedings, and, of course, in enhancing its successes.

It may be remarked, that while on his northern expedition Cromwell was attacked by an illness which very nearly proved fatal to him. The disorder, which was an ague, continued nearly three months, by which time such was the effect of its ravages, that, in May 1651, he was compelled to apply to the Parliament for permission to return. The council sent two physicians to attend their

sick champion. According to Aubrey, "he pistolled one or two of his commanders, who came to visit him in his delirium." To Bradshaw, Cromwell writes, 24th March 1651 : — "Indeed, my lord, your service needs not me. I am a poor creature, and have been a dry bone, and am still an unprofitable servant to my Master and to you."

The battle of Dunbar was fought on the 3rd of September 1650, and on the same day of that month, in the following year, was gained the "crowning victory" of Worcester. Previous to the period of the last action, Cromwell had been extremely submissive in his letters to the Parliament, but now his elation knew no bounds, and the despatch, in which he announced his success, was couched in the loftiest terms. It is even stated that it was with some difficulty he could be persuaded from knighting the principal commanders on the field. Ludlow tells us that his behaviour altered from this period, and that the change was marked and commented on by all about him.

CHAPTER V.

Cromwell's personal Exertions to insure the Execution of Charles — forces Ingoldesby to sign the King's Death-warrant — his indecent Behaviour in the Court of Wards — visits the King's dead Body. — Anecdotes. — Cromwell's love of Buffoonery — his Practice of flinging Cushions at his Friends. — Curious Scene at a Banquet at Whitehall. — Cromwell's strange Conduct at State Conferences — encourages practical Jokes among his Soldiers — thrown from his Coach-box in Hyde Park — Lampoons on the Subject — his practice of being carried in a Sedan Chair.

CROMWELL certainly exerted himself personally, and in every possible manner, to insure the execution of Charles. There is the evidence of Wayte, one of the King's judges, that on Lord Grey expressing a doubt whether they should be able to effect their purpose,—"The next day," says Wayte, "Cromwell went to the house: they were labouring to get hands for his execution at the door. I refused, and went into the house: saith Cromwell, 'those that are gone in shall set their hands; I will have their hands now.'"* Another instance is the strong measure by which he is said to have obtained the signature of Colonel Ingoldesby. The colonel happened to enter the Painted Chamber, where

* Trials of the Regicides, p. 168.

he found Cromwell and some of the most daring miscreants of his party, assembled in consultation. They consisted of such persons as had already decided on the death of Charles, and who were now met together to affix their names to the memorable instrument. — "As soon," says Lord Clarendon, "as Cromwell's eyes were on him, he ran to him, and, taking him by the hand, drew him by force to the table; and said, 'though he had escaped him all the while before, he should now sign that paper as well as they;' which he, seeing what it was, refused with great passion, saying, he knew nothing of the business, and offered to go away. But Cromwell and others held him by violence, and Cromwell, with a loud laughter, taking his hand in his, and putting the pen between his fingers, with his own hand writ Richard Ingoldesby, he making all the resistance he could." The following is a fac-simile of Ingoldesby's signature, as it appeared in the death-warrant of Charles.

The reader will be the best judge, from its characters, of the extent of his struggling, and consequently of the truth of the story.

There is a passage in the declaration of Colonel Huncks, in the Trials of the Regicides, which is

curious. On the day of the King's execution, he happened to enter Ireton's chamber, where he discovered that wrong-headed bigot and his associate, Harrison, in bed together. He found there besides, Cromwell, Colonel Hacker, Colonel Thayer, and Axtell. The warrant for execution was produced, which Hacker commenced reading, when Cromwell, addressing himself to Huncks, desired him, by virtue of that warrant, to draw up the order to the executioner. Hunks positively refused, and some angry words were the consequence. "Cromwell," he adds, "would have no delay. There was a little table that stood by the door, and, pen, ink, and paper being there, Cromwell stepped and writ. I conceive he wrote that which he would have had me to write. As soon as he had done writing, he gives the pen over to Hacker. Hacker, he stoops and did write. I cannot say what he writ. Away goes Cromwell, and then Axtell. We all went out; afterwards they went into another room; immediately the King came out, and was murdered."*

The behaviour of Cromwell during the closing scenes of the King's life was, in the last degree, indecent. Although, in the House of Commons, he had professed himself solely instigated by "Providence and necessity," and had lamented, with an unbecoming hypocrisy, the miserable condition of his sovereign, yet, among his own council in the

* See Trial of the Regicides, pp. 183, 184, and 219.

Court of Wards, he could "laugh, smile, and jeer." —"I would cut off Charles's head," he said, "with the crown on it." The fact is well known, that immediately after signing the death-warrant of his King, he jocularly smeared Henry Marten's face, the person who happened to sit next him, with the pen which he had just made use of: Marten retorted the miserable jest.* There is another story, but of more questionable authority, that after the King's death, a lady sending to him to beg a lock of the martyr's hair,—"No," said Cromwell; "for I swore to him when living that not a hair of his head should perish."† After the decapitation of his victim, he paid an unseemly visit to the corpse, and putting his finger to the neck, made some remarks on the soundness of the body and the promise which it gave of longevity. It is said, that on entering the chamber he found the coffin closed, and that being unable to raise the lid with his staff, he took the sword of one Bowtell, a private soldier, who was standing by, and opened it with the hilt. "Bowtell asking him what government they should have now, he said the same that then was."‡

Like every other act of Cromwell's life, his buffoonery in the Court of Wards, his smiles and jeers, had, doubtless, in some degree, their rise

* See the evidence of Ewer at the trial of Henry Marten, Pennington, and others.—*Trial of the Regicides*, p. 242.

† Biog. Brit. Kippis, vol. v. p. 526.

‡ Dr. Hutton's MSS. Noble, vol. i. p. 118.

in deep and hidden motives of policy. Probably, by means of levity and ridicule, he hoped to slur over the daring iniquity of the death of Charles; and thus, by divesting the action of some of its fearful solemnity, to reconcile his friends more easily to take their parts in the tragedy. We cannot doubt but that Cromwell felt, in its full force, the importance of the work in which he was engaged. Sir Purbeck Temple was in the Painted Chamber on the first day of the King's trial, when news was brought that his Majesty was landing at Sir Robert Cotton's stairs. "Cromwell," he says, "I ran to the window to look at him, as he came up the garden, and returned *as white as the wall.*"*

One of the most singular features of his character, and which may, indeed, puzzle the metaphysician, was the real love of buffoonery and of practical jocularity, which, after all, were inherent in his nature. Sometimes these pantomimic peculiarities were marked by the grossest depravity of taste, of which an early instance is recorded both by Bates and Heath. The latter tells us in his Flagellum,—"It was his uncle's, Sir Oliver Cromwell's custom, in the festival of Christmas, to entertain in his house a Master of Misrule, or the revels, to make mirth for the guests, and to direct the dances and the music, and generally all manner of sport and gambols. This fellow, Mr. Crom-

* Trial of the Regicides, p. 242.

well, having besmeared his own clothes and hands with filth, accosts in the midst of a frisking dance, and so grimed him and others upon every turn, that such a smell was raised, that the spectators could hardly endure the room. Whereupon, the said Master of Misrule, perceiving the matter, caused him to be laid hold on, and by his command to be thrown into a pond adjoining to the house, and there to be soused over head and ears, and rinced of that filth and pollution sticking to him, which was accordingly executed; Sir Oliver suffering his nephew to undergo the punishment of his unmannerly folly." This filthy jest appears, very properly, to have ruined Cromwell in the opinion of his uncle.

One of his fancies, which he appears to have practised long after he had become Protector, was to fling cushions and napkins at his friends; a frolic in which he frequently indulged when in an excellent humour, and which he liked to have retorted by the favoured individual.* One of these persons was Mrs. Waller, the mother of the poet, and a relation of the Protector and of Hampden. In her widowhood she frequently entertained Cromwell at her house at Beaconsfield; and though, (notwithstanding her republican connexions) she was a staunch royalist, she seems always to have

* "Oliver Cromwell, when Protector of England, would play at romps with his guests, who, in the sallies of their bodily riot, would fling cushions and carpets at one another."—*Richardsoniana.*

been regarded and respected by her powerful relation. Sometimes she would tax him frankly with being a usurper, and warn him of the end which he must expect. "The Usurper, we are told, used merrily *to throw a napkin* at her in return, and said he would not enter into further disputes with his aunt; for so he used to call her, though not quite so nearly related."*

Even during the most serious and important business, his undignified pleasantries were unhesitatingly practised. At the grand meeting which had been convened, for the purpose of deliberating on the form of government most expedient to be substituted for monarchy, — "Cromwell," says Ludlow, "having learned what he could of the principles and inclinations of those present at the conference, took up a cushion and flung it at my head, and then ran down the stairs; but I overtook him with another, which made him hasten down faster than he desired." Even in such triflings as these, there was probably some latent policy. Hume says, — "Amidst all the unguarded play and buffoonery of this singular personage, he took the opportunity of remarking the character, designs, and weaknesses of men; and he would sometimes push them, by an indulgence in wine, to open to him the most secret recesses of their bosom."

In a curious pamphlet, entitled "The Court and

* Life of Waller, p. 4.

Kitchen of Mrs. Joan Cromwell," there is a strange account of his conduct at one of the public entertainments of his court. While the sweetmeats were serving, a lady, with child, who happened to be a spectator, requested Colonel Pride, one of the guests at the same table with Cromwell, to give her some candied apricots, to which she had taken a fancy. The gallant Colonel, we are told, "instantly threw into her apron a conserve of wet sweetmeat with both his hands, and stained it all over; when, as if it had been the sign, Oliver catches up his napkin and throws it at Pride, he at him again, while all at the table were engaged at the scuffle: the noise whereof made the members rise before the sweetmeats were set down, and believing dinner was done, go to this pastime of gambols, and be spectators of his Highness's frolics: were it worth a description, I would give the reader a just and particular account of that Arab festival, as it was solemnized in the Banqueting House at Whitehall." Similar frolics are recorded to have taken place at the marriages of his daughters, Mrs. Claypole and Mrs. Rich. Cromwell was, indeed a strange mixture of enthusiasm and buffoonery, grandeur and grimace.

It is always pleasant to be behind the scenes in the great drama of life. History absurdly condemns, as beneath its dignity, much of what is most agreeable and most improving. There is more to be learnt in the private history even of one of so-

ciety's degraded out-casts, than in half the falsified pages of the least prejudiced historiographer. Besides, it is in anecdotes of private life that the true motives and springs of action are generally discoverable. Those important state conferences, of which the historian affords but dry details, appear far differently, when described by a contemporary and a bystander. Whitelock, who was admitted to the Protector's most secret councils, agreeably introduces us into the arcana.—"We would be shut up three or four hours together in private discourse, and none were admitted to come in to him. He would sometimes be very cheerful with us, and laying aside his greatness he would be exceeding familiar with us, and by way of diversion would make verses, and every one must try his fancy; he commonly called for tobacco, pipes, and a candle, and would now and then take tobacco himself. Then he would fall again to his serious and great business, and advise with us in those affairs; and this he did often with us, and our counsel was accepted and followed by him, in most of his greatest affairs."

His frolics and familiarity were not confined to his private friends. Bates tells us,—"he would often make feasts for his inferior officers; and, whilst they were feeding, before they had satisfied their hunger, cause the drums to beat, and let in the private soldiers to fall on, and snatch away the half-eaten dishes. The robust and sturdy

soldiers he loved to divert with violent and hazardous exercises; as by making them sometimes throw a burning coal into one another's boots, or *cushions* at one another's heads." This familiar intercourse with his humblest followers, must naturally have made them regard him as their friend. Whitelock tells us that Cromwell and Ireton, having honoured him with a visit, were returning home from his house in the evening, when their coach was stopped, and forcibly examined by the guard. They both gave their names; but the officer on duty refused to credit their statement, and even threatened to carry them to the guard-room. Ireton showed a little anger, but "Cromwell was cheerful with the soldiers, and gave them twenty shillings, and commended them and their captain for doing their duty."

It must have been highly entertaining to have seen the "Fortune of England" driving his own coach and six in Hyde Park, attended by a regiment of guards. Ludlow says,—"The Duke of Holstein made him a present of a set of grey Friesland coach horses; with which, taking the air in the Park, attended only with his Secretary, Thurloe, and guard of Janizaries, he would needs take the place of the coachman, not doubting but the three pair of horses he was about to drive, would prove as tame as the three nations which were ridden by him; and, therefore, not content with their ordinary pace, he lashed them very fu-

riously. But they, unaccustomed to such a rough driver, ran away in a rage, and stopped not till they had thrown him out of the box, with which fall his pistol fired in his pocket, though without any hurt to himself: by which he might have been instructed how dangerous it was to meddle with those things wherein he had no experience." Heath repeats the story in his "Flagellum" without any material difference, and also places the scene in Hyde Park. "The generous horses," he says, "no sooner heard the lash of the whip, but away they ran, with Thurloe sitting trembling inside for fear of his own neck, over hill and dale, and at last threw down the inexpert Governor from the box into the traces." This singular accident nearly cost him his life. In his fall, his legs became entangled in the harness, and for several seconds he remained suspended from the pole of the carriage. Thurloe, in great trepidation, threw himself from the door of the vehicle, and escaped with some slight bruises.

This, on a first cursory perusal, would appear to be one of Cromwell's unaccountable follies; but his physician, Bates, attributes it to a different cause. The Protector, it appears, was much troubled with stone and gravel, for which maladies he was in the habit of drinking diuretic liquors. These remedies were the more readily worked off by any jolting exercise; it was, therefore, his custom when on horseback, to ride at a rapid pace;

and when taking the air in his coach, he usually selected the driving-box, as producing the more violent motion. In his "Chronicle of the Civil Wars," Heath likens Cromwell and Thurloe to Mephistipheles and Dr. Faustus: — "Cromwell," he says, "like Phaeton, fell from his chariot." Many pasquinades were, of course, written on the subject. The following verse which concludes an amusing song of the period has no slight merit: —

> Every day and hour hath shown us his power,
> And now he hath shown us his art;
> His first reproach was a fall from a coach,
> His next will be from a cart.

The accident took place in July 1654. Peck, in his Life of Cromwell, quotes an Elegy from Dr. Nalson's MS. Collections, "On the Lord Protector's being thrown from his coach box," but it is not sufficiently humorous to be transcribed. In the records of the period, we more than once find the Protector taking the air in St. James's Park in a Sedan chair.

CHAPTER VI.

Installation of the Protector — his Views of Aggrandizement — his general Unpopularity — Ceremonies which attended his Installation — dines in State with the Citizens of London — takes Possession of the royal Palaces — Notices of his Removal to Whitehall — Tables provided for his Household — aspires to the title of King — consults with his Friends on the Subject — refuses the Title — Instance of his Trickery — his Second Inauguration. — Gloom of his Court — affects greater Magnificence — his Entertainments at Whitehall — discourages the Visits of the Queen of Sweden — his frequent and prodigal Feasts.

On the 16th of December 1653, Cromwell was solemnly installed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Notwithstanding his professed godliness, it is but too apparent that mere worldly aggrandizement had been the end and aim of all his actions, even from the commencement of his career. He now prepared to establish himself in the royal apartments at Whitehall, and his interference to prevent the sale of the royal palaces was doubtless that he might retain them as appanages of his greatness. He knew well the intrinsic value of outward state; he was aware that taken abstractedly a monarch is but a ceremony; and conse-

quently we find him affecting a greater magnificence as he increased in years. The shrewd enthusiast Hugh Peters had long before prophecied that he would make himself king.

That the unnatural elevation of Cromwell was regarded by the great majority of the people of England with mixed indifference and contempt, it would be impossible to deny. Monsieur de Bordeaux writes to the minister de Brienne, 29th December 1653: — "The day on which Cromwell was declared Protector the cannon of the Tower were fired, the soldiers made a *feu de joie*, and bonfires were to be seen before the public buildings, but *the people gave no sign of approbation.*" * Again, says the writer of an intercepted letter from Paris, dated 22d December 1653:— "We have but little of news, the town being full of discourse of his Highness the Lord Protector, who, I fear, hath lost much of the affections of the people, since he took the government upon himself; for it was observed, that at the proclaiming of him both at Temple Bar, Cheapside, the New Exchange and Old, except the soldiers, and not all of them, there were not any that so much as shouted, but, on the contrary, *publicly laughed and derided him*, without being taken notice of."†

* Von Raumer, History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, vol. ii. p. 387.

† Thurloe, vol. i. p. 641.

The great ceremony of installation took place in Westminster Hall. After a "seeking of the Lord," about one o'clock in the afternoon, the Protector issued from his apartments at Whitehall, and entered his coach of state. He was surrounded by his body-guard, and on each side of King-street were a line of soldiers. Preceding him, in their several coaches, were the two Lords Commissioners of the Privy Seal, the Barons of the Exchequer, the Judges in their robes, the Council of the Commonwealth; the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Recorder of London, in their scarlet gowns; the chief officers of the army; and, lastly, the Protector himself, in a black suit and cloak, with long boots, and a broad band of gold round his hat. A chair of state, with a splendid carpet and cushions, had been prepared for his reception. He stood on the left side of it, between the two Commissioners, uncovered, till the articles, by which he bound himself to govern the three kingdoms, had been read. After a short demur of affected humility, raising his eyes and his right hand to heaven, he solemnly accepted and subscribed them, in the face of the court. He then covered himself and sat down in the chair of state; the great officers of the Commonwealth, who were arranged on each side, covering themselves also at the same moment. The Commissioners then delivered to him the Great Seal, and the Lord Mayor presented him with

the sword and cap of maintenance, all which he immediately returned to them. The court then rose, and preceded by the Lord Mayor, carrying the sword, he returned to Whitehall. The procession again assembled in the Banqueting House, where an "exhortation" was given by Lockyer, and they then dispersed to their own homes.

Some weeks after his elevation, the new Protector was entertained by the citizens of London with all the honours which, for centuries, they had been accustomed to pay to their legitimate sovereigns on their accession.

Monsieur de Bordeaux writes to De Brienne, 23d February 1654:—"On his solemn entry into the city he was received like a King: the Mayor went before him with the sword in his hand, about him nothing but officers who do not trouble themselves much as to fineness of apparel; behind him the Members of the Council in state coaches, furnished by certain lords. The concourse of people was great; wheresoever Cromwell came a great silence; the greater part did not even move their hats. At the Guildhall was a great feast prepared for him, and at the table sat the Mayor, the Councillors, the Deputies of the army, as well as Cromwell's son and son-in-law. Towards the foreign Ambassadors the Protector deports himself as a King, for the power of Kings is not greater than his." Again, De Bordeaux writes a few weeks afterwards:—"Some

say he will assume the title and prerogatives of a Roman emperor. In order to strengthen his party he deals out promises to all parties. It is here, however, as everywhere else; no government was or is right in the people's eyes, and Cromwell, once their idol, is now the object of their blame, perhaps their hate."*

The formalities usual on a new accession to the crown were resorted to at the Installation of the usurper. All patents and commissions were renewed; he received the congratulations of foreign Ambassadors in the Banqueting House, seated on a magnificent chair of state; the foreigners made the obeisances usual to royalty; and it was made high treason to compass the life or government of the Protector. He also took complete possession of the classic residences of royalty, Whitehall, Hampton Court, and Windsor, which were severally fitted up with great magnificence for his reception.

The contemporary notices of the removal of the Protector to the stately apartments of Whitehall are not without interest: — "April 13, 1654. This day the bedchamber, and the rest of the lodgings and rooms appointed for the Lord Protector in Whitehall, were prepared for his Highness to remove from the Cockpit on the morrow." — "His Highness, the Lord Protector, with his lady and family, this day (April 14) dined at Whitehall, whither his

* Von Raumer, History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, vol. ii. pp. 387 and 388.

Highness and family are removed, and did this night lie there, and do there continue."—"April 15. His Highness went this day to Hampton Court, and returned again at night."*

The event is thus announced in the Weekly Intelligencer: — "The Privy Lodgings for his Highness the Lord Protector in Whitehall are now in readiness, as also the lodgings for his Lady Protectress; and likewise the privy kitchen, and other kitchens, butteries, and offices; and it is conceived the whole family will be settled there before Easter.

The tables for diet prepared are these:—

A table for his Highness.
A table for the Protectress.
A table for Chaplains and Strangers.
A table for the Steward and Gentlemen.
A table for the Gentlemen.
A table for coachmen, grooms, and other domestic servants.
A table for Inferiors or subservants.†

It is singular that the only attempt in which this wonderful man is known to have been defeated, was in the paltry ambition,—the mere nominal honour,—of possessing the title of King. That he was eager in the pursuit is as undoubted, as that he was confident in his hopes of success. Welwood even asserts, that a crown was positively manufactured by the goldsmiths and brought to Whitehall. The question was first introduced into Par-

* Several Proceedings in State Affairs, April 13th to 20th, 1654.

† Weekly Intelligencer, March 14th to 21st, 1654.

liament by Colonel Jephson, and was not unfavourably received. Cromwell afterwards inquired of this person how he could be induced to propose such a measure? Jephson replied artfully,—"As long as I have the honour to sit in Parliament, I must follow the dictates of my own conscience, whatever offence I may be so unfortunate as to give you." Cromwell gave him a playful blow on the shoulder.—"Get thee gone," he said; —"get thee gone for a mad fellow, as thou art."

Eventually a bill was formally introduced into Parliament by Alderman Pack, one of the city members, for conferring on the Protector the solemn title of King. There was at first considerable agitation in the House; the motion was opposed by a number of persons of various interests, and Pack was violently forced to the bar. Finally, however, the measure having been carried a few days previously, on the 9th of April 1657, a committee was appointed to propose it to the Protector, and to reason with him on his expected scruples. Cromwell, in the mean time, had probed the feeling of the public, and, as is well known, resisted the temptation and declined the honour.

Previous to the offer having been solemnly made, it appears certain that he had opened his mind to no one on the subject, and consequently the world had remained in ignorance and in anxious expectation, as to the manner in which he would receive the Committee. It would even ap-

pear that to the very last moment his mind was in doubt; but we are more enlightened as to the positive motives which induced him to reject the coveted honour. The army, whom he had himself taught to detest the name of King, were not only averse to his elevation, but a mutiny was threatened as its consequence. His Major-generals were furiously opposed to it; his own connexions threatened to desert him; rumours were afloat that his assassination would certainly follow; and it was a popular saying at the time, that if the nation *must* return to monarchy, it were better to recall the rightful heir. Why then, it naturally occurs to us, did he risk the chance of defeat by permitting the question to be submitted in Parliament; for that it had his sanction there can be no doubt? To this we can only oppose a former surmise, that he himself was in doubt to the last; perhaps, moreover, he wished to have the credit of rejecting the proffered dignity, or possibly, by familiarizing the minds of men to the question, he hoped to carry the point at a future and more favourable opportunity.

Certain it is, that the discussion of the subject in Parliament originated with the Protector himself. Indeed it is not a little curious to collect the scattered instances of his having sifted the opinions of influential persons, long previous to the question being canvassed by the legislature. There are extant the minutes of an interesting con-

versation between Cromwell and Whitelock, relative to the expediency of the Usurper accepting the title of King. Whitelock used every argument to dissuade him from such a step, which probably had the intended effect; Cromwell, however, never again received him on the same terms of intimacy, and shortly afterwards, by conferring on him an honourable appointment, found means to remove him out of the way. Whitelock tells us that the Protector's nearest relations, and especially Mrs. Claypole, confessed to him that this was the true secret of his unwelcome advancement. Cromwell also put the question to Dr. Brownrig, Bishop of Exeter. "My advice," replied the prelate, "must be in the words of the gospel; — 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.'" His discussion with the Marquis of Hertford is quite as remarkable, but the details are too lengthy for insertion.*

Among others whom he consulted at this important crisis, were Lords Broghill, Thurloe, and Pierrepoint. Calamy, an eminent city divine, was also pressed for his advice. The latter replied warmly that such a measure would be equally illegal and impracticable. "But pray," said Cromwell, "how impracticable?" — "Why," returned Calamy, "'tis against the voice of the

* See Hearne's Appendix to the Chronicon de Dunstable, vol. ii. p. 832.

nation; there will be nine in ten against you."— "But what," said the Protector, "if I should disarm the nine, and put the sword in the tenth man's hand: would not that do the business?"

But the circumstance which seems principally to have determined him in rejecting the crown, was the uncompromising opposition of his near connexions, Fleetwood and Desborough; of whom, the one had married his daughter, the other his sister. Cromwell had invited himself to dine at the house of the latter, for the express purpose, it would seem, of gleaning their private opinions on this important subject. Proceeding with his usual caution, he commenced, we are told, to "droll with them about monarchy, and said it was but a feather in a man's cap; and therefore wondered that men would not please children, and permit them to enjoy their rattle." But both Fleetwood and Desborough were far too bigoted republicans to connive at his ambitious views, and Cromwell, consequently, finding he could make no impression on them, merely styled them "a couple of precise scrupulous fellows," and took his leave. The day before the splendid offer was actually made to him by the Parliament, he took an opportunity of walking with them in St. James's Park, and again entered upon the subject. After many arguments on both sides, Fleetwood and Desborough, imagining from the drift of his conversation, that he had already made up his mind on

the subject, formally tendered him their commissions. They were resolved, they said, never to serve a King; they foresaw the evils which would follow his elevation, and though they certainly would not bear arms against him, yet they must hereafter decline carrying them in his service.*

There were no doubt many military officers of rank, who would have followed the example of these uncompromising republicans. Colonel Mason presented a petition, signed by about thirty officers of the army, at the bar of the House of Commons, in which these sturdy veterans solemnly protested against a re-establishment of that monarchy, for the subversion of which they had so often bled; and concluded by humbly imploring the House to remain steadfast to the "old cause." Colonel Pride, it is said, told Cromwell to his face, that if he accepted the crown he would shoot him through the head on the first opportunity.

To the republicans, Cromwell nevertheless continued to harp on the old Utopian nonsense of equality. A favourite device of his, and one by which he gulled many of these deluded fanatics, was to invite them to Whitehall, and having shut the door, to make them sit covered in his presence. He wished them to see, he said, how little value he attached to those state formalities, which he was compelled to maintain with others. The comedy generally concluded with a

* Burnet, vol. i. p. 128.

long prayer. Many of these persons were really seduced by his professions. The wiser, who saw through his views, he denounced as "heathens."

Certainly, no man ever condescended to more trickery than Cromwell, and the easy manner in which he generally succeeded in beguiling his contemporaries, naturally weakens our respect for the vaunted genius of republicanism. The following has been mentioned as an instance of his ingenious cunning, — a feeler to ascertain the state of public opinion, at the period he would have made himself King. About the hour when the merchants usually assembled, a coach stopped at the Royal Exchange. A gentleman alighted from it, remarkably well dressed, and having in his hand a picture of the Protector, which he proceeded to affix to one of the pillars; and having taken one or two turns, again drove off. Over the head of the portrait were the words, "'Tis I," and underneath, the following verses :—

Ascend three thrones, great captain and divine,
By the will of God, O lion, for they 're thine.
Come, priest of God, bring oil, bring robes, bring gold,
Bring crowns and sceptres: 'tis high time t' unfold
Your cloistered bags, ye state cheats: lest the rod
Of steel and iron, of this your King and God,
Pay you in 's wrath with interest; kneel and pray
T' Oliver the torch of Sion! the star of day!
Shout then, ye merchants, city and gentry sing,
And all bare-headed cry, God save the King.*

---

* Peck, Life of Cromwell, p. 56. According to the writer

After Exchange hours, the Lord Mayor had the portrait taken down and carried to the Protector. The lines have been since quoted as a satire against Cromwell; our forefathers, however, who had better means of judging, believed it to have been placed there as a political weather-cock, by the directions of Cromwell himself.

Cromwell having, most reluctantly as we have seen, refused the crown, it was determined that he should be again installed in the Protectorship. The ceremony took place in Westminster Hall, on the 26th of June 1657, with increased magnificence. On the former occasion he had worn a simple dress of black velvet, but now he appeared in robes of purple lined with ermine, and with the sceptre in his hand; the heralds proclaiming him by sound of trumpet, Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Voltaire speaks of *la sombre administration de Cromwell,* and the same expression applies itself to his court. There was a gloom about its precincts, which was relieved neither by dignity nor elegance. Hollis, Whitelock, Ludlow, and Warwick, alike bear testimony, that he affected magnificence as he increased in years. They alluded, however, rather to the obsequious respect which

of an intercepted letter, dated 23 May, 1653,—"The General's picture was set up at the Exchange with verses under it, tending much to his honour: it was brought to him by the Lord Mayor, who, it is thought, was the contriver of the setting of it up."—*Thurloe,* vol. i. p. 249.

he exacted from foreigners, as well as from his own people, than to the mere outward trappings of state; though he would probably have more affected the latter, but for the jealousy which it would have excited in the minds of the republicans. He took a pride in the splendid apartments of Windsor and Whitehall; his feasts very nearly approached magnificence, and he latterly increased the officers of his household, and established a guard of halberdiers, clad in handsome, though modest attire. But the following passage in the "Select Proceedings in State Affairs," April 27 to May 4, 1654, will afford the best notion of one of the Protector's entertainments, as well as of the peculiar manners of the period.

"April 27. The Lords, Ambassadors of the United Provinces, this day dined with his Highness the Lord Protector at Whitehall, and the Lords of the Council, with some Colonels and other gentlemen, at two tables in the same room; and the Lords Ambassadors, the Lord President, and the Lord Lisle, at the same table with his Highness; and twenty gentlemen were taken into his Highness's life-guard of foot (the whole number is to be threescore), who carried up the meat, and many gentlemen attended; and after dinner there was a banquet. The coats of the guards are grey cloth, with black velvet collars, and silver lace and trimming. — Monday, May 1, was more observed by people going a maying than

for divers years past, and indeed much sin committed by wicked meetings, with fiddlers, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like. Great resort came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of rich coaches, and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered hair; men painted and spotted women, some men played with a silver ball, and some took other recreation." * Sir Gilbert Pickering was appointed Lord Chamberlain to the Protector, and Claypole, his son-in-law, Master of the Horse. These circumstances, and the obsequiousness which he exacted from foreign ambassadors and others, demonstrated that there was at least some attempt at the dignity of a court: otherwise all was puritanical gloom and severity.

There was, however, everywhere observable a special respect for decency and decorum. When Whitelock communicated to Cromwell the proposed visit of the famous Christina, Queen of Sweden, he gave it no encouragement. — "He feared," he said, "that the morals of others might be prejudiced by her example." And yet we are assured that such was his admiration of her talents that her picture used to hang in his bedchamber; and it was even said laughingly, that the Protectress was jealous. Cromwell certainly presented the eccentric Queen with his own likeness, on which occasion, Andrew Marvell addressed a copy of Latin verses to her, commencing,—

* Cromwelliana, p. 140.

Bellipotens virgo! septem regina Trionum!
Christina! Arctoi lucida stella poli!*

Cromwell had taken much pleasure in the conversation of Graef Hannibal Sesthead, a Danish nobleman, but when told that his morality was not of the first order, he declined any further communication with him.†

Though extremely abstemious in his own diet, his public entertainments were frequent and prodigal. Every Monday he kept an open table for all the officers of his army who had attained the rank of captain, besides a smaller table, every day of the week, for such officers as came accidentally to court. "With these," says Heath, "he seemed to disport himself, taking off his drink freely, and opening himself every way to the most free familiarity. He did merely lie at the catch of what should incogitantly, and with such unsuspected provocation fall from their mouths, which he would be sure to record and lay up against his occasion of reducing them to the speaker's memory." The insignificant author of "The Court and Kitchen of Mrs. Joan Cromwell" informs us, that in order "that he might not appear so much a military governor, but have something of the prince in him, about noon time, a man might hear a huge clattering of dishes, and noise of servitors in rank and file, marching

* Peck's Life of Cromwell, p. 182.

† Whitelock, pp. 599 and 627.

to his table, though neither sumptuously nor extraordinarily furnished." His entertainments, however, if not extremely refined, appear to have been on the largest scale. The Parliament was occasionally invited to dine with him in a body. Burton inserts, in his Parliamentary Diary, 18 February, 1657,—"Mr. Speaker acquainted the House, that his Highness hath invited all the members of this House to dine with his Highness on Friday next, being the day of public thanksgiving, in the Banqueting House at Whitehall." Heath also mentions the Parliament being "gaudily entertained" by him in the Banqueting House in 1656: it seems, that they had previously heard a sermon in St. Margaret's church, Westminster.

CHAPTER VII.

De Grammont's Visit to the Court of Cromwell. — Respect paid by Foreign Ambassadors to the Protector's Daughters. — Cromwell's Love of Hunting — his Intrigues with the Duchess of Lauderdale and Mrs. Lambert. — Tact with which he ingratiated himself with others. — Anecdotes. — Cromwell's Want of Literary Taste and Information — Unsteadiness of his Religious Principles — his Cant and Hypocrisy — his Hatred of a Commonwealth — his Views regarding an Established Church — thought to be the Messiah by the Jews — feared and respected by Foreign Powers.—Mazarine's dread of him.—Subserviency of the French and Spanish Monarchs. — Anecdotes.

To the fastidious eye of de Grammont the court of the Protector presented but few charms. "Cromwell," says Count Hamilton, "was at his highest pitch of glory when he was seen by the Chevalier de Grammont; but the Chevalier did not see any appearance of a court. One part of the nobility proscribed, the other removed from employments, an affectation of purity of manners, instead of the luxury which the pomp of courts displays; all taken together presented nothing but sad and serious objects in the finest city in the world. Therefore, the Chevalier acquired nothing by this voyage, but some idea of the merit of a profligate man, and the admiration of some con-

cealed beauties he had found means to discover." Noble tells us, that "after Oliver was declared Protector, his daughters resided chiefly in apartments in one of the palaces, and such attention was paid to them by foreign princes and states, that their ambassadors constantly paid their compliments to these ladies, both when they came into, or left the kingdom." From such scattered notices we must form our opinion of the interior of the Protectorate court.

Cromwell was fond of hunting, and when at Hampton Court frequently followed the diversion, surrounded by his guards. Sometimes he would give a buck to the country people who flocked to gaze upon him, with the addition of some money to spend in drink. Whitelock mentions his hunting with the Swedish Ambassador at Hampton Court, in 1656.

Another of his tastes was music, of which Heath informs us he was a passionate admirer, and adds, that he maintained some of the most eminent performers in his establishment. Anthony Wood, in his Life of himself, mentions an instance of Cromwell's love of the art, which, however, says but little for his ear. It was related to the antiquary, by one James Quin, a student of Christchurch: — "Quin's voice," he says, "was bass, and he had a great command of it. 'Twas very strong and exceeding trouling, but he wanted skill and could scarce sing in concert.

He had been turned out of his student's place by the visitors; but being well acquainted with some great men of those times that loved music, they introduced him into the company of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, who loved a good voice and instrumental music well. He heard him sing with very great delight, *liquored him with sack,* and in conclusion said,—'Mr. Quin, you have done very well, what shall I do for you?' To which Quin made answer with great compliments, of which he had command with a great grace, that 'your Highness would be pleased to restore me to my student's place;' which he did accordingly, and so kept it to his dying day." Among the pages also of the Mercurius Politicus (No. 350), we find an instance of the Protector's redeeming taste for music. Having regaled the House of Commons with "a most princely entertainment, and attended two sermons at St. Margaret's Westminster, his Highness, after dinner, withdrew to the Cockpit, and there entertained them with rare music, both of instruments and voices, till the evening."

Notwithstanding his hypocritical sanctity, it is to be feared that the charms of female beauty, on more than one occasion, carried the Protector beyond the bounds of virtue. The beautiful, witty, eccentric Lady Dysart, who afterwards became Duchess of Lauderdale, is supposed to have been his mistress. She herself made a boast to her

husband, that when he was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, she saved him from the block by submitting to the familiarities of Cromwell. Burnet says, that "he was certainly fond of her, and his intrigues with her were not a little taken notice of." Their intimacy subsequently gave so much offence to the Puritans, that he was compelled to relinquish his visits.

Another reputed mistress of the Protector, was Mrs. Lambert, the wife of his puritanical friend. In a ludicrous sermon, supposed to be "held forth" by Cromwell, he is made to allude to his unsaintly peccadillos, and to Mrs. Lambert in particular, as follows,—

"When I lay before Pembroke Castle, my landlady where I quartered, who had once been a Malignant, and then but newly crept into the state of grace; she, I say, had a good soul within her; she was brim-full of the Spirit, and yet she was very handsome, which is strange, for seldom we find a perfection without an imperfection. Commonly, women that are fair without, are either false or foul within; but to me she was neither. And yet I do not speak this to condemn beauty, for it is of singular comfort and good use, and those that be fair may be true and good. But this is *secundum majus et minus*, as the logicians cant: some are better than other some; that is the English of the Latin; and indeed I have found great difference in women. Then again,

when I came into Yorkshire, I met Mrs. Lambert, the espoused of that honourable and valiant saint, Mr. G. Lambert. She, I say, is a woman, not very fair I confess, but of as large a soul, and as full of the Spirit, as any I ever yet met with. I profess I never knew a woman more endowed with those heavenly blessings of love, meekness, gentleness, patience, and long-suffering; nay, even with all things that may speak her every way deserving the name of a saint; and yet, I say, she was not very beautiful or comely, for she is something foggy and sun-burnt, which is strange in that cold country. But what nature had denied her of ornament without, I found she had within her a soul, a devout sweet soul; and God knows, I loved her for it." Heath says, "The voice of the people was, that she was more familiar with him than the honour of her sex would allow, and that she had some extraordinary kindnesses for him which she had not for her husband." It was said of the Protector, with some humour, that though a great saint he was but a frail vessel.

Mrs. Lambert was particularly famous for her godliness, even among the Puritans with whom she lived, and is described as constantly employed either in praying or singing psalms.

Another instance of his frailty is confidently related by Gregorio Leti, in his "Life of Cromwell." According to this writer, Cromwell, under promise of marriage, obtained the affections of

a young female at Paris, and became the father of her illegitimate child; as Cromwell, however, never even set foot in France, the story requires no refutation. It may be mentioned, as a singular instance of literary fraud, that Leti even describes the manner of Cromwell's entertainment at the French Court, and the details of his interview with Richelieu. There exist some well-known volumes, entitled "The Life and entertaining Adventures of Mr. Cleveland, Natural Son of Oliver Cromwell." It need scarcely be remarked, that such a person never seems to have existed; indeed, the work is altogether a mere tissue of impudence, falsehood, and dulness.

When it suited his purpose, no one knew better than Cromwell how to ingratiate himself with either friend or foe. James the Second tells us, in his Memoirs, that when he fell into the hands of the Parliament at the surrender of Oxford, Cromwell was the only officer present who knelt to him in paying his respects. The gossiping Dr. King relates an amusing anecdote of his politeness. When Hillesdon House, near Buckingham, was taken by Cromwell, Sir William Smyth, the governor, stipulated that himself and his garrison should march out with their arms, baggage, &c. As they were passing through the gate, one of the parliamentary soldiers snatched Sir William's hat from his head. The cavalier instantly complained to Cromwell of the fellow's

insolence, and the breach of the capitulation. "Sir," said Cromwell, "if you can point out the man, or I can discover him, I promise you he shall not go unpunished. In the mean-time (taking off a new beaver hat from his own head), be pleased to accept this instead of your own." The Protector is said to have been an excellent physiognomist, and it is affirmed that he was seldom deceived in an opinion which he had thus formed.*

But his civility to his uncle and godfather, Sir Oliver Cromwell, a staunch and worthy royalist, terminated somewhat differently. His quarters being in the neighbourhood of Hinchinbrook, he thought proper to pay the old cavalier a visit, accompanied by a strong body of horse. According to Sir Philip Warwick, he at first treated his uncle with great respect; requested his blessing, and refused, during the few hours he remained, to keep on his hat in Sir Oliver's presence. The visit ended, however, by his disarming the old gentleman, and carrying away all the plate in the house.

Vast as were his natural powers, Cromwell's literary attainments appear to have been far from considerable. The composition both of his speeches and letters is below mediocrity, and as regarded wit, science, learning, and the fine arts, he possessed as little taste as feeling. Probably he understood the policy of enlisting genius on his

* Carrington; Life and Death of Cromwell, p. 45.

side, for Milton, Marvell, and Waller were retained near his person. Whitelock has told us that he sometimes amused himself with making verses. The careless trifles of such a man would have been invaluable to posterity, and we should admire him more were it certain that he loved the Muses. Could it have been a taste for poetry that led to his companionship with the three poets? Unfortunately Milton was his own secretary; Marvell was a useful and uncompromising republican, and Waller was his own relation, and was, moreover, a man of influence, and a flatterer.

It is singular that the finest panegyrical poem in our language is addressed to Cromwell. Waller soars above himself when he celebrates the Protectorate, though the poem in some degree loses its force from the indecent haste with which he afterwards celebrated the Restoration. His poem on "His Majesty's happy Return," is a wretched production. When asked by Charles how it happened to be so inferior to his ode to the Protector, "Your Majesty is aware," he said, "that poets deal best in fiction." Perhaps the reply is the happiest specimen of ready and genuine wit in our language.

According to Burnet, Cromwell was totally ignorant of any foreign language, with the exception of the little Latin which he had gleaned in his boyhood, and which he spoke "vitiously and scantily." Waller, however, who was frequently

about his person, gives him credit for being "very well read in the Greek and Latin story." This passage is brought forth by the sturdy Harris, as a proof of Cromwell's taste for polite literature. He quotes, moreover, the following extract from the Life of Dr. Manton as further authority for his assertion. "When Cromwell took on him the Protectorship in 1653, the very morning the ceremony was to be performed, a messenger came to Dr. Manton, to acquaint him that he must immediately come to Whitehall. The doctor asked him the occasion, he told him he should know that when he came there. The Protector himself, without any previous notice, told him what he was to do,—*i e*, to pray upon that occasion. The doctor laboured all he could to be excused, and told him it was a work of that nature which required some time to consider and prepare for it. The Protector replied, that he knew he was not at a loss to perform the service he expected from him, and opening his study-door, he put him in with his hand, and bid him consider there, which was not above half an hour. The doctor employed that time in looking over his books, which he said was a noble collection." Harris, in giving this extract, concludes with the words, "Manton is a judge."* This was probably true, but in all

* Thomas Manton, D.D. a Presbyterian Divine, and Rector of Covent Garden. Baxter says of Manton, in his Life of himself, "He was a man of great learning, judgment, and

likelihood the Presbyterian's idea of a noble library was a large collection of theological treatises. Moreover, is it credible, that a man who was about to officiate in so very important a ceremony, would have employed the very short period which was allotted to him, in examining books! Is it less likely that Cromwell would have waited to the last moment before he sent for a minister to assist at his Installation; or, in a word, are we bound to admit the fact of a good library being the proof of taste? Carington says justly, in his Life and Death of Oliver Cromwell, that his "greatest delight was to read men rather than books."

Much has been said respecting Cromwell's sincerity in his religious professions; respecting the secret worship of his heart, and the form of church government which he would naturally have preferred. That he was unsteady in his religious principles there can be no question, but that he ever was the sceptic he has been represented, is undoubtedly false. Still, at what period was he the dissembler, and when was he the devotee? The subject is certainly one of deep importance, and

integrity, and an excellent, most laborious, unwearied preacher, and of moderate principles." He was certainly a "laborious preacher;" for he composed no less than 190 sermons on the 119th Psalm, and Archbishop Usher used to style him a *voluminous* one. He was a moderate politician and a good man. See Granger, vol. v. p. 59.—Manton died 18th October, 1677.

naturally leads us into a metaphysical labyrinth in which the wisest would lose their way. He must at one time have been a dark hypocrite, for bloodshed, and ambition, and evil passions, are strangely incompatible with Christianity; and yet at other times he must have been sincere, for that he was so, all argument is in his favour. There can be no question that the repentance of his youth was a real reformation. There can be no less doubt that he died an enthusiast, for the professions of a death-bed are solemn evidence.

But we must descend from metaphysics to plain facts. According to Archbishop Tillotson, who had married his niece, "his enthusiasm *at last* got the better of his hypocrisy, and he believed himself to be the instrument of God, in the great actions of his power, for the reformation of the world." This supports the opinion that he died sincere; but, on the other hand, the evidences of his hypocrisy undoubtedly preponderate. "His rude cant, we are told, and spiritual simplicity, were downright affectation." It used to be related by Waller, the poet, that "in the midst of their discourse a servant has come in to tell them such and such attended: upon which Cromwell would rise and stop them, talking at the door, where Waller could hear them say: 'the Lord will reveal, the Lord will help,' and several such expressions; which, when he returned to Mr. Waller, he excused, saying, 'Cousin Waller, I must talk to these

men after their own way;' and would then go on where they left off. This created in Mr. Waller an opinion that he secretly despised those whom he seemed to court."*

Coke says,—"If all the hypocrisy and dissimulation of the Rump could have been crowded into one man, it might have been found in this one, Oliver." Oliver St. John also related a story, that Cromwell, being one day carousing with a party of friends, was told that a person waited to see him on business. He was employed at the time in searching for the cork of a bottle of champagne.—"Tell him," he said, blasphemously, "that we are in search of the holy spirit."

He could be civil and obliging to people of all persuasions, either when it suited his interests, or when he liked the individual. He attached himself to Sir Kenelm Digby, a Roman Catholic, and to Archbishop Usher; and to Brownrig, Bishop of Exeter, he not only showed kindness but respect. On Usher he conferred a pension, and buried him when he was dead.† He is said to have hated a

* Life of Waller, p. 30.

† "The late Archbishop of Armagh dying about a fortnight ago at Ryegate, his Highness was nobly pleased this day, out of an honourable respect to the memory of so pious and learned a champion of the Protestant cause, to sign a warrant directed to the Lords of the Treasury, for the sum of 200*l.* to bear the charges of his funeral, which sum is to be paid to Nicholas Bernard, Doctor of Divinity, who is to see the disbursing of the money. It is conceived he will be interred in Westminster Abbey."—*Mercurius Politicus, March* 27 *to April* 3, 1656. The

Commonwealth so thoroughly, that had he succeeded in obtaining the crown, it has been conjectured Episcopacy would have followed. Aware of the necessity of supporting an established church, he was long undecided as to the form of worship which was best suited to the times. He once said to Sir Philip Warwick and Sir Thomas Chichely, in the House of Commons, "I can tell you, Sirs, what I would *not* have, but I cannot what I would."

So miraculous was his career, and so much did his stupendous rise impress itself on the minds of men, that a noted Rabbi, Jacob Ben Azabel, and others, were despatched to England, in order to institute an investigation whether he were not the Messiah. Their first inquiries were as to the probability of his Jewish descent; but the object of their mission having been discovered by the saints, Cromwell was compelled to send the Rabbi and his followers out of the kingdom.* One Dawbeny, in a work published in 1659, draws a solemn and absurd parallel between the Protector and Moses.

It was no idle boast of Cromwell, that he would make the name of an Englishman as much reverenced and feared as had ever been that of a Roman. Indifferent as was his foreign policy, it was at least supported by measures which ensured

remains of this amiable prelate were conveyed from Ryegate to St. George's Church, Southwark, and thence to Somerset House, where they were met by the friends of the deceased. They were eventually interred in Westminster Abbey.

* Raguenet's History of Oliver Cromwell.

respect and renown. The Spaniard forgot his pride in his subserviency; the French King styled him cousin, and the crafty Mazarine submitted to his insolence and trembled at his name. It was said in France that the Cardinal was in less fear of the devil than of Oliver Cromwell; and yet, when the imperious usurper was no more, Mazarine is said to have spoken of him as a "fortunate fool." It would seem, however, by the following passage, that this expression was used by the Cardinal in the life-time of the Protector. In a letter from the Marquis of Ormond, dated 28th February, 1656, he writes,—"Cromwell hears that the French cardinal, in some discourse, hath called him a successful fool, which provoked him to passion, and a retort that Mazarine was a juggling knave: this is spoke seriously."

A medal was struck in Holland, which probably still exists in some of the Dutch cabinets, in which the bust and titles of Cromwell are represented on one side, and on the other Britannia; Cromwell thrusting his head in her lap, has a part of his person uncovered, which the Spanish ambassador is stooping to kiss: the French Ambassador holds him by the arm; and inscribed on the medal are the words, "*Retire toi, l'honneur appartient au Roi mon maître;*" "Stand back, that honour belongs to the King, my master."

Both Portugal and Denmark were treated with great haughtiness by the usurper, and Holland

stood in equal awe of his power. Some years after the Restoration, Charles the Second reminded Borel, the Dutch Ambassador, of the treatment he had experienced in Holland during his exile. According to Burnet, Borel replied innocently : "*Ha ! sire, c'etoit une autre chose ; Cromwell etoit un grand homme, et il se faisoit craindre et par terre et par mer.*" The story, however, has reasonably been doubted.

CHAPTER VIII.

Vigilance of Cromwell, and his extroardinary Means of acquiring Information — he despatches Thurloe on a mysterious Errand — informed of all the Secrets of the Court of Charles the Second — expends large Sums in obtaining secret intelligence — his System of employing Spies — he discovers the Projects of Lord Orrery — his singular Interview with that Nobleman — he ascertains that the Marquis of Ormond is in London — his liberal Treatment of the Marquis — Anecdote illustrating the cautious Policy of the Protector.

In reviewing the policy of the Protector, there is no circumstance which appears more striking than the extraordinary manner in which he made himself master of the secrets of others, and the happy mystery in which he contrived to involve his own. Even his principal confidant, Thurloe, (as we may glean from the following anecdote related by himself,) was never enlightened more than was absolutely necessary. Thurloe, it seems, had received orders from the Protector to be at a particular hour in Gray's Inn, where he would meet with a stranger, whose description had been previously given to him by Cromwell. To this person, with whom he was forbidden to exchange a word, he was to deliver an order for thirty thousand pounds,

payable to the bearer at Genoa. Thurloe did as he was desired, but never, to his dying day, discovered either the secret of his errand, or the name of the person whom he had so mysteriously encountered.

All the secrets of the little court of Charles the Second were immediately known to Cromwell. He once gave permission to a nobleman to travel on the Continent, on condition that he should not see the exiled King. On his return, he inquired of the nobleman if he had obeyed his injunctions, to which the other affirmed that he had. "It is true," said Cromwell, "that you did not *see* him, for to keep your word with me, you agreed to meet in the dark, and the candles were put out for that purpose." He then related to him what had taken place at the interview.*

It was one of Cromwell's maxims that no cost should be spared in obtaining information, and it has been computed that he spent 60,000*l.* a-year in this article of policy. Hume says that "postmasters, both at home and abroad, were in his pay; carriers were searched or bribed; secretaries and clerks were corrupted; the greatest zealots in all parties were often those who conveyed private information to him; and nothing could escape his vigilant inquiry." This does not appear to have been exaggerated. The secret of his civilities to the Jews consisted, it would seem, in the private intelligence which

* Welwood, p. 111.

they were enabled to afford him. "Lord Broghill" (says his chaplain and biographer, Morrice) "could never find out who were Cromwell's spies, till by accident he saw one, who was a Jew, and who came to Cromwell to give intelligence of the Dutch East India fleet. The manner was thus: whilst Lord Broghill was walking with Cromwell in a chamber hung with arras, he saw a fellow peeping in through the hangings, the ugliest ill-looking fellow that ever he had seen. His Lordship happening to espy him first, immediately drew his sword, and was running at him, supposing it to be some rogue who was come to do mischief. Cromwell seeing my lord draw his sword with such a fury, in a terrible fright asked him what he meant? His Lordship told him he saw somebody look into his chamber like a rogue. Upon which Cromwell followed him to the chamber door, and looking over Lord Broghill's shoulders saw who it was, and cried out, '*my Lord, a friend!*' and then desired his Lordship to walk in again, and he would come to him presently. Lord Broghill left them alone together in the outward room, and in a little while Cromwell, having despatched his spy, came to my Lord and told him, he would only write a line or two, and then would return to his Lordship. Accordingly, after he had done his business, he returned, and my Lord asked him if he might know who that fellow was, who had been with him? Cromwell answered that he was one

to whom he gave a 1,000*l.* per annum for intelligence, and that he was a "Jew who had now brought him word of the Dutch fleet coming up the channel, which would be a great prize. Therefore, upon this intelligence he had sent orders to Vice Admiral Blake to set upon them; which he did, and brought a vast treasure to Cromwell. This was the only spy my Lord saw; and he never saw him more after that time."

This is undoubtedly the same story that is related by Burnet, though there may be some slight difference in the relation of the facts. "The Earl of Orrery told me," says the Bishop, "that he was once walking with him in one of the galleries of Whitehall, and a man almost in rags came in view: he presently dismissed Lord Orrery and carried that man into his closet, who brought him an account of a great sum of money that the Spaniards were sending over to pay their army in Flanders, but in a Dutch man of war; and he told him the places of the ship in which the money was lodged. Cromwell sent an express immediately to Smith, afterwards Sir Jeremy Smith, who lay in the Downs, telling him that within a day or two such a Dutch ship would pass the Channel, whom he must visit for the Spanish money, which was contraband goods, we being then in war with Spain." Smith, it appears, fell in with the vessel and demanded to search it, at which the Dutch captain naturally demurred.

Smith told him that he had set an hour-glass, and if, before the sand had run out, he did not submit to the investigation, he would enforce it by his guns. "The Dutchman," says Burnet, "submitted, and the money was found."—"The Jews," adds the Bishop, "were sure and good spies for him," especially in his relations with Spain and Portugal.

The exactness of Cromwell's information, and especially the manner in which he acquainted himself with the most secret intrigues of the French court, is amusingly illustrated by an anecdote of Welwood. By an article in the treaty between England and France, it had been stipulated that, on Dunkirk being taken from the Spaniards, it should immediately be delivered over to the English. During the period that the town was being invested, the Protector sent unexpectedly for the French ambassador to Whitehall. On this personage coming into his presence, he publicly charged the court of Versailles with a design of breaking their faith, and of having sent private instructions to their general to keep possession of the town, in the event of its being yielded up by the Spaniards. The ambassador denying all knowledge of the matter, Cromwell drew from his pocket a copy of the private instructions in question, desiring him immediately to communicate with Mazarine, and to let him know that his treachery had been discovered: — "Tell him," he said, "that I am not

to be imposed upon, and that if he does not deliver up the keys of the town of Dunkirk, within an hour after it shall be taken, I will come in person and demand them at the gates of Paris." There are said to have been but four persons who were privy to the existence of these private orders. These were the Queen-mother, Mazarine, Marshal Turenne, and a Secretary, whose name has not transpired. The Cardinal supposed at first that the Queen might have blabbed the secret to some of her women; but after the death of the Secretary, it was discovered that for several years past he had kept up a correspondence with Cromwell, on which grounds it was conjectured he had been the informant on the occasion.

This anecdote Harris plainly terms a "falsehood," and in order to substantiate his charge he quotes the following passage, in a letter from Lockhart to Thurloe, written the day previous to the delivery of Dunkirk to the English. "Tomorrow, before five of the clock at night, his Highness's forces under my command will be possessed of Dunkirk. I have a great many disputes with the Cardinal about several things. I have agreed he shall have all the cannon in the town, that have the arms of France upon them: but some things, concerning shipping in the harbour, and the quartering the French guards, and lodging the chief officers of the army, is yet in controversy: nevertheless, I must say, I find him willing

to hear reason; and though the generality of court and arms are even mad to see themselves part with what they call *un si bon morceau,* or so delicate a bit, yet he is still constant to his promises, and seems to be as glad in the general, notwithstanding our differences in little particulars, to give this place to his Highness, as I can be to receive it. The King is also exceeding obliging and civil, and hath more true worth in him than I could have imagined." There is nothing, after all, in this extract which can justify the strong epithet which Harris applies to Dr. Welwood's statement. It certainly shows that, when it came to the point, Mazarine was true to his promises; but there is nothing to prove that he had not previously attempted to make a dupe of Cromwell. It is but fair to add, however, that Welwood's anecdote has been elsewhere called in question on other grounds.*

The Earl of Orrery, then Lord Broghill, was once on his way to the Continent to join the Court of the exiled King, when, in passing through London, a gentleman called on him on the part of Cromwell, (then only Lord General,) requesting to know at what hour it would be convenient for his Lordship to receive a visit from the General. Lord Orrery had obtained permission to travel on a plea of ill health, and of a pretended visit to the German baths, while, in fact, his real object was to obtain

* See Biog. Brit. Kippis, vol. iv. p. 508.

the King's authority to raise forces in Ireland, for the restoration of royalty and the recovery of his own estate. As he had no previous acquaintance with Cromwell he was rather surprised and disconcerted at the unexpected message. He told the gentleman, however, to present his duty to the General, and added that, he could not think of giving him the trouble of coming to his lodgings, but would wait on him himself at whatever hour he might appoint. While he was yet musing on the strangeness of the circumstance, Cromwell himself entered the room. After some common-place civilities, he came at once to the object of his visit. Expressing a great kindness and regard for Lord Orrery, he assured him that the interest which he took in his welfare was the sole motive for his thus intruding himself. His Lordship's designs, he said, were known to the Council of State, and they were fully aware that, instead of proceeding to Spa for his recovery from the gout, he was on his way to the King for the purpose of obtaining a commission to raise men in Ireland, and exciting an insurrection in that country. Cromwell was proceeding in this strain when Lord Orrery interrupted him. He assured him that he had never for a moment entertained so wild a project; that he was incapable of playing such a part, and entreated his Excellency to place no credit in so idle a report. Cromwell, however, insisted that he had tolerable proofs for what he had said; that

he could even show him copies of his own letters in evidence of the fact; and added, that the Council had actually given orders for his being arrested on his arrival in London, and sent to the Tower. He had himself interposed, he said, and with some difficulty had obtained permission to confer with his Lordship, with a view of ascertaining the practicability of diverting him from his design.

Lord Orrery, perceiving his designs had been discovered, considered his most politic step was to beg Cromwell's pardon, and, therefore, thanking him for his kindness, requested his advice. Cromwell told him that his former services for the King in Ireland were well known to the Council, and added, that if he would join the projected expedition to that country, he should have a general officer's command;—that no oaths or engagements should be pressed upon him, and that he should only be required to fight against the native Irish. Lord Orrery requested a short time for deliberation, but he was told plainly he must make up his mind at the moment, for it was the resolve of the Council to send him to the Tower, should Cromwell return to them without a full acceptance of their offers. On this, Lord Orrery closed with the strange overtures, and eventually became a firm adherent, and even a personal friend of the Protector.*

* Orrery's State Letters; Morrice's Life, vol. i. p. 17.

The system of obtaining secret intelligence, which was practised by the Usurper, is agreeably illustrated by the following anecdote from Budgell's Memoirs of the Boyles:—One day, in an excellent humour, the Protector intimated, in a significant manner, to Lord Orrery, that an old friend of his had just arrived in London. Lord Orrery desiring to know who his Highness meant, Cromwell, to his great surprise, answered the Marquis of Ormond, whose well-known hostility to the existing Government would have rendered his presence in the metropolis extremely dangerous, were his visit allowed to transpire. Lord Orrery protesting he was wholly ignorant of the fact,—"I know that, well enough," said the Protector: "however, if you have a mind to preserve your old acquaintance, let him know that I am not ignorant either where he is, or what he is doing." He then named the place where the Marquis lodged; and Lord Orrery, of course, lost no time in making his friend aware of his danger. Ormond, finding himself discovered, instantly left London, and returned to the King.—"Soon after," writes Budgell, "Cromwell, being informed that the Lady Ormond was engaged in several practices against the Government, and corresponded with her husband for the better accomplishment of them, had resolved to use her with great severity; and told the Lord Broghill with a frown, the first time he saw him,—'You have passed your

word for the quiet behaviour of a fine person; the Lady Ormond is in a conspiracy with her husband against me; though, at your request, I permitted her stay in London, and allow her 2000*l.* per annum: I find she is an ungrateful woman, and shall use her accordingly.' Lord Broghill, who saw the Protector was thoroughly provoked, but knew that a soft answer usually appeased him, told him in the most submissive manner, that he was sorry the Lady Ormond had given his Highness any reason to be displeased with her, but humbly desired to know what ground he had for suspecting her. 'Enough,' says Cromwell. 'I have letters under her own hand which were taken out of her cabinet;' and then throwing him a letter, bid him read it. He had no sooner perused it, than he assured the Protector with a smile, that what he had read was not the hand of Lady Ormond, but of Lady Isabella Thynne,* between whom and the Marquis of Ormond there had been some intrigues. Cromwell hastily asked him how he could prove that: Lord Broghill answered, very easily; and showed

* Isabella, daughter of the unfortunate Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, and wife of Sir James Thynne, of Longleat. She was at Oxford at the time of its surrender; and, according to Aubrey, with her friend Mrs. Fanshawe, used to attend the chapel of his college "half dressed, like angels."—"Our grove," he says, "was the Daphne for the ladies and their gallants to walk in, and many times my Lady Isabella Thynne would make her entries with a theorbo or lute played before her. She was most beautiful, most humble, most charitable, but she could not subdue one thing."—*Letters of Eminent Men.*

36837

him some other letters from the Lady Isabella, of whom he told two or three stories, so pleasant, as made Cromwell lose all his resentment in a hearty laugh." Morrice, in his Memoirs of Lord Orrery, records the same story, and adds, that Lord Orrery "convinced Cromwell so fully, that his anger was turned in a merry drollery, and the Lady Ormond had her estate and liberty continued to her." We have the authority of Lord Clarendon, that it was the arch-traitor, Sir Richard Willis, who informed Cromwell of the Marquis of Ormond being in London.

A curious anecdote, related by Welwood, exhibits the jealous caution of Cromwell in preserving his secrets from others. One night the Protector came into Thurloe's office, and had proceeded to some lengths in a business of the utmost secrecy and importance, when he observed a clerk asleep at his desk. This was Mr. Morland (afterwards Sir Samuel Morland) the famous mechanist, and not unknown as a statesman. Cromwell drew his dagger, and would have despatched him on the spot, had not Thurloe, with some difficulty, prevented him; assuring him that his intended victim was certainly sound asleep, since, to his own knowledge, he had been sitting up two nights together.

CHAPTER IX.

Death and Burial of the Protector's Mother.—Distressing State of Cromwell's Mind at the Close of his Career.— Reflections on his ephemeral Greatness — his Dread of Assassination — his Custom of wearing secret Armour — Conspiracies against his Life.— Syndercombe's plot and untimely Fate. —Reward offered by Charles II. to whoever should take away the Life of the Usurper. — Letter from the Duke of York on the Subject.—The Pamphlet of "Killing no Murder."— Sickness of the Protector — he removes from Hampton Court to Whitehall — his fanatical Enthusiasm — his last Moments — his Death— the fearful Storm which attended it—Blasphemous Language of his Panegyrists.

On the 18th of November, 1654, died Elizabeth Cromwell, the mother of one of the most extraordinary men that the world has ever produced. How singular must have been the feelings of that woman! Like most of her children, she was probably no friend to his measures, although she never troubled him with remonstrances. She seems to have loved him with a motherly affection, and, we are told, that such were her constant fears lest he should fall by the hand of an assassin, that she was never satisfied unless she saw him at least twice a-day. According to Heath she never heard the sound of a pistol

without exclaiming, "My son is shot." She shared with her son the splendours of Whitehall, and when she died, he caused her to be interred among the Kings of England in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. At the Restoration, her body was dug up, and on the 12th of September, 1661, with the remains of other Cromwellians, was flung into a pit dug in St. Margaret's church-yard, Westminster.

It is curious to surmise what would have been the fate of the Usurper, had he survived his elevation but a few more years. Hume says, "All his arts and policy were exhausted; and having so often, by fraud and false pretences, deceived every party, and almost every individual, he could no longer hope, by repeating the same professions, to meet with equal confidence and regard." Undoubtedly his Government had become weaker, and even the powers of his mind appear to have been impaired. Possibly the Royalist or the Republican might have hurled him from his throne, or he might have died by the rope of the hangman or the dagger of the assassin.

Nothing, however, could be more pitiable than the state of Cromwell's mind at the close of his career. Sorrows and apprehensions were gathering fast around him; rumours of insurrections were constantly brought to him; he had become involved in debt; many of his friends had proved treacherous; the army was discontented; the Le-

vellers and Millennarians hated and plotted against him, and conspiracies against his life were constantly transpiring. He was, moreover, oppressed by family affliction, and recently the miserable death of his beloved daughter, Mrs. Claypole, who, in the ravings of her delirium, had upbraided him in the most frantic manner for his wickedness, fastened themselves with appalling misery on his mind.

The uneasiness of the Usurper; his tottering power; and, subsequently, the restoration of the ancient line of Kings, recall to our recollection the fine sentiment expressed by Lord Burleigh, in his advice to Claud Grollart, President of Roanne, during the troubles in France: "Kings," he said, "are like the sun, and Usurpers like falling stars; for the sun, though it be offuscated and eclipsed with mists and clouds, at length they are dispersed: whereas the others are but the figures of stars in the eyes of view, and prove no more than exhalations, which suddenly dissolve and fall to the earth, where they are consumed." How applicable is this passage to the ephemeral splendour of Cromwell! To-day, magnificent among the Princes of the earth; and in a few short years mouldering beneath the gibbet at Tyburn!

At the close of his extraordinary career, Cromwell was not only tormented by a miserable disease, but we have seen that the terrors of assassination were ever before his eyes. It would

appear that, from the time he had been declared Protector, he had been in the constant habit of wearing a coat of mail beneath his clothes.* It was also his custom to carry loaded pistols. But, in the close of life, his precautions exceeded even his terrors. He surrounded his person with a guard of a hundred and fifty men, whom he cautiously selected from different regiments, and to whom he gave the pay and appointments of officers. "He took particular notice," says Coke, "of the carriage, manners, habit, and language of all strangers, especially if they seemed joyful. He never stirred about without strong guards, wearing armour under his clothes, and offensive arms too; never came back the common road, or the same way he went, and always passing with great speed; had many locks and keys for the doors of his houses; seldom slept above three nights in the same chamber, nor in any which had not two or three back-doors, and guards in all of them." All this is fully corroborated by other writers. Heath says, in his "Flagellum,"—"He began to dread every person or strange face he saw. It was his constant custom to shift and change his lodging, to which he passed through twenty different locks, and out of which he had four or five ways to avoid pursuit: when he went between Whitehall and Hampton Court, it was by private and back ways,

* Welwood, p. 109.

but never the same way backward and forward: he was always in a hurry, his guards behind and before riding a full gallop, and the coach always filled, especially the boot, with armed persons, he himself being furnished with private weapons; and was now of more difficult access to all persons." Even the signature of the Usurper, for some time previous to his death, exhibits in a striking manner the tremulousness of his hand, and is widely different from the free and bold characters affixed to the death-warrant of Charles.

As early as February 1656, the Marquis of Ormond thus writes,—"Cromwell is at this time very ill of the stone, besides great disorders in his mind, and full of fears. The grandees and courtiers have much animosity and discontent: it is said they are parting the bear's skin before he be dead, and two or three pretenders to the succession." He adds, in the same letter, "He hath certainly notice given him of a design upon his person. Some say he was to be poisoned, others stabbed; but, sure it is that he doth really apprehend it, and endeavours to secure himself by strong guards: and whereas those that waited on his person formerly had only swords by their sides, they now have pistols also, and so attend him at meals and other times."

On the 13th of March 1656, Ormond again reverts to the uneasiness of the Protector:—"Some say he is many times like one distracted; and in

those fits he will run round about the house and into the garden, or else ride out with very little company, which he never doth when composed and free from disorder. Friday last a friend met him in St. James's Park with only one man with him, and in a distempered carriage. If any people offered to deliver him petitions or the like, he refused, and told them he had other things to think of. Fleetwood was in the Park at the same time, but walked at a distance, not daring to approach him in his passion, which, they say, was occasioned by some carriage of Lambert's: this you may give credit to."* Such was the miserable condition of the mighty Usurper! With the prospect of death, and under the pressure of misfortunes, how different were the feelings and the demeanour of the persecuted Charles! Cromwell, exalted to the pinnacle of human greatness, and with every wish of his heart crowned with success, appears to have been timorous, wretched, and distrustful. While Charles, at once the Christian and the gentleman, though hurled from his throne, deprived of his inheritance, and separated from his children and his friends; though insulted by a rabble, and dragged to an ignominious death, displayed as much calmness and dignity before an earthly tribunal, as he anticipated with hope and humility his resurrection to a heavenly one.

The Protector, however, had no slight grounds

* Carte's Collection of Orig. Letters, vol. ii. pp. 80—90.

for dreading the stroke of the assassin. "The Cavaliers," says Mrs. Hutchinson, in her Memoirs, "had not patience to stay till things ripened of themselves, but were every day forming designs, and plotting for the murder of Cromwell and other insurrections; which being contrived in drink, and managed by false and cowardly fellows, were still revealed to Cromwell, who had most excellent intelligence of all things that past, even in the King's closet."

Both to the Royalist and the Republican his delinquencies appeared so palpable and heinous, that to stab him to the heart would have been considered as a mere question of interference with the hangman, and would have been hailed not only as a just, but as an honourable deed. By the Royalist he was regarded as a man of mean birth, the murderer of one Sovereign, and a rebel to another; one who, without claim, right, or title, had possessed himself of an hereditary throne; who, by some circumstances as provoking as they were inconceivable, had driven themselves, their royal master, and an ancient nobility, into poverty and exile; and who, in the event of any great political change, would, as a matter of course, expiate his crimes on the ladder at Tyburn.

On the other hand, the Republicans and fanatics were equally exasperated, and equally disappointed. Side by side they had wrestled with, and

finally prevailed against monarchy; they had flattered themselves with fond visions of a perfect Government; already the political paradise was opening to their view; when one of their own homely sect — one of their most frenzied preachers, comes between them and the light; he usurps the very power which they so much detested, and in opposing which they had so often bled; he dazzles one part of them by his splendour, and another by his eloquence; while the rest he either regards with contempt or anathematizes as "heathens." There remained, however, persons among the ignorant and uneducated,—Fifth-monarchy men, and other wretched enthusiasts,—who, indeed, formed a considerable portion of the army, and who were ready to join in any wild plot against the life and government of their arch-deceiver.

Against such formidable adversaries Cromwell could alone present his own searching and wonderful genius, and the command of money, which purchased him intelligence of the conspiracies of his foes. Plots were constantly being discovered and stifled in their birth. The story of some of these projected assassinations is not without interest. "Lord Broghill," says his chaplain, Morrice, "observed that Cromwell, some time before his death, grew melancholy and pensive, and afraid of everybody. At one particular time, when his lordship was riding with Cromwell in his coach, from Westminster to Whitehall, it happened the

crowd of people was so great that the coach could not go forward, and the place was so narrow that all the halberdiers were either before the coach or behind it, none of them having room to stand by the side. While they were in this posture, Lord Broghill observed the door of a cobbler's stall to open and shut a little, and at every opening of it his lordship saw something bright, like a drawn sword or a pistol. Upon which my lord drew out his sword with the scabbard on it, and struck upon the stall, asking who was there. This was no sooner done, but a tall man burst out with a sword by his side, and Cromwell was so much frightened that he called his guard to seize him; but the man got away in the crowd. My lord thought him to be an officer in the army of Ireland, whom he remembered Cromwell had disgusted; and his lordship apprehended he lay there in wait to kill him. Upon this Cromwell forbore to come any more that way, but in a little time after sickened and died."

One Syndercombe had contrived numerous plots against the Protector's life, but, by some unaccountable means, they had been invariably thwarted. At last he ventured to bribe one of the bodyguard, by whose means he obtained access to the chapel at Whitehall, where he deposited a quantity of combustibles and communicated to it a train of gunpowder. The intention was to set fire to the palace, in the confusion consequent on which, his accomplices would either have slaughtered Crom-

well in his attempt to escape, or have forced him into the flames. The soldier, however, revealed the conspiracy, and Syndercombe was arrested and tried for high treason. The evidence was full and convincing, and yet such were the doubts on the minds of the jury as to the legitimacy of Cromwell's right to the supreme power, that it was with some difficulty a verdict was obtained against the prisoner. On the day appointed for his execution, Syndercombe was found dead in his bed. Some suspicion naturally attached to the government; but probably he died by his own hands, for Cromwell was no secret assassin. The other conspirators were either never discovered, or it was the policy of the Protector to hush up the affair.

According to Bishop Burnet, one Stoupe had already given intimation to the Government of Syndercombe's design, though, by a mere accident, it missed reaching the ear of the Protector. He had hastened to Whitehall with the proofs of the conspiracy; but, says Burnet, "Cromwell being then at council, he sent him a note, letting him know that he had a business of great consequence to lay before him. Cromwell was then upon a matter that did so entirely possess him, that he, fancying it was only some piece of foreign intelligence, sent Thurloe to know what it might be. Stoupe was troubled at this, but could not refuse to show him his letter. Thurloe made no great matter of it: he said they had many such advertisements sent them, which

signified nothing, but to make the world think the Protector was in danger of his life: and the looking too much after these things had an appearance of fear, which did ill become so great a man: 'if we find no such person,' he said, 'how we shall be laughed at.' And Thurloe did not think fit to make any search, or any further inquiry into it; nor did he so much as acquaint Cromwell with it. Stoupe being uneasy at this, told Lord Lisle of it: and it happened that a few weeks after Syndercombe's design of assassinating Cromwell near Brentford, as he was going to Hampton Court, was discovered. When he was examined, it appeared that he was the person set out in the letters from Brussells. So Lisle said to Cromwell, 'This is the very man of whom Stoupe had the notice given him.' Cromwell seemed amazed at this, and sent for Stoupe, and in great wrath reproached him for his ingratitude in concealing a matter of such consequence to him. Stoupe, upon this, showed him the letters he had received, and put him in mind of the note he had sent in to him. At that, Cromwell seemed yet more amazed, and sent for Thurloe, to whose face Stoupe affirmed the matter, nor did he deny any part of it; but only said that he had many such advertisements sent him, in which, till this time, he had never found any truth. Cromwell replied sternly that he ought to have acquainted him with it. Thurloe desired to speak in private with Cromwell. So Stoupe was dismissed, and went away,

not doubting but Thurloe would be disgraced. But as he understood from Lisle afterwards, Thurloe showed Cromwell such instances of his care and fidelity on all such occasions, and humbly acknowledged his error in this matter, but imputed it wholly to his care, both for his honour and quiet, that he pacified him entirely; and, indeed, he was so much in all Cromwell's secrets, that it was not safe to disgrace him without destroying him; and that, it seems, Cromwell could not resolve on." This story was related to Bishop Burnet by Stoupe himself: some doubts, however, have arisen as to its truth, though undoubtedly with insufficient reason.*

It is perhaps not generally known, that a proclamation, dated Paris, 3d of May 1654, was issued by the exiled King, in which he promised an annuity of five hundred pounds to any person soever, and that person's heirs, as well as knighthood to such person and his heirs for ever, and other advantages, who would take away the life of the Usurper. The instrument commences as follows:—"Charles the Second, by the grace of God, &c. &c.—Whereas, it is apparent to all rational and unbiassed men throughout the world, that *a certain mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell,* hath, by most wicked and accursed ways and means, against all laws, both

* See Letter on the Publication of Thurloe's State Papers, Lond. 1742; also Burnet's History of his Own Time, Oxford vol. i. p. 145.

divine and human (taking opportunity through the late sad and unnatural wars in our kingdoms) most tyrannically and traitorously usurped the supreme power over our said kingdoms, to the enslaving and ruining the persons and estates of the good people, our free subjects therein, after he had most inhumanly and barbarously butchered our dear father of sacred memory, his just and lawful sovereign: These are therefore in our name to give free leave and liberty to any man whomsoever, within any of our three kingdoms, by pistol, sword, or poison, or by any other way or means whatsoever, to destroy the life of the said Oliver Cromwell; wherein they will do an act acceptable to God and good men, by cutting off so detestable a villain from the face of the earth," &c. &c.*

In addition to this curious document, there is extant a communication from the Duke of York to his brother Charles, in which the subject is again treated. The letter is dated 14th of May 1655, and is written in cipher. It submits for the consideration of Charles, the offer of four Roman Catholics, who, on certain stated conditions, had sworn to assassinate the Protector. The Duke speaks of the conspiracy as "better laid, and resolved on, than any he has known of the kind."† The idea of secret assassination naturally presents something revolting and horrifying to the mind. There were, however, many excuses both for

* Thurloe, vol. ii. p. 248. † Thurloe, vol. ii. p. 666.

Charles and his brother, and such as would probably remove any odium from their names. Honour was then differently defined to what it is at present; Cromwell, by the laws of his country had forfeited his life; and, moreover, he was regarded by the royal brothers as the murderer of their father. Such persons as Ormond and Clarendon would never have consented to the issue of such a proclamation, had it not really appeared to them both honourable and expedient.

But it was the famous pamphlet, entitled "Killing no Murder," which advocated in the most powerful language the legality of assassinating the Usurper. Spirited and argumentative, this singular production created an extraordinary sensation throughout England, and excited to a painful degree the morbid apprehensions of the Protector. It was originally published in 1657, under the name of William Allen, but its real author was Colonel Silas Titus, a man of note in his time, and Groom of the Bed-chamber to Charles the Second. Though somewhat weakened by the fashionable pedantry of the day, the language is forcible and frequently eloquent. The following passage, couched in Scriptural language, with which Titus concludes his address, issuing shortly after the plot of the "brave Syndercombe," may well have struck awe into the mind of the tyrant:—"There is a great roll behind, even of those that are in his own muster-rolls, who

are ambitious of the name of the deliverers of their country; and they know what the action is that will purchase it. His bed, his table, is not secure; and he stands in need of other guards to defend him against his own. Death and destruction pursue him wherever he goes; they follow him everywhere like his fellow travellers, and at last they will come upon him like armed men. Darkness is hid in his secret places; a fire not blown shall consume him; it shall go ill with him that is left in his tabernacle. He shall flee from the iron weapon, and a bow of steel shall strike him through; because he hath oppressed and forsaken the poor; because he hath violently taken away the house which he builded not. We may be confident, and so may he, that ere long all this shall be accomplished. For the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite but for a moment. Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reacheth unto the clouds, yet he shall perish like his own dung. They that have seen him shall say, — Where is he?" According to Anthony Wood, the pamphlet was privately printed and sold for five shillings, whereas had it been licensed, and treated of any other subject, it might have been purchased for sixpence. Cromwell took great pains to discover the author, but he escaped his vengeance, and the name remained a secret till after the Restoration.

The publication of this memorable work; the distressing death of his amiable and beloved daughter, which shortly followed; the excruciating disease under which he himself laboured; rumours of conspiracies and assassination, and troubles at home and abroad, had banished for ever all prospect of happiness or tranquillity from the mind of this exalted yet miserable man. Starting at imaginary dangers, and oppressed by the fear of dissolution and the workings of a distempered conscience, the terrified hypochondriac became a burden to himself; he shunned all society; the wild ravings of his dying child haunted his imagination, and from the hour of her death he was neither seen to smile, nor take the least interest in passing events.

It was but a few days after the death of Mrs. Claypole, that the state of the Protector's health became so serious as to alarm his physicians. The entries in Whitelock's Diary at this period are curious:

"*August* 17. News of the death of Lady Elizabeth Claypole yesterday, at Hampton Court. Her death did much grieve her father.

"*August* 26. The Protector, being sick at Hampton Court, as some thought of an ague, I went there to visit him, and was kindly entertained by him at dinner. He discoursed privately with me about his great businesses.

"*September* 3. This day, about two o'clock in

the afternoon, the Protector died at Whitehall."

According to Ludlow, a humour in his foot had for some time prevented the Protector from taking his usual exercise, and in attempting to remedy the disease, his medical attendants had driven it to his heart. According to other and more satisfactory accounts, his illness commenced with a slow fever which shortly changed into a tertian ague. For a week no danger was apprehended, and every other day he continued to walk abroad. However, one day after dinner, his physicians coming to wait on him, one of them, after feeling his pulse, remarked that it intermitted. The patient, suddenly apprized of his danger, turned pale and fell into a cold sweat. Feeling himself fainting, he desired to be carried to bed, and perceiving by the whispers of those about him, that he was considered in danger, he caused himself to be supported by pillows, and made his will. He shortly afterwards desired that his Bible might be brought to him, and requested one of the by-standers to read it to him by his bed-side. The passage which he selected was Phil. iv. 11, 12, 13.

His fever increasing, he was removed at his own request from Hampton Court to Whitehall. It was now generally known that he was in danger, though the fact was attempted to be concealed, and long fasts were held, and prayers offered for

his recovery. Of his ultimate restoration to health the fanatic preachers were so extremely confident, that even when he was at the very point of death, they returned thanks to the Almighty for having listened to their prayers: "God," they said, "had declared *He shall recover.*" By their pretended revelations and mad fanaticism, they persuaded the dying tyrant that his life would be spared. The physicians knew better and betrayed their uneasiness. One of them coming early one morning into his chamber, the Protector inquired of him why he looked so sad. The other replying, that the importance of his office was sufficient to cause anxiety. "You physicians," he said, "think I shall die: I tell you I shall not die this bout, I am sure of it." The bystanders being requested to retire, holding his wife's hand in his own, he again reverted to the subject:—"Don't think that I am mad," he said; "I speak the words of truth upon surer grounds than your Galen or Hippocrates furnish you with. God Almighty himself hath given that answer, not to my prayers alone, but also to the prayers of those who entertain a stricter commerce and greater interest with him. Go on cheerfully, banishing all sadness from your looks, and deal with me as you would do with a serving-man. Ye may have a skill in the nature of things, yet nature can do more than all physicians put together, and God is far more above nature." Such is the curious account of his phy-

sician Bates, whose testimony is supported by other evidence. Fleetwood, the Protector's son-in-law, writes to Henry Cromwell; "His Highness hath made very great discoveries of the Lord to him in his sickness, and hath had some assurances of his being restored and made farther serviceable in this work."

Nevertheless, the departing enthusiast appears to have entertained some doubt as to the real state of his body and soul, and the efficacy of those illusions with which the fanatics would have inspired him. He was constantly seen to pray; and of Goodwin, a popular preacher, he inquired earnestly, whether one who had once been in a state of grace, could again fall from it and suffer the reprobation of the damned. On being assured that such was impossible, "Then am I safe," he exclaimed, "for I am sure that once I was in a state of grace."

The account of Major Butler, who attended the Protector in his last moments, will be read with interest. "After his return to Whitehall, his sickness increasing upon him, he was observed to be in a very spiritual frame of heart, and full of holy expressions, catched up by one or other fearing God that were present, as a hungry man doth meat. A little whereof it was my comfort to meet with, the very night before the Lord took him to his everlasting rest, which were to this purpose following: viz. 'Truly God is good,

indeed he is, he will not,'—— there his speech failed him, but as I apprehended it was, 'he will not leave me.' This saying, that God was good, he frequently used all along, and would speak it with much cheerfulness and fervour of spirit in the midst of his pain. Again he said, 'I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and his people, but my work is done; yet God will be with his people.' He was very restless most part of the night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered him, he was desired to take the same, and endeavour to sleep; unto which he answered, 'It is not my design to drink or to sleep, but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.' Afterwards, towards morning, using divers holy expressions, implying much inward consolation and peace, among the rest, he spake some exceeding self-debasing words, annihilating and judging himself: and truly it was observed, that a public spirit to God's cause did breathe in him (as in his life-time) so now to the very last.'" Ludlow tells us, that he expressed no kind of remorse on his death-bed, but rather exhibited a strange fear lest the world should throw obloquy on his name.

That Cromwell had made his will at Hampton Court, is certain from the united evidence of several writers. After his death, however, the instrument was not to be found, and it was whispered that, having nominated Fleetwood his heir

and successor, one of his daughters, from selfish motives, had thought proper to destroy it. According to Bates, when the Protector was questioned as to the place in which he had secured it, he caused a search to be made in his closet and elsewhere, but the document could nowhere be found. "It was thought," says Bates, "that he had either burnt it himself or that it had been stolen by others." Whether Cromwell in that document had nominated his successor cannot now be ascertained. In his last extremity, when paroxysm was succeeding paroxysm, and when it was too evident that his hours were numbered, the council of state waited at his bed-side, and endeavoured to elicit from him the name of the individual whom he would wish to succeed him. But the soul was fluttering in its frail tenement, and he had either not the strength or the inclination to give language to his wishes. Some one, however, named his son Richard, at which he either replied in the affirmative, or showed sufficient signs of approbation to justify the subsequent measures of the council.

The fearful tempest which howled around the death-bed of the Usurper, was listened to with superstitious awe by those who were aware of his great extremity. By his frenzied worshipers it was regarded as a supernatural and divine attestation of his extraordinary powers,—a symbol that a master-spirit was being snatched from the earth. But his enemies interpreted it differently. They

heard the voices of demons in the roaring of the hurricane, and believed that, amidst the clashing of the elements, he had been whirled away by a spirit scarcely more dreaded or accursed. This remarkable storm, which extended its ravages over a great portion of the South of Europe, appears to have commenced on the 30th of August, four days before the death of the Protector. Amidst its early ragings, in great pain both of mind and body, had died Dennis Bond, a furious Independent, and one who had formerly been nominated as one of the King's judges. Even at this period of Cromwell's sickness, the vulgar believed that the storm was raised by the devil, who had come in the midst of it to claim the soul of the Usurper. Cromwell not dying so soon as they had anticipated, and the superstitious being loth to have their anticipations disappointed, affirmed that the Protector, being unprepared, had given *Bond* for his future appearance.

Of the violence of the storm we have many records. Ships were dashed against the shore; houses were torn from their foundations; trees were uprooted in vast numbers, and especially those in St. James's Park, under the very windows where the Protector lay expiring. To this circumstance Waller alludes in the opening of his fine monody on the death of Cromwell:—

> We must resign! Heaven his great soul doth claim,
> In storms as loud as his immortal fame.
> His dying groans; his last breath shakes our isle,
> And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile:

About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air. So Romulus was lost!
And Rome in such a tempest lost her king,
And from obeying, fell to worshiping.

On the 3d of September, 1658, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the Protector breathed his last.* His age was fifty-nine years and about four months. One who had deceived so many, and had bestowed his confidence on so few, had probably but few mourners to shed a tear over his corpse. Still he appears to have been loved and lamented by his own family. When the sobs of his children reached the ears of Sterry, a silly fanatic preacher,— "Weep not," he said, "but rather rejoice; for he who was your protector here, will prove a far more powerful protector now that he sits with Christ at the right hand of the Father."

About a week after Cromwell's death, Bishop

* The night before he died he is said to have used the following prayer:—

"O Lord, I am a miserable creature, yet I am in covenant with thee through grace: and I may, I will come unto thee for thy people. Lord, thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and thee service; and many of them had too high a value of me, though others would be glad of my fall. But, Lord, however thou disposest of me, do good to them. Give consistence of judgment, one heart, and mutual love unto them. Let the name of Christ be glorious throughout the world. Teach those who look with much affection to thy Instrument to depend more upon thee. Pardon such as delight to trample upon the ashes of a worm; for they are thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Jesus Christ His sake."— *Perfect Politician*, p. 338; *Peck's Life of Cromwell*, p. 130.

Tillotson, hearing accidentally that the household of the new Protector were maintaining a solemn fast, sauntered, out of curiosity, into the presence-chamber at Whitehall. Seated on one side of the table were Richard Cromwell and the rest of the Protectoral family, and on the other were six of the most popular Puritan preachers. "He heard," says Bishop Burnet, "a great deal of strange stuff, enough to disgust a man for ever of that enthusiastic boldness. God was, as it were, reproached with Cromwell's services, and challenged for taking him away so soon. Goodwin, who had pretended to assure them in a prayer that he was not to die, which was but a very few minutes before he expired, had now the impudence to say to God, — 'Thou hast deceived us, and we were deceived.'" Richard Cromwell was doubtless compelled to play his part on the occasion; otherwise he had little taste for such blasphemous buffoonery. The language of others of the panegyrists of the late Usurper is scarcely less offensive than was their impious adulation. "He died," says Carrington, "in a bed of bucklers, and on a pillow of caskets; and though the wreaths of the imperial laurel which environed his head did wither at the groans of his agony, it was only to make place for a richer diadem, which was prepared for him in Heaven."*

* Life and Death of Oliver Cromwell, p. 227.

CHAPTER X.

Cromwell's "fortunate Day" — magnificent Ceremony of his lying in State — his splendid Funeral — his Body exhumed and exposed at Tyburn — other Accounts of the Disposal of his Remains. — The Body of Charles supposed to have been substituted for that of Cromwell. — Barkstead's singular Narrative. — Descendants of the Protector. — Reflections on his Character and Conduct.

THE 3rd of September Cromwell had always regarded as his "fortunate day." On the same day he had gained his famous victories of Dunbar and Worcester, and on the same day, agreeably with a strange prophecy of Colonel Lindsey, he died. In a curious pamphlet, printed in 1679, and entitled "Day-fatality, or some Observations of Days Lucky and Unlucky," several similar evidences are carefully brought together. "On the 6th of April," says the writer, "Alexander the great was born: upon the same day he conquered Darius, won a great victory at sea, and died the same day. Neither was this day less fortunate to his father, Philip; for on the same day he took Potidea; Parmenio, his general, gave a great overthrow to the Illryians; and his horse was victor at the Olympic games. Upon the 30th of September Pompey the Great was born; upon that day he triumphed for his Asian conquest; and on that day died."

There are numberless other instances from which the author deduces his fantastic theory.

The funeral of the late Protector, as well as the ceremony of lying in state, were conducted with a pomp and magnificence which have rarely been exceeded. According to Heath, the large sum of sixty thousand pounds,* more than double what had ever been expended on the obsequies of our kings, was set apart for the occasion. Noble, however, places the real expenditure at twenty-eight thousand pounds. Owing to the expulsion of Richard Cromwell, and the consequent confusion in the State, one Rolt, who was the unfortunate undertaker on the occasion, received little or no remuneration for his immense outlay.

The ceremony of lying in state took place in the great hall at Somerset House. On the 26th of September, about ten at night, the coffin, attended by the private domestics of the late Usurper, was conveyed thither in a mourning coach. A few days afterwards, the public were admitted to the memorable sight. Passing through three rooms covered with black, and lined with soldiers, they were introduced into the principal apartment. The ceiling, as well as the walls of this room were hung with black velvet, and ornamented with escutcheons. About five hundred candles threw a brilliant light over the trappings of woe. Under

* Walker, in his History of Independency (pt. iv. p. 32), places the expenses at twenty-nine thousand pounds.

a canopy of black, and on a bed covered with crimson velvet, lay a waxen image of the deceased, extended on its back. The robes were of purple and crimson velvet, ornamented with ermine and lace of gold. To the side of the effigy was affixed a splendid sword, and in one hand was a sceptre, and in the other a globe. A cap of ermine and purple velvet covered the head. On a high stool of gold tissue lay an imperial crown, and near it a suit of complete armour. At the feet of the figure was seen the crest of the deceased. The whole of this gorgeous pageant was surrounded by railings hung with crimson velvet, which costly material also carpeted the ground, At each corner of the rails stood upright pillars, on the summits of which were lions and dragons, holding streamers in their paws. Banners were fixed on each side of the bed, on which were the armorial bearings of the Protector and other devices, and around it stood the attendants bareheaded.

After a few weeks the aspect of the ceremony was somewhat altered. The effigy was removed to another and not less splendid apartment, where, instead of being placed in a recumbent posture as before, it was made to stand on a raised dais, and under a canopy of state. The ornaments and devices were nearly the same; and with the exception of the cap being exchanged for a crown, the figure was robed as before. The Protector, in this stage of his apotheosis, was intended to be repre-

sented in a state of glory, and the light was so concentrated as to form a celestial halo round his effigy. Ludlow says: "This folly and profusion so far provoked the people, that they threw dirt in the night, on the escutcheon that was placed over the great gate of Somerset House."

From the day of the Protector's death to that of his public interment, nearly twelve weeks were allowed to elapse. It is certain, however, that owing to natural causes, it was found necessary to inhume his remains, long previous to the public performance of his obsequies. According to his physician Bates, although the bowels were taken out and replaced by spices; and although the body was wrapped in four-fold cerecloth, and enclosed, first in a coffin of lead and then in one of wood, "yet it purged and wrought through all." Carrington merely mentions the fact of the body having been interred previous to the celebration of the funeral; but the statement of Heath agrees with that of the physician:—"His body being opened and embalmed, his milt was found full of corruption and filth, which was so strong and stinking, that after the corpse was embalmed and filled with aromatic odours, and wrapped in cerecloth, six double, in an inner sheet of lead, and a strong wooden coffin, yet the filth broke through them all."

The 23d of November was the day appointed for the funeral. The streets between Somerset House and Westminster Abbey had been railed

in and strewed with gravel, and on each side of them were a line of soldiers, in red coats and black buttons, with their colours enclosed in cypress. The procession being formed, the waxen effigy was carried by two gentlemen, who had belonged to the household of the late Protector, to a splendid hearse or chariot, which had been constructed for its reception. The figure was again habited in the robes of royalty, with a crown on its head, and the globe and sceptre in its hands. The hearse, which was open, was adorned with plumes and escutcheons, and drawn by six horses in trappings of black velvet. At the head and feet of the effigy were placed two seats, on each of which sat a gentleman of the bedchamber. A velvet pall, extending on each side of the carriage, was borne by several persons of distinction. The procession to the Abbey, as far as we can glean from the relations of Heath, Carrington, and other contemporary writers, appears to have been in the following order:—

A Knight Marshal and his Deputy.
Thirteen men to clear the way.
The poor men of Westminster, in mourning gowns and hoods, marching two and two.
The Servants of Persons of Rank attending the Funeral.
The Servants of the late Protector.
His Bargemen and Watermen.
The Officers and Servants of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London.
The Servants of the Ambassadors and foreign Ministers.
The Poor Knights of Windsor in gowns and hoods.

The Clerks, Secretaries, and other Officers of the War Office, Admiralty, Treasury, Navy Office, and Exchequer.

The Officers in command of the Fleet.

The Officers in command of the Army.

The Commissioners of the Excise, of the Army, and the Navy.

The Commissioners for the approbation of Preachers.

The Officers, Messengers, and Clerks of the Privy Council, and of the two Houses of Parliament.

The Physicians of the Household.

The Chief Officers of the Army.

The Officers and Aldermen of the City of London.

The Masters in Chancery, and the Protector's Council at Law.

The Judges of the Admiralty, the Masters of Request, and the Judges in Wales.

The Barons of the Exchequer, the Judges of both Benches, and the Lord Mayor of London.

The Relatives of the Protector, and the Members of the House of Commons.

The Ambassadors and Ministers of Foreign Courts.

The Ambassador from Holland, his train borne by four Gentlemen.

The Ambassador from Portugal, his train borne by four Knights of the Cross.

The French Ambassador, his train borne by four Gentlemen.

The Commissioners of the Great Seal.

The Commissioners of the Treasury.

The Members of the Privy Council.

The Chief Mourner.

The Members of the House of Lords in deep mourning, accompanied by drums and trumpets; each attended by an assistant bearing his standard, and having his horse of state covered with black velvet, a gentleman leading him, and two grooms following behind.

The Hearse,

Having on each side six banner-rolls borne by Gentlemen.

The armour of the late Protector, borne by eight Officers of the Army, and attended by a Herald and a Gentleman on each side.

Garter King of Arms, attended on each side by a Gentleman bareheaded.

The horse of honour, in trappings of crimson velvet, adorned with plumes of white, red, and yellow, and led by the Master of the Horse.
The guard of Halberdiers.
The Warders of the Tower.

The procession stopped at the west entrance to the Abbey, where the effigy was carried by ten gentlemen, under a canopy of state, to the eastern end of the pile, where a magnificent couch of wax had been prepared to receive it. Here, surrounded with plumes, escutcheons, banners, gilded armour, and other splendid devices, — the whole enclosed by gilt railings and curiously wrought pillars, — the effigy remained till the Restoration. It must have been a strange fancy which could decorate the grave of the Republican with such idle paraphernalia. The dress of the figure itself could hardly have been exceeded by the fantastic trappings of an Elizabethan fop. "The shirt of fine Holland laced," — "the doublet and breeches of Spanish fashion with great skirts," — "the silk-stockings, shoe-strings, and gaiters suitable," — "the black Spanish leather-shoes," — "the surcoat of purple velvet, richly laced with gold lace," — "the rich crown," — "the stones of various colours," — "the cordings and bosses of purple and gold," — "the bands and ruffs of best Holland," — and "the royal robe of purple velvet," — must have suffered sadly from the damp of the grave. As time rolled on, the tarnished gold and worm-eaten velvet must have suggested some strange reflections to the moralist. There must

have been a striking contrast in those fading fopperies, to the substantial and time-honoured monuments which frowned on them around: it was the difference between usurpation and monarchy. In that still and solemn pile, in the cloistered gloom of night, imagination might almost picture to itself a Henry or an Edward rising from his marble tomb, and opening his iron arms to grapple with the intruder. It would indeed have been an insult to the mighty dead, had Cromwell,—the destroyer of monarchy and the murderer of its last representative,—been permitted to mingle his ashes with theirs. But our ancient monarchs "they sleep well," and Cromwell is beneath the gibbet at Tyburn.

Such thoughts, however, are more suited for poetry than for simple prose; and it must be remarked also, that for many years, and by a considerable number of persons, it was believed to be the body of King Charles, and not that of Cromwell, which was interred in Westminster Abbey, and afterwards exhibited and insulted at Tyburn. The story, however, of which the arguments and details are not without interest, it will not be very difficult to disprove.

It must be first observed, that on the 8th of December, 1660, a vote passed the House of Commons, that the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, should be taken up, and exposed on the common gallows. Underneath the spot where the

tomb of the Duke of Buckingham now stands, the Serjeant of the House discovered a magnificent coffin, with a copper plate, double gilt, affixed, on which were inscribed the name and honours of the Protector. The inscription ran, —

"Oliverius Protector Reipublicæ, Angliæ, Scotiæ, et Hiberniæ, Natus 25° Aprilis, Anno 1599°. Inauguratus 16° Decembris 1653; Mortuus 3tio Septembris, Anno 1658°, hic situs est."

The bodies of Cromwell and Ireton were accordingly exhumed on the 26th of January 1661, and on the 28th were carried in separate carts to the Red Lion Inn, Holborn. The following day, being the anniversary of the death of King Charles, they were borne on sledges to Tyburn, where, after hanging till sunset they were cut down and beheaded. Their bodies were flung into a hole at the foot of the gallows, and their heads, having been fixed upon poles, were placed on the roof of Westminster Hall. The body of Bradshaw suffered the same fate; but owing to its decomposed state it was removed at once to Tyburn, there to undergo its ignominious sentence. According to a bystander, the corpse of the Protector was wrapped in green cerecloth, and was "very fresh embalmed."

Such is the common, and undoubtedly the true relation, of the disposal of Cromwell's remains. His admirers, however, indignant that so gross an insult should be offered to his memory, invented

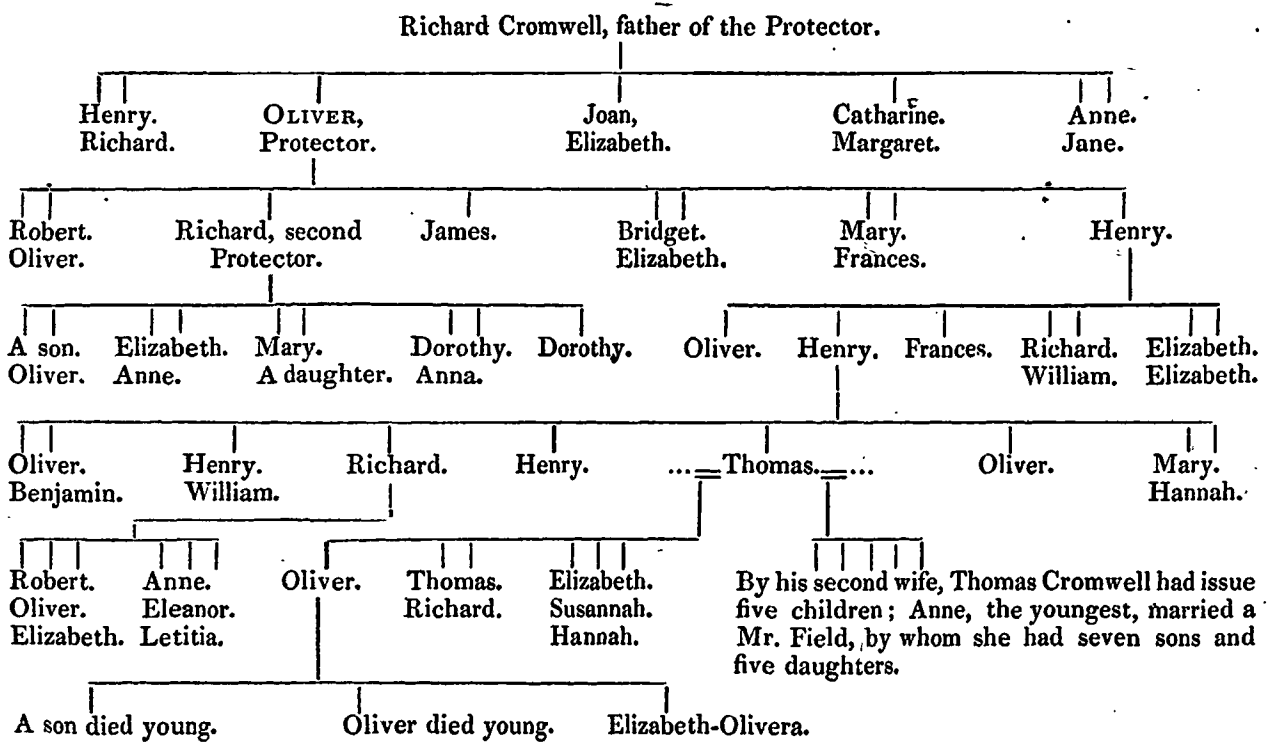
all kinds of stories to get rid of the stain. By some it was insisted that the corpse of the great Usurper had been buried in the sand at Whitehall; by others, that it had been sunk in the Thames; but the following tale of the period appears the most deserving of notice. It was reported by the friends of the deceased Protector, that foreseeing the inevitable restoration of the former state of things, and the probability of insults being offered to his remains, Cromwell, in his last moments, had himself enjoined that he should be privately interred on the field of Naseby, and that to the coffin which professedly contained his remains, the body of Charles should be secretly transferred. It was subsequently asserted that this mysterious arrangement had actually taken place; and that it was, in fact, the corpse of Charles which had been gibbeted at Tyburn. One Barkstead, a son of the regicide of that name, used openly to insist in the coffee-houses of London on the truth of this story. He affirmed, on the authority of his father, that Cromwell, as we have already seen, had given instructions on his death-bed, that he should be carried to Naseby, and buried in that part of the field where the battle had been most fiercely contested: he added, that he himself, when a boy, was present at the interment. The body of Cromwell, he said, having been embalmed and enclosed in a leaden coffin, was conveyed at midnight to the place of its destination, and there

lowered into a grave about nine feet deep. Barkstead himself put forth an advertisement, that he frequented "Richard's Coffee House within Temple Bar," where, if required, he was ready to assert personally what he had so publicly averred. The story is undoubtedly altogether a fiction; and yet, what a subject would it have afforded to the poet, the painter, or the moralist, had it been really true. The body of the great Usurper borne in stealth and darkness to the grave, — smuggled into the very ground, over which, amidst all the circumstances of pomp and pride, he had so lately trod and triumphed, — the quiet contrast to the tumult of battle, and the grief of the solitary mourners, — we almost regret that by invalidating the truth of the relation, we should involve the destruction of so striking a moral. It may be remarked, that the report of the substitution of Cromwell's body for that of his royal victim, is dwelt upon by Soubière, in his "Voyage into England," published shortly after the Restoration.

This account of Barkstead's was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, about a century since. It seems to have been borrowed by the person who inserted it, from a MS. in Lord Oxford's collection, which has since found its way into the Harleian Miscellany. According to the writer of this MS. the substitution of King Charles's body for that of Cromwell, must have been sufficiently apparent to all who were acquainted with the fea-

tures of the deceased Monarch, and whose vicinity to the gallows at Tyburn enabled them to judge of the fact. "Some," he says, "whose curiosity had brought them nearer to the tree, observed with horror the remains of a countenance they little had expected there; and that on tying on the cord there was a strong seam about the neck, by which the head had been, as was supposed, immediately after the decollation fastened again to the body." The improbabilities of this strange story are sufficiently evident to preclude the necessity of comment. Moreover, the recent discovery of King Charles's coffin at Windsor, and the appearances of the body which it contained — identified as they were, according to the curious account of Sir Henry Halford, with the features of the deceased King, and the peculiar circumstances of his death, — must be considered as setting the matter at rest.

Numerous as was the issue of the Usurper, and of his children, he has left not a single descendant who bears his name. The last male representative of the Protector was a Mr. Oliver Cromwell, who died during the present century without leaving an heir. The following table of descent, deduced from Richard Cromwell, the father of the Usurper, will explain more clearly how his posterity branched off, and how the name has become extinct in his particular line.


Richard Cromwell, father of the Protector.
Henry.
Richard.
OLIVER,
Protector.
Joan,
Elizabeth.
Catharine.
Margaret.
Anne.
Jane.
Robert.
Oliver.
Richard, second
Protector.
James.
Bridget.
Elizabeth.
Mary.
Frances.
Henry.
A son.
Oliver.
Elizabeth.
Anne.
Mary.
A daughter.
Dorothy.
Anna.
Dorothy.
Oliver.
Henry.
Frances.
Richard.
William.
Elizabeth.
Elizabeth.
Oliver.
Benjamin.
Henry.
William.
Richard.
Henry.
Thomas.
Oliver.
Mary.
Hannah.
Robert.
Oliver.
Elizabeth.
Anne.
Eleanor.
Letitia.
Oliver.
Thomas.
Richard.
Elizabeth.
Susannah.
Hannah.
By his second wife, Thomas Cromwell had issue five children; Anne, the youngest, married a Mr. Field, by whom she had seven sons and five daughters.
A son died young.
Oliver died young.
Elizabeth-Olivera.

We must now bring to a close our notices of this extraordinary man. Were it sufficiently proved, that the crimes of which he has been accused were, in fact, the result of presumed expediency, of a devotion to the liberties of his country, and consequently, that he was conscientious in his opposition to existing authority, even the most bigoted admirer of legitimate sovereignty might fairly make allowances for the misled enthusiast. But when we have unquestionable evidence that personal aggrandizement was the end of all his actions; when, — seizing advantage of the intestine troubles, and of the grievances of his native country,—we find the crafty and insidious traitor wading through bloodshed to exalt himself to a throne; when the sturdy and disinterested Republican invests himself with the silken spoils of his victim; when, in the last extremity of his unhappy Sovereign—like the laugh of the idiot in the chamber of death,—he could insult with jests and buffoonery the sorrows which he had caused; when he tramples on the laws and liberties of his country, and reduces it to slavery; we almost regret that the stings of a guilty conscience, and the abhorrence of posterity, should have been the sole punishment of such a catalogue of crimes.

Nevertheless, in the history of Cromwell there exists a valuable moral, and a consolation that if he did evil, good has been the result. To the over-zealous, whether in religion or in politics,—

to the fanatic and his worshipers, — to the agitator and his tools, — it will prove that the semblance of piety and philanthropy can mask the greatest crimes; that prayers and fastings are no evidences of true religion; and that patriotism is but too often the shadow of a name.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL,

WIFE OF THE PROTECTOR.

Abuse heaped on her by the Cavaliers — her Lineage — introduced to Charles I. at Hampton Court — her want of Beauty — her Thriftiness — Behaviour at her Elevation — Pasquinades of the Period — her Character and want of Influence with the Protector — her Flight at the Restoration — endeavours to secrete Pictures and other Valuables belonging to the Royal Family — her Residences and Death.

THE abuse which was heaped on her husband has naturally been shared by his homely lady. The Cavaliers styled her contemptuously Joan, and accused her of every manner of vice, among which drunkenness and adultery were the most prominent. As the charges, however, appear to have been without foundation, the libels fell probably harmless.

The Protectress was daughter of Sir James Bourchier, Knt. of Felsted in Essex. Harris speaks of the Bourchiers as "an ancient family;" but Noble, who was better informed, is of a different opinion. It was only in 1610, he tells us,

that Sir James obtained a grant of arms; and he adds that the only occasion when the arms of the Bourchiers were quartered with those of the Protector was at his funeral, when they appeared on the escutcheons. There exists some doubt as to the exact year in which the Protectress was born; however, as she was married on the 22nd of August, 1620, when Cromwell was only twenty-one, we may form a tolerable conjecture as to her age. She is known to have been introduced to Charles I, at the time that the unfortunate monarch was a prisoner at Hampton Court, and on good terms with her husband: Ashburnham took her by the hand and presented her to the King, by whom, together with the ladies of Ireton and Whalley, she was afterwards entertained.

In person, the Protectress was exceedingly plain, in allusion to which Cowley, in his "Cutter of Colman Street," puts the following passage into the mouth of Cutter:—"He [Worm] would have been my lady Protectress's poet: he writ once a copy in praise of her beauty; but her Highness gave for it but an old half-crown piece in gold, which she had hoarded up before these troubles, and that discouraged him from any further applications to court." She is said to have had a defect in one of her eyes; and as even Waller neglected to celebrate her beauty, there can be little question as to her want of comeliness.

The passage which has been just quoted from Cowley, contains a double satire. The hoarding of the half-crown piece has evidently reference to her supposed thriftiness. "She very frugally housewifed it," says Heath, "and would nicely and finically tax the expensive unthriftiness (as she said) of the *other woman* [Henrietta Maria] who lived there before her."

A very curious pamphlet, entitled the Court and Kitchen of Mrs. Joan Cromwell, has been already quoted in the Memoir of the Protector. This work would appear to have been the production of some disappointed denizen of the royal kitchen, who mingles the decline of cookery with the decline of the empire, and sighs over the economy of the protectoral entertainments, compared with former banquets and former magnificence. Altogether, the work comprises little more than an insignificant and scurrilous attack on the private character and household dispensation of the Protectress, against whom the author apparently bears a strong personal pique. "If anything," says the writer, "could be observable by her for state and charge, it was the keeping of a coach, the driver of which served her for caterer, for butler, for serving-man, and for gentleman usher, when she was to appear in any public place. And this coach was bought at the second hand, out of a great number, which then lay by the walls, while their honourable owners went on foot."

The abuse is shortly afterwards repeated. "Much ado had she at first to raise her mind and deportment to this sovereign grandeur; and very difficult it was for her to lay aside those impertinent meannesses of her private fortune: like the bride-cat, by Venus's favour metamorphosed into a comely virgin, that could not forbear catching at mice, she could not comport with her present condition, nor forget the common converse and affairs of life. But like some kitchen-maid, preferred by the lust of some rich and noble dotard, was ashamed of her sudden and gaudy bravery, and for a while skulked up and down the house, till the fawning observance and reverences of her slaves had raised her to a confidence, not long after sublimed into an impudence." Her behaviour, however, on her elevation is somewhat differently represented by Ludlow. The republican, who knew her personally and well, informs us that when her husband changed his residence from the cockpit at Whitehall to the royal palace, she was at first anything but gratified with the splendid change in her domestic arrangements. Heath, on the contrary asserts, that "she was trained up and made the waiting woman of Cromwell's providence, and lady rampant of his successful greatness, which she personated afterwards as imperiously as himself."

In a curious pasquinade of the period, entitled "The Cuckoo's Nest at Westminster," there is in-

troduced the following ludicrous dialogue between the Protectress and Lady Fairfax.

"*Queen Fairfax.*—'Pray, Mrs. Cromwell, tell not me of gowns or lace, nor no such toys! tell me of crowns, sceptres, kingdoms, royal robes; and if my Tom but recovers and thrives in his enterprise, I will not say pish, to be Queen of England. I misdoubt nothing, if we can but keep the wicked from fetching Nebuchadnezzar from grass in the Isle of White. Well, well, my Tom is worth a thousand of him, and has a more kingly countenance. He has such an innocent face and a harmless look, as if he were born to be an emperor over the saints.'

"*Mrs. Cromwell.*—'And is not Noll Cromwell's wife as likely a woman to be Queen of England as you? Yes, I warrant you is she: and that you shall know if my husband were but once come out of Wales. It is he that hath done the work, the conquest belongs to him. Besides, your husband is counted a fool, and wants wit to reign: every boy scoffs at him. My Noll has a head-piece, a face of brass, full of majesty, and a nose will light a whole kingdom to walk after him. I say he will grace a crown, being naturally adorned with diamonds and rubies already: and for myself, though I say it, I have a person as fit for a Queen as another.'

"*Queen Fairfax.*—'Thou a Queen! Thou a Queen! ud's foot, minion, hold your clack from

prating treason against me, or I will make Mrs. Parliament lay her ten commandments upon thee. Thou a Queen! A brewer's wife a Queen! That kingdom must needs be full of drunkards when the King is a brewer. My Tom is nobly descended, and no base mechanic.'

"*Mrs. Cromwell.*—'Mechanic! Mechanic in thy face. Thou art a whore to call me mechanic. I am no more a mechanic than thyself. Marry come up, Mother Damnable, Joan Ugly; must you be a Queen! Yes you shall: Queen of Puddledock or Billingsgate; that is fittest for thee. My Noll has won the kingdom, and he shall wear it in despight of such a trollop as thou art. Marry, come up here, Mrs. Wagtail!'

"*Enter a servant running.*

"*Servant.*—'O, madam, cease your contention and provide for your safeties. Both your husbands are killed, and all their forces put to the sword; all the people crying like mad, long live King Charles!'"

This broadside was printed in 1648, some years previous to Cromwell's inauguration in the Protectorship. Its value consists in exhibiting how early and how generally the Usurper's views of personal aggrandizement were seen through by his contemporaries. In his estimate of Lady Fairfax's character the writer is entirely mistaken.

The two charges, of intemperance and a love of intrigue, which have been brought against the Pro-

tectress, rest almost entirely on the authority of an indecent and scurrilous pamphlet, entitled "News from the New Exchange." Its venomous absurdities are unworthy of notice, and even otherwise are too indelicate for insertion.

Setting aside mere assertion and party invective, it is not difficult to ascertain the real character of the Protectress. She may have had petty meannesses as well as private virtues, but there seem to have been no marked features in her character, nothing in fact which raised her above any ordinary woman. Lilburne evidently implies that she possessed a certain influence over her husband, since he accuses her of having disposed of military appointments during the generalship of Cromwell. Granger also appears to be of the same opinion. — "It has been asserted," he says, "that she was as deeply interested herself in steering the *helm*, as she had often done in turning the *spit;* and that she was as constant a spur to her husband in the career of his ambition, as she had been to her servants in their culinary employments." All that we know, however, of the life and character of the Protectress would tend to liberate her from these charges. She seems to have laudably confined herself to the details of domestic life, nor is there any authenticated instance of her having exercised the slightest political influence over her husband. Cromwell was himself too stern in his nature

to be much influenced by women, and too cautious to entrust them with his intrigues. He appears, therefore, to have been by no means forward in making her a sharer in that power, a portion of which a strong-minded woman might nevertheless have contrived to obtain. Besides, not one of her relations were partakers of her greatness, and Cromwell's behaviour to her appears throughout to have been rather that of a man who respects his wife as the mother of his children, than for any mental or personal qualifications of her own.

The great argument against her having been a participator in his ambitious views, is the singular and undoubted fact that she endeavoured to persuade her husband to recall the young King. As most of her offspring were royalists, and as children are more frequently biassed by the example and opinions of the mother, probably she was little gratified with the usurpation of her husband. Thus, what we really know of the Protectress inclines us to take part with her panegyrists. She has, at least, the negative praise of not having outstepped the modesty of her sex, by obtruding her name unnecessarily on the public.

Only one of her letters is said to be extant. It was found among Milton's State Papers, and is addressed to the Protector. It is merely the affectionate epistle of an homely wife to her absent husband, and is scarcely worth transcribing. The

orthography is wretched, even for the period in which it was written. We must not omit to mention, as a favourable trait in her character, that the Protectress maintained six daughters of clergymen, whom she constantly employed at needlework in her own apartments.

After the death of her husband, and the abdication of her son Richard, at a time when the Cromwells had ceased to retain the least influence in affairs of state, the army paid her the compliment of considering her wants, and compelled the Parliament to settle on her a suitable maintenance. The Restoration, however, following shortly afterwards, she thought it necessary to seek safety in flight, and, with this view, had collected together a large quantity of valuables, with the intention of getting them conveyed out of the kingdom. But her design becoming known to the council of state, a survey was ordered to be held on them, and several articles belonging to the royal family being discovered, she was obliged to depart without even such insignificant remains of her former greatness.

The seizure of these articles is announced in the journals of the period. "Whitehall, May 12, 1660. Information being given that there were several of his Majesty's goods at a fruiterer's warehouse near the Three Cranes, in Thames Street, London, which were there kept as the goods of Mrs. Eliz. Cromwell, wife to Oliver Cromwell, de-

ceased, sometimes called Protector, and it being not very improbable that the said Mrs. Cromwell might convey away some such goods, the Council ordered persons to view the same."*

"May 16, 1660. Amongst the goods that were pretended to be Mrs. Cromwell's, at the fruiterer's warehouse, are discovered some pictures, and other things belonging to his Majesty: the remainder lay attached in the custody of Lieut. Col. Cox."†

Granger was assured that, after the downfal of her family, the Protectress resided for some time in Switzerland, but the fact is unsupported by other evidence. She certainly retired for a short period into Wales, where she remained till the excitement incident on the Restoration had in some degree subsided. She then removed to the house of her son-in-law, Claypole, at Norborough in Lincolnshire, where she remained to the period of her death, on the 8th of October 1672. She was probably upwards of seventy when she died. Her remains were interred at Norborough.

* Parliamentary Intelligencer, May 7 to 14.

† Mercurius Publicus, May 10 to 17.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

Character of Richard — his Love of Field Sports — his Attachment to the Pleasures of the Table — opposed to the Measures of his Father — intercedes for the King's Life — his Marriage — lives in Retirement at Hursley — initiated in State Affairs — succeeds his Father — his brief Government and Abdication — in Danger of being arrested for Debt — lives Abroad under a feigned Name — his singular Interview with the Prince de Conti. — Anecdotes. — Richard's Personal Appearance — his Death and Burial.

RICHARD Cromwell has generally been described as either a philosopher or a fool. In all probability he was neither one nor the other. Without enterprize or ambition, he seems to have accepted sovereignty, partly from the temptation of its glitter, and partly because it was thrust upon him. He was so far a philosopher, that he enjoyed it as long as it was agreeable, and discarded it as soon as it became burdensome.

But in the calmer relations of private life, the character of the younger Protector was unquestionably estimable and charming. Attached to domestic pleasures and country pursuits; joyous, social, and kind-hearted; carrying a delightful freshness of feeling to extreme old age; he gained the love and respect of his own circle of friends, and by his quiet virtues, and the strange vicissi-

tude of his fortunes, has obtained the interest and respect of posterity.

Richard Cromwell, the third son of the Protector, was born at Huntingdon on the 4th of October 1626. Of his two elder brothers, Robert, the first-born, died when a child; and Oliver, the second brother, was killed at the commencement of the civil wars, in an engagement with the Scots.

Richard was for some time at school at Felsted, in Essex, where he could be immediately under the eye of his maternal relations. On the 27th of May, 1647, he was admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn, where he remained about two years. During this period, it is evident that he preferred the pleasures of the table to the dry details of the law. While his father was reducing kingdoms and wading through blood, Richard was either quietly enjoying the sports of the field, or secluded in his peaceful chambers, in the society of men of pleasure like himself. "During the civil war," says Neve, "he was bred in the country, and led a life that delighted much in hunting, and other rural sports."*

Richard Cromwell was at heart a confirmed royalist, and strongly opposed to the measures of his father. He believed they would end in infamy and disgrace; and it is even asserted that he gave credit to an idle prophecy that his father would be hanged. He was a friend of the Ca-

* Lives of Illustrious Persons who died in 1712, vol. ii. p. 286.

valiers, and lost no opportunity of assisting those who had suffered in the royal cause. Even after the murder of the King, he used to broach the Cavalier toast, *the health of our landlord.* When the sentence was passed on Charles, he fell on his knees before his father, and implored him in a passion of grief to save the life of the King.

On the 1st of May, 1649, he married Dorothy, daughter of Richard Maijor, Esq. of Hursley, in Hampshire, with whom he received a considerable fortune. Of this lady little is known. Oliver, however, seems to have been extremely fond of his daughter-in-law, and in his letters to her father, which are still extant, frequently mentions her with affection, and desires him in a playful manner to scold *Doll,* for not having written to him more frequently. There is no evidence of her having, on more than on one occasion, been at court, during the usurpation of her father-in-law; and even then, from a comparison of dates, it must have been but for a short period. At the time of her husband's resignation of the Protectorship she was resident at Whitehall, and is said to have been much affected with their change of fortune. She died on the 5th of January 1676, in the forty-ninth year of her age, and was buried in the chancel of Hursley church. Her conduct was probably irreproachable, as it has escaped even the aspersions of political malignancy.

From the period of his marriage to the elevation

of his father to the Protectorship, Richard principally resided in retirement at Hursley. He was much attached to the pleasures of the field, and continued to keep a pack of harriers even in his old age. The elder Protector appears to have entertained something like contempt for his indolent and unambitious son, and in his letters to Mr. Maijor frequently complains of his idleness. The world, however, must judge between the wisdom of the two. The one was provoking the hatred of a nation; the other was contenting himself with the love of his neighbours. In one of his letters to Mr. Maijor, the Protector alludes, though not harshly, to his son having exceeded his income. Richard was never a good manager, and his hospitality seems to have been unusually expensive.

Whether Cromwell was unwilling to alarm the republicans, or whether it was his policy to flatter others with the prospect of succession, certain it is that he was at first quite as desirous of keeping his son from court, as the latter was willing to remain away. But when the Usurper had become more settled in his despotism, he sent for his son to Whitehall and endeavoured to initiate him into the affairs of government. Accordingly, in 1654, Richard was returned to Parliament both for Monmouth and Southampton; in 1655 he was made first lord of trade and navigation; and in 1656 was returned for the county of Hants and the University of Cambridge.

In 1657, on the Protector resigning the Chancellorship of Oxford, the University created Richard a master of arts, and elected him their Chancellor. He was installed with great state at Whitehall, and shortly afterwards was sworn a privy councillor, appointed a colonel in the army, and placed at the head of the new House of Lords, with the title of the right honourable the Lord Richard, eldest son of his serene highness the Lord Protector.

However displeasing to him may have been his father's usurpation, he rejected not the means of aggrandizement when offered to himself. The story of his government, which lasted but seven months and twenty-eight days, may be chronicled in a few words. Mankind had long anticipated the death of Cromwell as a certain prelude to a thorough change of government, and the annihilation of that extraordinary fabric of which he was the sole architect. They beheld, therefore, with extreme astonishment, the peaceable advancement of his inoffensive son. Not a hand was raised to oppose it. The council admitted his claims; condolences were addressed to him by foreign princes, and the most fulsome addresses poured in from the people. This was partly owing to the terror of his father's name, and partly to the various political cabals into which the country was divided.

The necessity of obtaining supplies rendered it imperative on Richard to call a parliament. He

met them on the 27th of January, 1659, with the same state and solemnity which had been used by his father. His speech on the occasion was pertinent in matter, and clear and almost elegant in language. It was much commended at the time, and bore a favourable comparison with that of the Keeper of the Great Seal, Commissioner Fiennes, which succeeded it. Of his father, Richard spoke with pride and affection. "He died," he says, "full of days spent in sore and great travail. Yet his eyes were not waxed dim, neither was his natural strength abated. As it was said of Moses, he was serviceable to the last. As to these nations, he left them in great honour abroad, and in full peace at home; all England, Scotland, and Ireland dwelling safely; every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, from Dan even to Beersheba. He is gone to rest and we are entered into his labours. And if the Lord hath still a blessing for these lands, as I trust he hath, as our peace hath been lengthened out to this day, so shall we go on to reap the fruit and gather the harvest of what his late Highness hath sown and laid the foundation." There are scriptural allusions, throughout the whole speech, which bear the evident stamp of Puritanism: considering, however, the character of the assembly which he addressed, they were rendered not only politic but necessary.

According to Neal, in his History of the Puritans, though Richard Cromwell had little taste for

the fashionable cant of the period, yet he was a person who feared God and respected His word. A story, however, related by Ludlow, appears to have rendered him anything but popular with the Puritans. He had shown much favour to the Royalists, a circumstance naturally murmured at by the opposite faction. One of the zealots publicly accused him of the partiality.—"Would you have me," he said, "prefer none but the godly? Here is Dick Ingoldesby, who can neither pray nor preach, and yet I will entrust him before you all."

For a short period the situation of the new Protector was all smiles and prosperity; but between a liberal House of Commons and a discontented army, what government could hope for quiet! In the former assembly, the Protector could reckon but an insignificant majority against a violent opposition. In the army, affairs were still worse. A powerful cabal, of which his own relations, Fleetwood and Desborow, were the principal movers, was arrayed against Richard. The private soldiers, consisting chiefly of Millennarians and Fifth-monarchy men, would have been easily inflamed by the usual absurdities, and the text-word of the *good old cause*, and a few scriptural blasphemies, would at any moment have heated their imaginations to the requisite pitch. The famous meeting of the officers of the army at Wallingford House, to which Richard so unadvisedly gave his sanction, was a death-blow to his hopes of retaining

the supreme power. It was voted that the command of the army should be committed to a single individual; and it was clear that Richard would be the last person whom they would select for the trust. The Protector applied to his council for advice, and was referred by them to the Parliament. A vote was passed against the proceedings of the army, and an ordinance issued that no meeting should hereafter be held by the officers, without the express orders or permission of the Protector. Affairs were thus brought to a rupture. The army insisted that the Parliament should be dissolved; the officers besieged his palace and assailed his ears with their clamour; and Desborow, entering his apartment with an armed retinue, had the insolence to threaten him with violence should he refuse their demands. Richard had neither the means, the inclination, nor perhaps the ability to resist. After considerable hesitation he dissolved the Parliament, and shortly afterwards signed his formal abdication of the supreme authority.

For his conduct at this period, Richard has been accused of feebleness and pusillanimity. Mrs. Hutchinson says, in her Memoirs: "He was a meek, temperate, and quiet man, but had not a spirit fit to succeed his father or to manage such a perplexed government." Certainly, had he plunged the nation in a war, and had he put to death two or three of his most factious opponents, he might possibly have remained in power for a

longer season. But, surrounded by false friends and powerful enemies; unacquainted with the arts of government and the intrigues consequent on power; without even the impulse of ambition to give zest to his undertakings; without money or any firm personal adherents, it is impossible he could have long resisted the powerful combination by which he was opposed. He entertained, moreover, a strong disinclination to shed blood; and, rather than owe his aggrandizement to crime, retired peaceably to the private station from whence he had sprung, and for the enjoyment of which his nature was peculiarly adapted. To Colonel Howard, when he vainly endeavoured to rouse him to more rigorous measures: — "Talk no more of it," he said, "my resolution is fixed: violent councils suit not with me; and all you can persuade me to by what you now give, is, that it proceeds from a true friendship, for which I am thankful." The history of Richard, as well as that of his father, exemplify how frequently the fortunes of a whole nation are dependent on the genius and disposition of a single individual.

By the Cavaliers and Republicans, the course adopted by Richard was of course ridiculed, and affected to be despised. Such terms as "Queen Dick," — "tumble-down Dick," — and the "meek knight," — were plenteously bestowed upon him. Heath styles him a "milk-sop," — Lord Clarendon a "poor creature," — and Bishop Warburton a

"poltroon." Of his true character and of the real motives of his conduct, historians probably will ever remain divided in opinion. There is reason to believe he was not constitutionally a coward, for when the army deserted his fortunes, observing Whalley's regiment (which was the last left on the ground) filing off before his face, he opened his breast to the weapons of the soldiers and passionately implored them to end his sorrows and his life. Even Harris rises above his usual stiffness of style in defending the motives and character of Richard. "In the name of common-sense," he says, "what was there weak or foolish in laying down a burthen too heavy for the shoulders! What, in preferring the peace and welfare of men to blood and confusion, the necessary consequence of retaining the government! Or what, in a word, in resigning the power to such as by experience had been found fully equal to it, and intent on promoting the common welfare! Ambition, glory, fame, sound well in the ears of the vulgar; and men, excited by them, have seldom failed to figure in the eyes of the world; but the man who can divest himself of empire for the sake of his fellow-men, must, in the eye of reason, be entitled to a much higher renown than the purple hero who leads them to slaughter, though provinces or kingdoms are gained to him thereby."

It may be argued that, with Richard's bias in favour of a monarchical form of government,

he should never have accepted of the sovereign power; indeed, it has been insisted that he should immediately have declared himself for the rightful heir. But dominion is a splendid temptation, and, undoubtedly, the greatness which devolved upon him was the more palatable, from its being happily unpurchased by blood. Besides, at this particular crisis, a declaration in favour of Charles would have proved anything but beneficial to the royal cause. The extreme wariness which Monk, even with a large army at his back, found himself compelled to adopt, is a sufficient argument against the policy of such a step.

The Republicans, while they insisted that Richard should for ever quit the palace at Whitehall, not only agreed to pay his debts, but settled a liberal allowance on himself and his heirs: these were advantages, however of which the political changes of the period precluded the enjoyment. Even before he quitted Whitehall, his creditors became insolent and pressing. According to Heath, within a day or two after he had resigned the Protectorship, instead of his guards, Whitehall was besieged by half the bailiffs of Westminster, who were actually armed with a writ against the unfortunate Richard.

It is certain that, as the national troubles increased, there existed a party who would have willingly restored Richard to power. On the 29th of April, 1660, Ignatius White writes to the Mar-

quis of Ormond: — "My Lord St. John, Pierpoint, Thurloe, and all the Protectorians, used great endeavours to try if they could bring in Richard again. One of the greatest reasons they alleged was, that supposing the King to be the most accomplished, the wisest, best-natured prince in the world, and the most religious observer of his word, his party, which consists altogether of indigent men, partly by their own luxury, and partly by their ill success in the wars, will become powerful by little and little, and so considerable, that in spite of all the industry that can be used to prevent it, they will force the King to break any engagement he can now make though never so binding; and since the nation is so violent for a single person, there is none who may so conveniently comprehend all interests as Richard."* Among those who would have recalled him was Lambert. He endeavoured to enlist Ingoldesby in the cause, but the latter had already made his peace with the King. One of the most difficult to be gained over would probably have been Richard himself.

During the period he was in power, there occurred but one incident of a private nature worth recording.† "Richard," says Heath, "still fol-

* Carte's Collection of Orig. Letters, vol. ii. p. 331.

† We must add, however, amongst the domestic occurrences of his Protectorship, the loss of one child and the birth of another. These events are formally announced in the public journals of the period.

"December, 14th, 1658.—This day came sad news of the

lowed his old game of hawking; and, being one day with his horse-guard engaged in a flight, the eagerness of the sport carried him out of their sight; and his horse floundering or leaping short, threw him into a ditch, where by the help of a countryman he was taken out and preserved. He had carried himself very quietly hitherto to all about him: this disaster and accident made him angry, and to charge them roughly with this neglect, telling them he expected more service and respect, and would have it from them." Noble says, it was the only occasion on which good-humoured Richard was ever known to be displeased with his attendants.

A short period before the recall of Charles the Second, Richard retired unmolested to Hursley, from whence, as he could no longer support the interests of the University, he sent in his resignation as Chancellor of Oxford. About the middle of 1660 he sailed from England in the same vessel with Ludlow. Lord Clarendon tells us, that he went abroad less from fear of the Government than from a dread of his creditors. His debts amounted to about 30,000*l.**

death of an illustrious infant lady, the Lady Dorothy, second daughter of his Highness, who died at Hursley, in Hampshire, and the loss is entertained by their Highnesses with much sorrow of mind."—*Mercurius Politicus, Dec.* 9 *to* 16.

"Whitehall, March 27.—This night it pleased God, that her Highness was safe delivered of a daughter."—*Mer. Pol. March* 24 *to* 31.

* "July, 16th, 1659.—The house had this day under consi-

With the exception of two visits to Geneva, the period of his exile was passed in obscurity, and under a fictitious name, at Paris. We have on record an amusing story, related both by Lord Clarendon and Voltaire, of a circumstance that occurred to Richard in one of his journeys to Geneva. In passing through Languedoc, he happened to make some stay in the town of Pezenas, near which place the Prince de Conti, the Governor of the Province, had a palace. Being told it was the custom for all strangers to pay their respects to the Governor, who, it was added, treated Englishmen with particular civility, Richard, under his fictitious name, hastened to wait on the Prince. "He received him," says Clarendon, "with great civility and grace, according to his natural custom; and, after a few words, began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the King, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obe-

deration the debts of Richard Cromwell, eldest son of the late Lord General Cromwell, and have resolved the same to be 29,640*l.* and have ordered a way for the satisfaction thereof. Resolved, that the said Richard Cromwell, eldest son of the late Lord General Cromwell, shall be, and is hereby acquitted and absolutely discharged from payment of the said debt of 29,640*l.* and every part thereof, and of and from all actions, suits, and demands, for or by reason thereof, by the creditors; and that the State will satisfy the persons to whom the same is due. It is referred to a committee to examine the true yearly value of the estate of the Lord General's eldest son, in order to the settling on him a comfortable and honourable maintenance."—*Publick Intelligencer, July* 11 *to* 18.

diently to him; which the other answered briefly according to the truth. 'Well,' said the Prince, 'Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command: but that Richard, that coxcomb, *coquin, poltron*, was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool? How was it possible he could be such a sot?' He answered, that he was betrayed by those whom he most trusted, and who had been most obliged by his father; so, being weary of his visit, quickly took his leave, and the next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly. And within two days after, the Prince did come to know who it was whom he had treated so well, and whom before, by his behaviour, he had believed to be a man not very glad of the King's restoration."— "Richard," says Lord Clarendon, "lived some years in Paris, untaken notice of, and, indeed, unknown; living in a most obscure condition and disguise, not owning his own name, nor having but one servant to attend him." According to Oldmixon, he adopted at this period the surname of Wallis.

Richard remained abroad till 1680, by which time he had nearly freed himself from his pecuniary difficulties. On his return, he settled, under the name of Richard Clarke, at Cheshunt. Here,

with the exception of exchanging occasional visits with a few friends, he passed the remainder of his long life in peace and seclusion. Dr. Watts, who was one of his most favoured intimates, used to mention that only on one occasion had he heard any allusion from the recluse to his former greatness, and then but in an indirect manner.

In the early period of his life, Richard had neither been an enemy to the fascinations of beauty nor the pleasures of the table. "In his younger days," says Neale, "he had not all that zeal for religion as was the fashion of the times; but those who knew him well in the latter part of life, have assured me that he was a perfect gentleman in his behaviour, well acquainted with public affairs, of great gravity and real piety; but so very modest that he would not be distinguished or known by any name but the feigned one of Mr. Clarke."* One, who knew him well, observed that he had never discovered or heard of any blemish in his character, with the exception of too great an attachment to the fair sex.† Thomas Pengelley, who was afterwards knighted, and became Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, was supposed to have been his natural son, and there are many circumstances which lend weight to the supposition.

Allusion has been made to the many fulsome addresses which were poured upon the new Pro-

* History of the Puritans, vol. ii. p. 555.

† Noble, vol. i. p. 184.

tector, on his first accession to power. "They flew to him," says Anthony Wood, "from all parts of the three nations, to salute and magnify his assumption to the sovereignty, wherein he was celebrated for the excellency of his wisdom and nobleness of his mind, for the lovely composition of his body," &c. There are one or two interesting anecdotes, which have reference to these addresses: — On his expulsion from Whitehall, Richard showing particular anxiety about the safety of two old trunks, a friend, somewhat surprised, inquired the reason of this extraordinary interest? "They contain," said the ex-Protector, "no less than the lives and fortunes of the people." The fact is, they were the addresses which he had received in the zenith of his glory, in which he was spoken of as the saviour of his country, and as the person on whom alone depended the lives and liberties of the three kingdoms.*

Richard, after his abdication, was extremely particular in the choice of his companions, and would admit none to his table but such as were alike distinguished by their cheerfulness, their conversational qualities, and strict probity. One of these agreeable persons gave the following account of his introduction to the house of Richard Cromwell. In the first instance, he had been warned to refrain from making any observations on whatever might meet his eye, and to take as little

* Oldmixon, p. 435.

notice as possible of the eccentricities of the recluse. After an hour or two spent in conversation over their wine, Richard suddenly started from table and, seizing hold of a candle, quitted the room. The rest of the company, who, with the exception of the individual last admitted, were fully aware of what was about to take place, caught hold of the bottle and glasses and hurried after their host. They ascended to a dirty garret in which there was nothing but a little round hair trunk. Drawing it into the middle of the room, and seating himself astride on it, Richard called for a bumper of wine and drank prosperity to old England. The example was followed by every one present. Richard, calling on the new-comer to follow their example, desired him to sit lightly, for beneath him, he said, were no less than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England. The trunk was then opened, and the original addresses produced amidst merriment and laughter. This, we are told, was Richard's invariable method of initiating a new acquaintance.*

By the death of his son, Richard, in his old age, became the possessor of a life estate at Hursley. His daughters, however, affirming that he had become superannuated, refused in the most barbarous manner to allow him to take possession,

* Noble, vol. i. p. 181. See also "The History of Addresses. By one very near akin to the author of the Tale of a Tub."

and offered him a small annuity in its stead. A law-suit was the consequence, which was tried at the Court of King's Bench. The late Protector appeared personally in court, his sister, Lady Falconberg, having sent her carriage to conduct him thither. His venerable appearance, and the memory of the exalted station which he had formerly held, excited the greatest interest in the bystanders; while the conduct of the presiding judge was such as we cannot sufficiently admire. He had him conducted into a private apartment where refreshments were in readiness: a chair was brought into court for his convenience; and he insisted that, on account of his age, he should remain covered. When the council on the opposite side objected, for some reason, to the indulgence of the chair, the Judge said, "I will allow of no reflections to be made, but that you go to the merits of the cause." It was given in favour of Richard. Queen Anne, in whose reign the circumstance occurred, had the good feeling to appreciate, and the good taste to applaud, the conduct of the judge on the occasion. Sir Nathan Wright, Sir Thomas Trevor, and Sir Simon Harcourt, have been mentioned for the honour. Lord Chancellor Cowper has also had the credit, but dates are unfortunately against him.*

There is another well-known anecdote of Rich-

* Neve; Lives of Illustrious Persons who died in 1712, vol. ii. p. 302; Noble, vol. i. p. 175.

ard on this occasion, which appears to be tolerably well authenticated. Curiosity, or a desire to visit a spot fraught with so many and such strange associations, had induced him, while his cause was pending, to wander into the House of Lords. A stranger, mistaking him in all probability for a mere gaping country gentleman, enquired of him, if he had ever before beheld such a scene? The old man pointed towards the throne, — "Never," he replied, "since I sat in that chair."

To the last, Richard enjoyed good health, and at eighty years of age used to gallop about the country for several miles. He died at Cheshunt, in the house of Serjeant Pengelley, his supposed son, on the 12th of July, 1712, in the 86th year of his age. Shortly before his departure, — "Live in love," he said to his daughters, "for I am going to the God of love." He was buried with some magnificence in the chancel of Hursley Church, where one of his daughters afterwards erected a monument to his memory.

Richard Cromwell appears to have had a due sense of religion, without any of the puritanical austerity of the age in which he lived. According to the account of an old inhabitant of Hursley, (one Peter Colson, who was the bearer of a torch at his funeral,) the ex-protector and his family were constant in their attendance at the parish church. Service being restricted at Hursley to once every Sunday, he used to attend alternately

the established church, and an anabaptist meeting at Romsey.*

The face of Richard Cromwell is said to have been handsome and thoughtful; his appearance graceful, and his manners engaging. He was attached to all manly sports, and certainly possessed many private virtues. As regards his political conduct our conceptions will probably differ. He was the father of nine children, but left no male heir to perpetuate his name. During his life-time, however, one of his sons, Oliver Cromwell, had been extremely active at the Revolution, and offered to raise a regiment for King William for service in Ireland, on condition that he should be allowed to nominate his own captains. There existed an apprehension, however, that his name might render him too popular in a disturbed country, and the offer was consequently declined.†

* Noble, vol. i. p. 183. † Oldmixon, p. 435.

HENRY CROMWELL.

His Resemblance to his Father, the great Protector — his Military Services — his amiable Character — his Marriage — appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland — his admirable Administration in that Country — his Recall — lives in Retirement after the Restoration — visited by Charles II. — his last Illness — the King interests himself in his Sufferings — his Death and Burial — Encomiums on his Character — his Descendants.

THE fourth son of the great Protector, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Had he been the first-born of his father, probably Charles the Second would never have succeeded to the throne of his ancestors. He is said to have borne a strong resemblance to his father, not only in person but in mind.

Henry was born at Huntingdon on the 20th of January 1628, and finished his education at Felsted school in Essex, in the neighbourhood of his mother's relations. He entered the parliamentary army at sixteen, and before he was twenty obtained a troop in Fairfax's life-guard. In 1649, having attained the rank of colonel, he accompanied his father in his expedition to Ireland. In 1650, we find him surprising Lord Inchiquin's quarters, in company with Lord Broghill, and

killing and taking prisoners a large body of the enemy. He was present at the siege of Limerick in 1651, and in the "Barebones Parliament," which assembled in 1653, was returned as one of the members for Ireland.

It would be difficult to conceive a more estimable, or perhaps a more perfect character, than that of Henry Cromwell. His enemies have proved nothing against him, and his friends have said everything in his favour. Granger styles him a "great and good man," and the encomium appears to be merited. He was religious, honourable, and warm-hearted; possessed a clearness of intellect and a strength of mind which bordered closely on genius; and made himself beloved by all ranks and under all circumstances. No one, as well on account of the name which he bore, as of the high station which he afterwards filled, could have been more open to calumny, and yet the ill-natured sneers of a few party writers are all that can be alleged to his discredit.

About the year 1653, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Russell, Bart. of Chippenham in Cambridgeshire. Noble, who speaks of this lady as "exemplary in her conduct and elegant in her manners," informs us, that she was for many years remembered by the people of Wicken, (in which place she had long resided,) as the "good Lady Cromwell." She died on the 7th of April 1687, and was buried close to her husband in Wicken Church.

In 1654, the University of Cambridge returned Henry Cromwell as their member, and the following year he was sent to Ireland with the intention of appointing him Lord Deputy. For fear, however, of alarming the Republicans, he bore at first merely the rank and commission of a Major-General of the army. In passing through Anglesea, on his way to Ireland, he was shocked to find that there were only two ministers of religion in the whole island, and immediately applied to the government to increase their number. At Dublin he was received with enthusiasm. "Upon his arrival in the bay," says Ludlow, "the men-of-war that accompanied him, and other ships in the harbour, rang such a peal with their cannon, as if some great good news had been coming to us." He was respectfully received on his landing by the civil and military officers of the town.

Intricate as was the game which he had to play, by his engaging manners and politic conduct he soon paved the way to success. "In Ireland," writes Baxter, in his Life of himself, "they were grown so high, that the soldiers were many of them re-baptised as the way to preferment; and those that opposed them they crushed with much uncharitable fierceness. To suppress these, Cromwell sent thither his son Henry, who so discountenanced the Anabaptists, as yet to deal civilly with them, repressing their insolences yet not abusing them, or dealing hard with them;

promoting the work of the Gospel, and setting up good and sober ministers; and dealing civilly with the royalists, and obliging all; so that he was generally beloved and well spoken of. Major General Ludlow, who headed the Anabaptists in Ireland, was fain to draw in his head."

Perceiving, however, the impracticability of entirely restraining the spirit of the Republicans, Henry produced his commission as Lord Deputy, and was quietly invested with the office. The wisdom of his administration in Ireland has never been questioned. Under his auspices, that unhappy and distracted kingdom progressed rapidly towards civilization and happiness. The Irish loved and blessed him; the moderate of all parties applauded the equity of his measures; and, inclined to be a Royalist himself, he acquired the friendship of the cavaliers. Lord Clarendon, who bore no good feeling to the name of Cromwell, more than once alludes to the manner in which Henry was beloved. "By his exercise of that government," says the noble historian, "by the frankness of his humour, and a general civility towards all, and very particularly obliging some, he had rendered himself gracious and popular to all sorts of people." And yet this very man Bishop Warburton sneers at as a poltroon.

On the death of his father, whom he appears to have deeply lamented, Henry obtained the accession of his brother Richard to the Protectorship

to be peaceably acknowledged in Ireland. But troubles were fast pressing on both. The enemies of their family, conceiving, that if they robbed the title, by which Henry ruled Ireland, of a portion of its dignity, his authority would be undermined in that country, altered the wording of his patent from Lord Deputy to Lord Lieutenant. Henry was so hurt at this, and some other more important restrictions, that he wrote warmly to Thurloe on the subject. Perceiving, shortly afterwards, the extreme weakness of his brother's government, and probably disgusted at the manner in which his services had been repaid, he expressed his desire either to resign or to be allowed to return for a short period to England, in order to refute the unfounded charges which had been brought against him. This was refused: the Republicans were in the midst of their intrigues against the government of Richard, and were unwilling that his capacity and firm character should be arrayed against them at Whitehall. As soon as the downfal of his brother was known to be inevitable, rather than that Ireland should fall into the hands of the Republicans, he prepared to put his government in defence for Charles the Second. His plans, however, becoming known to the Parliament, they voted that Ireland should be governed by Commissioners, and summoned Henry to their tribunal. On the appearance of the Commissioners at Dublin, he retired to the Phœnix

Park. So little had he cared for his own interests, that he wanted even sufficient money to carry him to England.

His first step was to obey the summons of the Parliament. "Ireland," says Walker in his History of Independency, "had been delivered up wholly and quietly into their power, by that pitiful cowardly imp, Henry Cromwell, who had already attended their pleasure at the Commons' bar; for which good service they stroked him on the head and told him he was a good boy, for which kindness he kissed his hand, made a leg, and exit." Such is the version of one of the most prejudiced of party writers. Henry, however, having made his peace with his employers, retired into the country, equally gratified at his own freedom from restraint, and the restoration of that form of government to which in his heart he was secretly attached. On the 9th of April, 1662, he addressed a manly letter to Lord Clarendon, expressing his gratitude at being permitted to remain unmolested, and wishing "prosperity and establishment" to his majesty's government. Mrs. Hutchinson, in her Memoirs, speaks amusingly of Henry Cromwell and his brother Richard, as "two debauched ungodly cavaliers."

The strong epithets of the republican lady we are not to receive in their more offensive sense. The moral character of Henry stands free from reproach, though there is a passage in an affec-

tionate letter addressed to him by his sister, Lady Falconberg, which has been supposed to throw some doubt on his immaculacy. The epistle is dated 7th December 1655. "I cannot," she says, "but give you some item of one that is with you, which is so much feared by your friends that love you, is some dishonour to you and my dear sister, if you have not a great care; for it is reported here that she rules much in your family; and truly it is feared that she is a discountenancer of the godly people; therefore, dear brother, take it not ill that I give you an item of her, for truly if I did not love both you and your honour, I would not give you notice of her."* It has been conjectured, and not unreasonably, that the lady alluded to by Lady Falconberg was rather the mistress than the friend. That man's morality, however, is in no indifferent repair, against which an isolated and conjectural passage in a family letter, is all that can be adduced.

During the first years which succeeded his retirement from public life, Henry resided principally at Chippenham, at the house of his father-in-law, Sir Francis Russell. From hence he removed to his own estate of Spinney Abbey, a retired spot, near Soham in Cambridgeshire, where he devoted himself almost entirely to the pursuits of agriculture and husbandry. His estate is said to have produced him between five

* Thurloe, vol. iv. p. 293.

and six hundred a year.* He remained at Spinney till his death.

There is a story, related by Neve and other writers, of Charles the Second having paid a visit to Henry Cromwell, in one of his journeys from Newmarket to London. Neve relates that, as the King and his retinue entered the front door, Henry (feeling acutely the change in his circumstances) refused to perform the rites of hospitality, and walked out at the back. The King, he says, saluted Mrs. Cromwell, who performed the honours of the house entirely to his satisfaction.

Noble gives another version of the story, which he received, he says, from the Reverend Edward Turner, a resident in Cambridgeshire, and a connection of the Cromwells. The King, it appears, in returning from Newmarket with Lord Inchiquin, happened to express a desire for some refreshment, when his lordship observed there was a friend of his, a country gentleman, who resided in the neighbourhood, who would feel himself honoured by a visit from his Majesty. Charles readily giving his consent, Lord Inchiquin led him to Henry's farm-yard, (where the latter happened to be employing himself at the time,) and taking up a pitch-fork and placing it on his shoulder, strutted before their host with an affectation of dignified solemnity. The King naturally ex-

* Neale; History of the Puritans, vol. ii. p. 501.

pressed his astonishment at such buffoonery, and demanded an explanation. "Why, Sir," said his lordship, "this gentleman is Henry Cromwell, before whom I had the honour of being mace-bearer when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland." Cromwell, says Noble, was confounded; but "the ease of the sovereign dissipated all disquietude: the hungry company were treated with what the hospitable Henry had, and departed with good humour and pleasure on both sides."

There is a discrepancy in both versions of this singular story. Supposing that we admit the relation of Neve, is it likely that a man of sense and of the world, such as was Henry Cromwell, should, like a spoiled child, have permitted his wife to do the honours to the King? On the other hand, it is evident that either Lord Inchiquin was sadly deficient in good breeding, or that Henry's reputation for sense and good-nature must have been generally established.

The death of Henry Cromwell was caused by that excruciating disorder the stone. Charles was at Newmarket at the time, and not only sent to make inquiries as to his health, but expressed a strong sympathy with his sufferings. The King, who had some knowledge of physic, and had his own laboratory, would even seem to have prescribed for the dying man. Neve says, "he once asked if they had not given him his drops, and seemed to have a real concern for him."

Henry breathed his last on the 23rd of March 1673, and was buried beside his mother, within the communion rails of Wicken Church. A black marble stone was placed over him, with the following inscription :—

Henricus Cromwell, de Spinney, obiit XXIII.
die Martii Anno Christi MDCLXXIII.
Annoq. Ætatis XLVII.

Though he conformed to the doctrines of the Church of England, and died in that communion, he never lost sight of such nonconformists as had formerly been his friends; and indeed most of his descendants became Dissenters. Encomiums have been heaped on him from various quarters. "You may have many," writes Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, "who love his highness's son, but I love Henry Cromwell were he naked, without all those glorious additions and titles, which, however, I pray may continue and be encreased." — "He was a truly great man," said Speaker Onslow, "and might pass for a great man in those days." Even Cardinal Mazarine expressed his admiration of his character. "All historians," writes Rapin, "are unanimous in their praises of him, and generally believe, that if he had been Protector instead of his elder brother, the officers would have met with their match, or not attempted what they undertook against Richard." Hume also is not backward in his praise.

There is a passage in one of Henry's letters to his brother Richard, which sufficiently marks the character of his mind, and which shall conclude our notices of this interesting person. "I will rather," he says, "submit to any sufferings with a good name, than be the greatest man upon earth without it." He was the parent of seven children, of whom the last male descendant died in the present century.*

* We find in the Obituary for 1821. "Aged 79, Oliver Cromwell, lineal descendent from Oliver Cromwell, being great grandson of Henry, the fourth son of Oliver Cromwell, and Lord Deputy of Ireland. He practised as a solicitor for some time; he died at Cheshunt." Annual Register for 1821, p. 238.

BRIDGET CROMWELL,

MRS. IRETON.

Her Republican Principles — her Sanctity—her Marriage with Henry Ireton — her second Marriage (with Fleetwood) — Anecdote — her Intrigue with the Duke of Buckingham— her Death and Burial.

Bridget Cromwell, the eldest daughter of the Protector, was baptized at St. John's Church, Huntingdon, on the 4th of August 1624. She was a gloomy enthusiast, and so bigoted a republican that she even grudged her father the title of Protector. Mrs. Hutchinson speaks of her as being "humbled and not exalted" by her accession of greatness; Carrington styles her a "personage of sublime growth;" and by a contemporary, she is described as "a woman acquainted with temptations and breathing after Christ."

On the 15th of January, 1647, she was married, at Norton, near Oxford, to the saintly Henry Ireton, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and after his death, to the simpleton Fleetwood, who afterwards held the same high appointment. She seems to have cherished as much admiration for her first husband as she entertained contempt for her second. To

Fleetwood, however, her advice and strong sense were of the greatest assistance.

The wife of a republican may possibly be as proud and punctilious as the lady of a Spanish grandee. "There went a story," says Mrs. Hutchinson; in her Memoirs, "that as my Lady Ireton was walking in St. James's Park, the Lady Lambert, as proud as her husband, came by where she was, and as the present princess always hath precedency of the relict of the dead, so she put by my Lady Ireton, who, notwithstanding her piety and humility, was a little grieved at the affront." The story, related as it is by a third republican lady, is not without its point.

Mrs. Ireton, notwithstanding her reputed sanctity, seems to have partaken of the weakness of her sex. When the young Duke of Buckingham, after the defeat of the Earl of Holland, near Kingston, was playing the mountebank in London for the sake of disguise, she is said not only to have become enamoured of his handsome figure, but, if the following account may be relied upon, to have attained to a tolerable proficiency in the way of intrigue. Madame Dumois, in relating the Duke's adventures, has the following curious passage. "In spite of all his disguise, his shape appeared so exquisitely fine, and he danced on the stage with so good a grace, that Cromwell's daughter, Mrs. Ireton, who was married to one of the King's most inveterate enemies, having espied

him from her window on the stage, took such a liking to him, that she sent him word she wished to speak to him. He was not insensible what hazard he ran, and how difficult it would be to avoid being discovered. For some time he remained uncertain whether he ought thus to deliver himself into the hands of his enemies. But, after all, his courage, which was always an enemy to fear, overbalancing all other reflections, he imagined that in case he could draw the lady into an intrigue, he might by this means be let into all the secrets of her husband, without whose advice Cromwell seldom undertook anything of moment. Accordingly, blaming his prudence, which he called unseasonable, he went the same night to the lady. He had changed his Jack-pudding dress for another very rich one, over which he wore a cloak, and he had once a mind to have taken off the plaister (which he wore over one of his eyes), but met with a more kind reception than if he had had both his eyes entire. She gave him such undeniable proofs of her tenderness, that he was fully satisfied he might without danger have told her his name; but he found such an aversion in himself to her person, by reason of her father, that she was almost insupportable to him; and, consequently, he received her addresses with so much coldness, nay, even with slight, as reduced her almost to despair. At last, being urged for a considerable time

to tell her the reason, he told her boldly he was a Jew, and by their law forbidden to love a Christian woman. She stood amazed, that a man, who by his profession was to cheat all the world upon the stage, should be so strait-laced in his conscience. As she of herself was not learned enough to confute his assertion by strength of argument, she sent for a famous Jewish Rabbi, and promised him a good reward. The Duke coming that night to pay her a visit, was not a little surprised when he saw this old grave fellow come into the room, and heard him offer to remove his scruples. The Duke being not so well versed in the Talmud as to enter into the dispute with the Rabbi, had no other way left to get rid of the matter but to beg two day's respite to consider of it. But now, fearful in good earnest of being discovered, he left London, and took his way to the Downs. Just before his departure, having an inclination to let Ireton's wife know to what tribe the Jew she had loved so tenderly belonged, he sent her a billet, written with that vivacity of wit which is natural to him. I give you leave to guess at her surprise, and whether she did not reproach herself a thousand times for having betrayed the secrets of her family."

Mrs. Ireton died at Stoke Newington, and was buried at that place on the 5th of September 1681.

* Madame Dumois's Memoirs, part i. p. 86.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL,

MRS. CLAYPOLE.

The favourite Daughter of the Protector — her amiable Disposition—her royalist Principles — her Marriage:— Cromwell's Buffoonery on the Occasion.—Notice of Mrs. Claypole's Husband.— Mrs. Claypole befriends the oppressed Royalists — recovers the MS. of the Oceana for its Author — her last Illness — she reproaches her Father for his Crimes — her Death, and the Grief of the Protector — Andrew Marvell's Lament — her Burial.

The second and favourite daughter of the Protector. This amiable and sweet-tempered woman, gentle, charitable, and unaffected, obtained the love and respect of all who knew her. Though as firmly attached to the cause of the Stuarts as she was opposed to the measures of her father, she was ever the darling child of the stern usurper. The opinions of her husband were also at war with her own, and yet they lived happily together, and when she died, he lamented her loss with the deepest affliction.

Elizabeth Cromwell was christened at St. John's, Huntingdon, on the 2nd of July 1629. About the beginning of the year 1646, she was married to

John Claypole, Esq., of a respectable family in Northamptonshire; who afterwards became Master of the Horse both to Oliver and Richard. We find the Protector making himself extremely merry at the marriage feast. "All," we are told, "that was hymen-like in the celebration of it, was some freaks and pranks without the aid and company of a fiddler, which in those days was thought by their precise parents to be altogether unlawful and savouring of carnality, as the ring and form of marriage were thought superstitious and anti-Christian, in Noll's rude way of spoiling of custard, and like Jack Pudding throwing it upon one another; which was ended in the more manly game of buffeting with cushions, and flinging them up and down the room."*

Respecting the husband of Mrs. Claypole it may be desirable to say a few words. He was a mild and amiable character, altogether unfitted to take an active part in the stirring times in which he lived: Cromwell appointed him therefore to such situations as were only important from the emoluments which they produced. The situations which he held as Master of the Horse, Lord of the Bedchamber, Clerk of the Hanaper, and Ranger of Wittlebury Forest, were well adapted to his peaceable nature. However, in 1651, he obtained permission to raise a troop of volunteers, though his military services have not been chro-

* Court and Kitchen of Mrs. Joan Cromwell.

nicled. In 1647 he was one of the Parliament Committee for Northamptonshire, and in 1654 and 1656 was returned for that county. In 1657 the Protector created him a baronet, and the same year called him to the upper house as one of his mushroom peers.

At the installation of Cromwell in the Protectorate, he held the horse of state, and walked bareheaded at the side of the coach. At the second and more solemn inauguration he stood immediately behind the Protector. Many years after the death of his amiable wife, he united himself to Blanch Stanley, the widow of a London merchant. They lived on bad terms and eventually separated. Soon after this, he formed an illicit connexion with one Anne Ottee, who acquired great influence over him, and whom he constituted his sole executrix. He is said to have had a taste for mathematics, and Sir Christopher Wren was his friend. He was improvident in money concerns, and lived and died a Presbyterian. As he had injured no one during the dynasty of his father-in-law, he was left unmolested at the Restoration. However, some years afterwards, he was accused of being a leader of one of the absurd plots of the period, and sent to the Tower. The accusation was ridiculous, and he was shortly discharged. He died 26th Juné 1688.*

But we must return to a more delightful cha-

* Noble, vol. i. p. 376 to 386. Granger, vol. iv. p. 23.

racter. Mrs. Claydole was invariably the friend of the oppressed, and especially exercised her gentle influence over the Protector, in favour of the suffering royalists. When the famous Oceana, then in the press, was seized by order of Cromwell, on the supposition that it contained arguments against his government, it was to Mrs. Claypole, though altogether unknown to him, that its author, Sir James Harrington, flew for assistance and advice. While he was waiting to see her, her only daughter, Martha, then a child, came into the room. The political visionary had drawn the little lady into conversation, and was endeavouring good-naturedly to amuse her, when Mrs. Claypole herself entered. "Madam," he said, "it was lucky that you came at this nick of time, or I should certainly have stolen this pretty little baby."—"Stolen her," replied her mother, "and for what purpose, for she is too young to become your mistress!"—"Madam," he said, "it would have been revenge."—"Revenge," replied Mrs. Claypole, "why, what harm have I done that you should steal my child?"—"None at all," said Harrington, "but you might have been prevailed upon to induce *your* parent to restore *my* child whom he has stolen." Mrs. Claypole of course demanded an explanation, and he told her it was the child of his brain. She was naturally pleased with the manner in which he had introduced himself, and as he assured her the work

contained no treason, she kindly exerted her influence, and the manuscript was restored.

We should admire Mrs. Claypole less were her character more prominent. There was nothing of brilliance in her career, but she possessed that feminine loveliness of character which we look for in the sister or the wife, and which we associate with the quiet scenes of domestic life. Carrington, in his curious history of her father, lingers enthusiastically over the recollection of her many virtues. "How many of the royalist prisoners got she not freed? How many did she not save from death whom the laws had condemned? How many persecuted Christians hath she not snatched out of the hands of the tormentors, quite different from that Herodias who could do anything with her father."—"Cromwell," adds the same writer, "ravished to see his own image so lively described in those lovely and charming features of that winning sex, could refuse her nothing; insomuch, that when his clemency and justice did balance the pardon of a poor criminal, this most charming advocate knew so skilfully to disarm him, that his sword falling out of his hands, his arms only served to lift her up from those knees on which she had cast herself, to wipe off her tears, and to embrace her."

Her last illness was a severe and afflicting one. The execution of Dr. Hewett, who died for his attachment to the royal family, and for whose

pardon she had passionately interceded with the Protector, is supposed to have hastened her death. But the loss of one of her children, her third son Oliver, who died shortly before her, is more likely to have aggravated her sufferings. Her own death-bed must have been a distressing scene, nor can we conceive anything more painful than Cromwell watching the dissolution of his beloved daughter. During her illness she had frequently remonstrated with him on the course which he was pursuing. But, "in her hysterical fits," says the physician Bates, "she much dispirited him, by upbraiding him sometimes with one of his crimes, and sometimes with another, according to the fancied distractions of her disease."—"That," says Lord Clarendon, "which chiefly broke the Protector's peace, was the death of his daughter, Claypole, who had been always his greatest joy, and who, in her sickness, which was of a nature the physicians knew not how to deal with, had several conferences with him, which exceedingly perplexed him. Though nobody was near enough to hear the particulars, yet her often mentioning, in the pains she endured, the blood her father had spilt, made people conclude she had presented his worst actions to his consideration. And though he never made the least show of remorse for any of those actions, it is very certain that either what she said, or her death, affected him wonderfully."—"The Lady Claypole," says Heath, "died at Hampton Court,

August 6th, of a disease in her inwards, and being taken frantic raved much against the bloody cruelties of her father, and about the death of Dr. Hewett, for whom 'tis said she interceded."

Mrs. Claypole breathed her last at the palace of Hampton Court on the 6th of August 1658, in the twenty-ninth year of her age. "She died," says Carrington, "an Amazonian-like death, despising the pomps of the earth, and without any grief, save to leave her father perplexed at her so sudden being taken away." Andrew Marvell, in his Ode on the death of Cromwell, dwells pathetically on the affection of the bereaved parent:—

> With her each day the pleasing hours he shares,
> And at her aspect calms his growing cares,
> Or with a grandsire's joy her children sees,
> Hanging about her neck, or at his knees:
> Hold fast, dear infants, hold them both, or none;
> This will not stay, when once the other 's gone.

Her remains were conveyed by water to Westminster, where they lay in state in the Painted Chamber, and were afterwards buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. On some alterations being made in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in 1725, her coffin was discovered by the workmen. An attempt was made to wrench off the silver plate which was attached to it, but their purpose was defeated and the memorial restored. It may be remarked that Mrs. Claypole was a member of

the Church of England. In the retiring character and simple story of this amiable lady, we take a far greater interest than in the annals of half the heroines and authoresses who have thrust themselves into publicity. The one, it is true, may command our attention, but the other obtains the homage of the heart.*

* The death of Mrs. Claypole is thus announced in the Mercurius Politicus, from August 5th to 12th. "Hampton Court, August 6th. This day, about three o'clock in the morning, it pleased God to put a period to the life of the most illustrious lady, the Lady Elizabeth, second daughter of his Highness the Lord Protector, to the great grief of her lord and husband, their Highnesses, the whole Court, and of all that have had the honour to be witnesses of her virtue, being a lady of an excellent spirit and judgment, and of a most noble disposition, eminent in all princely qualities; which being conjoined with the sincere love of true religion and piety, had deservedly placed her nigh the hearts of her parents, her husband, and other near relations; and procured her an honourable mention in the mouths both of friends and enemies, as was observed in her life-time, and hath already been abundantly testified since the time of her death."

MARY CROMWELL,

COUNTESS OF FALCONBERG.

The Protector's Third Daughter — her Character — her Marriage — curious Anecdote connected with it — her Personal Appearance—her Resemblance to the Protector—her spirited Disposition. —Anecdotes. — Changes her Principles at the Restoration. — De Foe visits her in her Old Age — Her Death.

MARY CROMWELL, the Protector's third daughter, was baptized on the 9th of February 1637. She was possessed of considerable beauty and strength of mind, appears to have passed through life without enemies, and is spoken of as virtuous, charitable, and warm-hearted.

On the 18th of November 1657, the Protector married her to Thomas Bellasyse, Viscount and afterwards Earl of Falconberg. The ceremony (which is celebrated by Andrew Marvell in two Pastoral Eclogues of indifferent merit,) was performed publicly at Hampton Court, by one of the Protector's chaplains, with great pomp and magnificence; Dr. Hewett, however, had already united them in private, according to the rites pre-

scribed by the Church of England.* Lord Clarendon considers that this previous ceremony took place with the privity of Cromwell, who "pretended," he says, "to yield to it, in compliance to the importunity and folly of his daughters." "Probably," says Granger, "he might be fearful, if any revolution should take place, and his family suffer a reverse of fortune, the husbands of his daughters might wish as much for a separation as they then courted the honour of their alliance. Perhaps Oliver was of the same opinion as Marshall, an Independent minister, who gave as the reason for marrying his daughter with the ring and Common Prayer Book, that the statute for establishing the Liturgy was not yet repealed, and he was loath to have his daughter whored and turned back upon him, for want of a legal marriage."

There is, in Huge's Letters, an amusing passage, connected with Lady Falconberg's marriage, which must be given in the words of the writer. "Jeremy White was Oliver's chaplain, and he was, besides, the chief wag and joker of his solemn court. As the Protector condescended to be very merry with Jerry, he said to him one day, 'You

* "November 19.—Yesterday afternoon, his Highness went to Hampton Court, and this day the most illustrious, the Lady Mary Cromwell, third daughter of his Highness the Lord Protector, was there married to the most noble lord, the Lord Falconberg, in the presence of their Highnesses and many noble persons."—*Mercurius Politicus, Nov.* 19 *to* 26.

know the Viscount Falconberg?' 'Perfectly well,' said Jerry,—'I am going to marry my daughter Mary to him: what do you think of the matter?' —'I think, Sir?' said Jerry; 'why, I think he will never make your Highness a grandfather.'— 'I am sorry for that, Jerry; why, how do you know?'—'Sir,' said Jerry, 'I speak in confidence to your Highness: there are certain defects in Lord Falconberg, that will always prevent his making you a grandfather, let him do what he can.' As this discovery was not made to the young lady, but to the old Protector, it did not at all retard the completion of the match, which Oliver found, in all outwards respects, suitable and convenient. So he left the Lord and Lady to settle the account of defects as they might.

Not long after, Oliver, in a bantering way, told the whole secret, with which White had intrusted him, before company, which Lord Falconberg turned off with a joke as well as he could, whilst his heart in secret was waxing exceeding wroth against Jeremiah the prophet. Instigated by this wrath, Lord Falconberg sent a message next day to Jerry to desire his company; with which invitation Jerry immediately complied, never suspecting that Oliver had betrayed the secret. Lord Falconberg received him in his study, the door of which he first locked, and then with much anger in his countenance, and a stout cane in his hand, he ac-

costed Jerry,—'You rascal, how dare you tell such mischievous lies of me as you have done to the Protector, that I could never make him a grandfather. I am determined to break every bone in your skin: what can you say for yourself? what excuse can you make?' All this while the cane kept flourishing over Jerry's head; who, instead of a day of dainties which he hoped to find at my Lord's table, would have been glad to save the drubbing on his shoulders by going away with an empty belly. 'What can you say for yourself,' cried Lord Falconberg.—'My Lord,' said Jerry, 'you are too angry for me to hope for mercy; but surely you cannot be too angry to forget justice: only prove, by getting a child, that I told the Protector a lie, you may then inflict the punishment with justice, and I will bear it with patience: and if you want exercise for your cane, you may lay it over the Protector's shoulders, if you please, for betraying me.' My Lord, who knew in his conscience that Jerry had told only an unseasonable truth, laughed and forgave him.'"

Noble, in his Memoirs of the Cromwells, endeavours to relieve Lord Falconberg from this unpleasant charge. "For the credit," he says, "of his Lordship's manhood, I must declare that this lady was once in a likely way of being a mother, if she was not actually so:" and then, to substantiate his assertion, he gives two extracts from a

letter of Lord Falconberg to his brother-in-law, Henry Cromwell, dated 26th of February, 1657-8. They are as follows:—"My Lord, this place is at present distract from the death of Mr. Rich, especially my dame, *whose condition makes it more dangerous than the rest.*" And his Lordship breaks off,—"My Lord, I am just now called to my poor wife's succour; therefore, I most humbly entreat your Lordship's leave to subscribe myself sooner than I intended, my Lord, your Lordship's," &c. &c. Noble's defence is ingenious; but unfortunately both for Lord Falconberg and himself, it happens that this letter was written only three months and eight days after the solemnization of the marriage, that event having taken place, as before stated, on the 18th of November 1657.

The portrait of Lady Falconberg, by Cornelius Jansen,* is said to denote delicacy of constitution, and she has elsewhere been described as "pale and sickly." This hardly agrees with the description of Swift, who was well acquainted with her, and who observes that she resembled the pictures he had seen of her father. Lord Ilchester, who was her godson, and well remembered her,

* According to Noble, the picture bears the initials C. J. 1638. Either he must have transcribed the date incorrectly, or it must be a portrait of some other person. Lady Falconberg was not baptized till 1636-7; and though the date of her birth is not known, it must have been but shortly before.—*See Noble*, vol. i. p. 148; 3rd edition.

assured Granger, that if she was ever "pale and sickly," it must have been late in life; for such was certainly not her natural complexion.

Of her spirited disposition, in which she probably far more resembled the Protector than in the mere features of her face, more than one anecdote is recorded. About the period that the body of the Usurper was exposed at Tyburn,—"Madam," said an unfeeling courtier, "I saw your father yesterday."—"What then, sir?"—"He stunk most abominably."—"I suppose he was dead, then?"—"Yes."—"I thought so, or else I believe he would have made you stink worse." The story (which has been variously related, but without any material discrepancy,) is said to have been repeated to King Charles, who laughed heartily at the discomfiture of his acquaintance.

She was a "wise and worthy woman," says Bishop Burnet, "more likely to have maintained the post than either of her brothers; according to a saying that went of her, that those who wore breeches deserved petticoats better; but if those in petticoats had been in breeches, they would have held faster." The Bishop was personally acquainted with her. Lord Dartmouth added in a note to Burnet's encomium:—"After her husband's death, she desired Sir Harry Sheers to write an inscription for his monument, and would have it inserted, that in such a year he married his Highness the then Lord Protector of Eng-

land's daughter; which Sir Harry told her he feared might give offence. She answered that nobody could dispute matters of fact; therefore insisted that it should be inserted. I do not know," adds Lord Dartmouth, "if it were ever erected, but Sir Harry told me the story, with some encomiums on the spirit of the lady."

She was much affected at the death of her father, but apparently still more so at the decline of the greatness of her family. On the 7th of September, 1658, the fourth day after the death of the Protector, Lord Falconberg, in a letter to Henry Cromwell, affords a painful picture of her distress. "My poor wife!" he writes, "I know not what to do with her: when seemingly quieted, she bursts out again into a passion that tears her heart to pieces." Some days afterwards he again writes,—"Your sister is weeping so extremely by me, that I can scarce tell you in plain terms—that I am going eighty miles out of town to-morrow." However, the lady did not long waste her time in useless grief, but, on the abdication of her brother Richard, commenced busily exerting herself in favour of the Restoration. After that event, her husband becoming a courtier, she divested herself entirely of her puritanical prejudices, and entered heartily into the gay scenes of life. In 1663 Pepys saw her at the theatre. "Here," he says, "I saw my Lord Falconberg and his Lady, who looks as well as I have known her, and *well*

clad; but when the house began to fill she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face."

Defoe mentions his having seen her in her old age, at Sutton Court, Lord Falconberg's seat at Chiswick.—"I saw here," he says, "that curious piece of antiquity, the daughter of Oliver Cromwell, still fresh and gay, though of great age." Lady Falconberg died on the 14th of March 1712, a few months before her brother Richard, about the 76th year of her age. She left everything in her power away from her husband's relations, and, among other things, the London residence of the family, Falconberg House, in Soho Square.* Some interesting relics, however, descended to the last heir of the Falconbergs, among which was the sword worn by the Protector at the battle of Naseby.

Lady Falconberg, like most of her brothers and sisters, appears to have been at heart a royalist, and though it is evident by her letters that she had imbibed some of the fashionable cant of Puritanism, yet she probably despised it in her heart. Later in life she is said to have despised even her father. Granger was informed by one who knew

* At the back of the east side of Soho Square are still retained (1839) the names of Falconberg Street, Falconberg Mews, &c. and denote that Falconberg House must have been in the immediate vicinity.

her, that when in London she attended the Established Church at St. Anne's Soho; and when in the country, went to church at Chiswick. She was, throughout her life, attached to the Church of England, and after the Restoration professed herself one of its members.

FRANCES CROMWELL,

MRS. RICH.

Charles II. her Suitor. — The Protector refuses his Consent to their Union. — The Duke d'Enghien another of her Suitors. — Cromwell wishes to marry her to the Duke of Buckingham. — Courtship of Jerry White, the Protector's Chaplain. — Her Marriage with Robert Rich — Cromwell's practical Fooleries on the Occasion. — Death of Rich. — Her Second Marriage (with Sir John Russell) — her numerous Offspring — her Death.

This lively lady, the youngest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, was baptized at St. Mary's Ely, on the 6th of December 1638. We know little of her personal appearance, but as she was courted by many, she was probably handsome. Burnet, who knew her late in life, represents her as a "very worthy person."

Probably no private gentlewoman, if such we may style the daughter of the Protector, ever received so many splendid offers of marriage as this young lady. The first in rank was Charles the Second himself. "Now the fresh reports are," says the writer of a letter in Thurloe's State Papers, "that its lowly spoken in the Court that he (Charles) is to marry one of Cromwell's daughters, and so to be brought again to his three lost

crowns." Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, was the mediator on this occasion; and though the proposition originated in all probability in his own mind, he nevertheless appears to have gained the consent of the King, as well as that of the lady and of her mother. But the concurrence of the Protector was a different matter, and the topic was a delicate one to introduce. Lord Broghill, however, having prepared the way, by causing a rumour of such an event to be spread abroad, one day entered Cromwell's closet, for the purpose of sounding him on the subject. The Protector immediately joined him, and, commencing to pace up and down, as appears to have been his habit, inquired where he had been? Lord Broghill answered, in the city, where he had heard strange news. Cromwell inquiring what it was, his lordship repeated, hesitatingly and with a smile, that it was strange news indeed. The Protector growing curious, and desiring him to speak out, the other intimated he might perhaps be displeased by what he should hear. Cromwell, whose patience could endure no longer, assured him that whatever might be the nature of his communication he would not be offended, and insisted on his coming to the point. Lord Broghill then told him of the report in the city, that he was about to marry his daughter Frances to the King. "And what do the fools say of it?" said Cromwell, laughingly. The other answered that

every one seemed pleased with it, and believed, were he able to accomplish it, that it would be the most politic step he could take. "And you," said the Protector, suddenly stopping short, and looking steadfastly into Lord Broghill's face; "do you believe so too?" Lord Broghill, expressing his own opinion that it was the wisest measure he could adopt in order to secure himself, Cromwell for some time walked thoughtfully up and down the room, and then recurring to the subject, inquired his reasons for advising such a measure. His lordship having so fair an opening afforded him, made use of every argument in his power to advance his object. He represented how little the Protector could trust his own party; that the very persons who had assisted him to rise were become the most anxious for his downfal; that he might now make his own terms, and that the royalists would eagerly join with him; that probably he would have grandchildren who would be heirs to the throne, and possibly, that he might still have the whole power in his own hands. Whereas, on the other side, he could never expect to continue the succession in his own family, and in all probability might see it end with himself.

Cromwell continued pacing the apartment, full of thought. "No," he said abruptly; "the King would never forgive me the death of his father." Lord Broghill requested him to select a mediator

who would sound the King on the subject. "No," he repeated; "he could never forgive me; besides, he is so damnably debauched he cannot be trusted." On this, Lord Broghill left him, and shortly afterwards, meeting the young lady and her mother, acquainted them with the result of his negotiation. They both promised to use their best endeavours to alter the Protector's decision: however, he continued firm in his opposition, and the project fell to the ground. To the Protectress, when she afterwards introduced the subject, Cromwell repeated his former conviction, that Charles would never be such a fool as to forgive him the death of his father.*

The Duke d'Enghien, eldest son of the Prince de Condé, was another reputed suitor of Frances Cromwell. It was said that a portion of the Netherlands was to be conquered, and formed into a principality for the new-married couple. The latter part of the story is too extravagant to be true, though the report is said to have caused some uneasiness at Versailles.

That the Protector wished the young Duke of Buckingham to marry his daughter is, however, more certain, but we have already seen how the Duke disappointed his views by uniting himself to

* Orrery's State Papers; Morrice's Life, p. 40; Noble, vol. i. p. 150. Pepys also corroborates the fact of offers having been made to Cromwell to unite his daughter with the exiled monarch.—*Memoirs*, vol. i, p. 314, 4to.

the daughter of Lord Fairfax. Speaking of the recent marriage of his child—"None of the council," says Fairfax, "seemed to dislike it, but such as pretended their opinion to be, that the Duke should be a fit match for one of the Protector's daughters." Cromwell was exceedingly enraged at the frustration of his project, and immediately committed Buckingham to the Tower.

But the most notable suitor of Frances Cromwell was Jerry White, the Protector's facetious chaplain. There is some doubt whether the joyous lady were merely amusing herself with the amorous protestations of the reverend Puritan, or whether she was actually infected by him with the tender passion. That Cromwell entertained some anxious doubts on the subject, is evident from his causing them to be carefully watched by one of his own spies. The person thus employed one day hurried into the Protector's presence, with the information that the Lady Frances and his spiritual adviser were together in the private apartment of the lady. Cromwell hastened to the spot, and, unluckily for the parties, discovered Jerry on his knees, kissing his daughter's hand. Demanding angrily the meaning of such a posture:—"May it please your Highness," said Jerry, with admirable presence of mind, "I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman, there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." The Pro-

tector turned to the waiting-maid, and demanded the reason of her obduracy. As she was far from being displeased with the opening prospect of improving her condition, she answered with a curtsey, that if Mr. White intended the honour, she had no wish to oppose him. Cromwell, in his prompt way, instantly sent for a clergyman, and as it was too late for Jerry to recede, they were actually married on the spot. The Protector sweetened the dose to his chaplain by presenting the bride with a dowry of five hundred pounds. Oldmixon, who was acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. White, heard the anecdote related in the presence of them both. The lady, he says, frankly admitted that there was something in it.*

The familiar name of Jerry, and his ministry at a fanatical court, may perhaps lead the reader to form a contemptible opinion of the hero of this amusing tale. Jerry White, however, was in person extremely handsome, and had nothing of the Puritan in his manners, though he probably affected it in the pulpit; he was also a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and an author. At the Restoration he was left unmolested, and enjoyed to an old age the society of the many friends whom his wit and social qualities attracted around him. In a pamphlet, printed in 1703, we find him represented as saying grace at one of those meetings of vulgar infamy and buffoonery, the Calves'-

* Neve, Lives of Illust. Persons, vol. ii. p. 284; Oldmixon, p. 426.

Head Club. This may have been a mere libel, but in all probability the principles of Jerry and the Club were nearly the same. He died in 1707, aged seventy-five.

The Protector had for some time set his heart on marrying his daughter, Frances, to William Dutton, Esq. of Sherborne, in Gloucestershire, (one of the greatest fortunes in England,) whose father had been his friend. This favourite project was counteracted by the lady falling in love with Robert Rich, grandson and heir to Robert Earl of Warwick; the Protector, however, although the old Earl was his most trusted friend, was strongly opposed to their union. It appears by a letter from Lady Falconberg to her brother, Henry Cromwell, dated 23d of June 1656, that his objection arose from the profligate life which Rich was supposed to have led. This is better evidence than that of Dr. Gauden, who, in his funeral sermon on the death of his former pupil, observes that he was ever desirous of instruction both in piety and prudence. Whatever may have been his virtues or his vices, the lady took upon her to defend her lover's character, and Cromwell gave a reluctant consent.

They were married (according to Lord Clarendon with great splendour) on the 11th of November 1657, the Protector settling 15,000*l.* on his daughter.* We have a ludicrous account of Crom-

* "Nov. 11, this day the most illustrious lady, the Lady

well's behaviour at the marriage feast, where as usual he exhibited his undignified antics, by throwing sack posset over the ladies' dresses, and daubing the chairs, on which they were about to sit, with wet sweetmeats. One of his jocularities on the occasion was to snatch off his son Richard's wig, — which he pretended to throw in the fire, — though it appears he contented himself with merely sitting on it.

These practical fooleries were on the point of having a fatal termination. One of the guests was Sir Thomas Billingsley, a formal old courtier, who had formerly been gentleman-usher to the Queen of Bohemia. He was exhibiting, in his cloak and sword, in one of the stately dances of the period, when one of four buffoons, whom Cromwell's taste had caused to be admitted to the festival, "made the knight's lip black like a beard." The knight, it is said, "drew his knife, missing very little of killing the fellow."*

The happiness of the bride was of a short duration, her husband, three months after their marriage, being attacked by an illness which proved

Frances Cromwell, the youngest daughter of his Highness, the Lord Protector, was married to the most noble gentleman, Mr. Robert Rich, son of the Lord Rich, grandchild of the Earl of Warwick, and of the Countess Dowager of Devonshire, in the presence of their Highnesses and of his grandfather and father, and the said Countess, with many other persons of high honour and quality."—*Mercurius Politicus, Nov.* 5 *to* 12, 1657.

* MS. of Dr. Hutton; Harl. MSS. 991; Noble, vol. i. p. 155.

fatal. He had often observed that the period of his life would not exceed that of his mother, who had died at the age of twenty-seven, — he himself died at twenty-three. During his sickness he is said to have received much comfort from religion; his young wife reading the Scriptures to him by his bed-side as well as her tears would permit. Sometimes he requested her to read particular verses once or twice over, and would then beg her to pause while he pondered them in his mind. Occasionally he broke forth into expressions of hope and thankfulness, that "God had given us poor creatures such gracious promises to lay hold on." He died at Whitehall, 16th of February 1658, three months and five days after his marriage.* When his death was told to his grandfather, the Earl of Warwick:—They had better, he said mournfully, keep the grave open for a short time, and they might then bury them together. His words proved almost prophetic, for in two months he followed his favourite grandson to the grave.

Mrs. Rich united herself some time afterwards to her relation, Sir John Russell, Bart., who died

* "Feb. 16: This day died the most noble gentleman, Mr. Robert Rich, son of the Lord Rich, grandchild of the Earl of Warwick, and husband of the most illustrious lady the Lady Frances, youngest daughter of his Highness; a young nobleman of great hopes and virtues, answerable to the nobleness of his extraction."—*Mercurius Politicus, Feb.* 11 *to* 18, 1658.

many years before her, leaving her with a numerous progeny. From the period of her second marriage her name and history remain almost unnoticed. Mrs. Rich survived all her brothers and sisters, and died on the 27th of January 1721, at the good old age of eighty-four.

CHARLES II.

CHARLES II.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Charles. — Remarkable Constellation. — Ceremony of his Christening — Anecdotes of his Childhood — Juvenile Letters — his Guardians. — Charles witnesses from an Eminence the Battle of Edgehill — parts with his Father for the last Time — sent into the West of England, with the Title of General — retreats before Fairfax — retires to Scilly — passes over to Jersey — visits the Hague — invited to Scotland after the Execution of his Father — proceeds to Paris — again lands at Jersey — quits that Island for Breda — arrives in the Frith of Cromarty — hard Conditions imposed upon him by the Scots — his Misery and Privations — crowned at Scone — frequently reprimanded for his Levity. — Battle of Dunbar. — Charles takes the Command of the Scottish Army — marches into England — admirable Conduct of his Soldiers.

A PROFESSED apology, either for the character or conduct of Charles the Second, might almost be considered as an insult to public rectitude and private virtue. Morality has passed its sentence on the good-humoured sensualist, and whether that sentence be too severe we will not now pause to inquire. There is a charm, however, in all that concerns the "merry monarch," which has served to rescue from entire reprobation the name of the libertine Charles. Fortunately, on the darker field

of politics we are not called upon to trespass. But, in pursuing the personal history of this monarch, let us hope that some better traits, some few redeeming qualities, may present themselves; tending alike to rescue his character from entire obloquy, and to justify, however partially, that peculiar interest with which the wit, the frolics, and the easy temper of Charles have invested both his character and his times.

Prince Charles, the eldest surviving son of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, was born at St. James's, on the 29th of May 1630, at one o'clock in the afternoon.* About the same hour there appeared a singular light in the heavens, which was of course regarded as a presage of his future greatness. Fuller, indeed, from whom something more rational might have been expected, speaks of "*two* notable signs" in the firmament: —"The star Venus," he says, "was not only visible the whole day, but also during the two which followed; besides which there was an eclipse of the sun, about eleven digits, observed by the greatest mathematicians." But the reverend Divine, not content with giving his own nonsense, quotes the solemn absurdities of another, whom

* "On the 29th of May, Prince Charles was born, a little before one of the clock in the afternoon; and the Bishop of London had the honour to see him before he was an hour old. At his birth there appeared a star visible, that very time of the day when the King rode to St. Paul's church to give thanks to God for the Queen's safe delivery of a son."—*Rushworth*, vol. ii. p. 50.

he styles "a most ingenious gentleman." — "*To behold this babe, Heaven itself seemed to open one eye more than ordinary; such asterisks and celestial signatures attached to times,*" &c. These presumptuous inferences are, of course, followed by encomiums equally out of place. "He was a prince," says Fuller, "whose virtues I should injure if I endeavoured to contract them within a narrow scantling. And yet I cannot pass over that *wherein he so much resembleth the King of Heaven,* whose vicegerent he is. I mean his merciful disposition; doing good to those who spitefully used and persecuted him." What wretched absurdity! Could admiration of power or hope of preferment carry adulation to a more ridiculous extreme!

According to the astrologer Lilly, the star which appeared at the birth of Charles, was no other than the planet Venus, which not unfrequently presents itself in the open day. Certainly, the fact that Venus happened to be the particular luminary which presented itself, was a singular coincidence, and was at least typical of the subsequent libertinism of his career. Dryden, in his "Annus Mirabilis," alluded to the circumstance in after years:

> That bright companion of the sun,
> Whose glorious aspect sealed our new-born King.

And again, in his poem on the Restoration:—

> That star that at your birth shone out so bright,
> It stained the duller sun's meridian light.

Waller, also, has introduced the occurrence in some heavy panegyrical verses.

On the 30th of May, 1630, the Earl of Dorchester announces the birth of a Prince of Wales to De Vic, the English resident at Paris.

"Yesterday, at noon, the Queen was made the happy mother of a Prince of Wales. Herself, God be thanked, is in good estate, and what a child can promise that reckons yet but two days, is already visible, as a gracious pledge from Heaven of those blessings, which are conveyed and assured to kingdoms in the issue of their Princes. As this hath set on work here whatsoever may serve to speak the fulness of our hearts in the language of public rejoicing, so his Majesty hath thought fit to communicate his contentment to the King and Queens of France by his own letters, whereof Mr. Montague is the bearer; and hath commission to invite that King and the Queen Mother to join with the King of Bohemia, in Christening of the young Prince. And so in haste I rest,

"Yours, to be commanded, DORCHESTER."*

The University of Oxford, sometimes loyal even to absurdity, celebrated the birth of the Prince with "printed poems." Cambridge neglected to pay the same homage, and the omission gave offence. The wits of the University were sadly

* Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iii. p. 262; 2nd series.

distracted by the plague which was then raging around them, and poetry and disease are but indifferent friends.

The baptism of a Prince of Wales, is, of course, an important ceremony. In a letter of the period, dated 2nd July, 1630, and addressed by Mr. Samuel Meddus to Mr. Joseph Mede, some few particulars are inserted.

"WORTHY SIR,

"Prince Charles was baptized last Lord's day, about four in the afternoon, at St. James's, in the King's little chapel there, not the Queen's, by my Lord of London, Dean of the Chapel, assisted by the Bishop of Norwich, Almoner. The gossips were, the French King, the Palsgrave, and the Queen Mother of France. The deputies, the Duke of Lennox, Marquis Hamilton, and the Duchess of Richmond, which last was exceedingly bountiful. The ordnance and chambers at the Tower were discharged; the bells did ring; and at night were in the streets plenty of flaming bonfires.

"The Duchess was sent for by two Lords, divers knights and gentlemen, six footmen, and a coach with six horses, plumed, all the Queen's; and alighted, not without the gate, but within the Court. Her retinue were six women, and gentlewomen I know not how many. But all, of both sexes, were clad in white satin, garnished with crimson, and crimson silk stockings.

"I hear not of any presents from the gossips;

but the Duchess, for her own particular, presented to the Queen for the Prince, a jewel estimated at 7 or 8,000*l.*; to the Welch nurse a chain of relics estimated at 200*l.*; to the midwife and dry-nurse, store of massy plate; to the six rockers each a fair cup, a salt, and a dozen of spoons. All the Lords also gave plate to the nurse. Besides, the Duchess gave to every knight and gentleman of the Queen's, who came for her and brought her back to her house in the Strand, fifty pieces; to the coachman twenty; and to every one of the six footmen ten pieces. There were neither Lords or Knights made that I hear of, as was said there would be.

"Yours assured, SA. MEDDUS."*

Shortly after his birth, Charles was declared Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. In the month in which he completed his eighth year, he was knighted; received the Order of the Garter, and was installed with the usual ceremonies at Windsor.

In a curious little work, published after the King's death, the following anecdote is related of his childhood:—"When he was but very young he had a very strange and unaccountable fondness to a wooden billet, without which in his arms he would never go abroad nor lie down in his bed; from which the more observing sort of people gathered, that when he came to years of maturity, either oppressors and blockheads would

* Desid. Cur. Lib. 12, 36.

be his greatest favourites; or else that when he came to reign he would either be like Jupiter's log, for everybody to deride and contemn; or that he would rather choose to command his people with a club, than rule them with a sword."

It would seem that, at a very early age, Charles had imbibed that love for the ridiculous, and that aversion to present inconvenience, to which fortune, fame, and empire, were afterwards made subservient. This is amusingly illustrated by the following brief correspondence. The Queen's note is of itself a curiosity, as being one of the very few letters of Henrietta, in the English tongue, which have been handed down to us. It is written entirely in her own hand:—

"CHARLES,

"I am sore that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I hear that you will not take physic. I hope it was only for this day, and that to-morrow you will do it, for if you will not I must come to you and make you to take it, for it is for your health. I have given order to my Lord Newcastle to send me word to-night whether you will or not; therefore, I hope you will not give me the pains to go; and so I rest

"Your affectionate mother,

"HENRIETTE MARIE R."

"To my dear Son the Prince."

We can scarcely doubt but that Charles had his

mother's remonstrance in his thoughts, in writing, about the same period, the following note to his governor, the Earl of Newcastle. It is written in the child's own hand, with lines ruled in pencil above and below :—

"My Lord,

"I would not have you take too much physic, for it doth always make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make haste to return to him that loves you.

"To my Lord of Newcastle."* "Charles P."

The nobleman to whom this note was addressed, was William Cavendish, Earl, and afterwards Duke, of Newcastle, a stately and foolish personage, if we may judge from the inflated encomiums of his Duchess, but sufficiently respectable in the field of arms. Charles was committed to his care on the 4th of June 1638, by an instrument which will be found in Rymer's Fœdera. He was then eight years old. Among other important charges to the Earl, it is curiously enough inserted that no "*lewd or suspected person*" shall presume to haunt near the abode where at the time the Prince may happen to be." On the 10th of August 1641, he was removed to the charge of William, Marquess of Hertford, under similar especial injunctions. How far these noblemen discharged the duties

* Harl. MSS. 6988; Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iii. p. 286, 287.

imposed upon them, the subsequent habits of Charles may lead us somewhat to question. His last tutor was the Earl of Berkshire, a man remarkable only for weakness and folly. He appears, by a passage of Lord Clarendon, to have been his governor at least as late as 1644.

Charles was early a witness of the miseries of his father, and the troubles of the period, and when only twelve years old, beheld from an eminence the battle of Edgehill. The Earl of Lindsey, as he passed to the battle, regarded him with great interest. "There," he said, "is a child born to end that war which we now begin." The King's body-guard having requested permission to charge in front of the line, the Prince, with his brother the Duke of York, were left almost entirely unattended. During the action, they were entrusted to Dr. William Harvey, the celebrated physician, and discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Harvey, having withdrawn them under the cover of a hedge, is related by Aubrey to have taken a book from his pocket, and, heedless of the roar of battle and the great stake which was being played in his neighbourhood, to have speedily become completely lost in meditation. A cannon ball, however, grazing the earth beside them, the philosopher shifted his position. "When the King," says Lord Clarendon, "discovered how doubtfully things stood, he commanded the Prince of Wales and

Duke of York, who were both very young, to withdraw to the top of the hill, attended only by his company of pensioners, and commanded Mr. Hyde to wait upon them and not depart from them. The preservation of those two Princes was a great blessing of that day; and they had not been long upon that hill, before the King sent order that they should go to Edgeworth, where his Majesty had laid the night before."

James the Second, many years afterwards, refers to his brother and himself having been present during the battle. In a letter to the first Lord Dartmouth, dated 11th of December, 1679, he writes,—"The old Earl of Dorset, at Edgehill, being commanded by the King, my father, to go and carry the Prince and myself up a hill out of the battle, refused to do it; and said he would not be thought a coward for ever a King's son in Christendom." This was Edward Sackville, Earl of Dorset, so well known from his famous duel with his friend Lord Bruce. He particularly distinguished himself at Edgehill, by the recovery of the royal standard, which had been captured by the enemy. After the execution of the King, he never quitted his house in Salisbury Court, London; but remained there a solitary recluse till his death, in 1652.

On the 4th of March, 1644, the Prince parted with his unhappy father at Oxford, for the last time. The day of his departure was a wet and

miserable one. He was scarcely fourteen, when, with the title of General, he was sent by his father into the western counties, with instructions that if closely pressed by the enemy, he should immediately make his escape to the Continent. The necessity of flight was soon apparent. Fairfax, with unexampled rapidity, was carrying his victorious arms into Devonshire and Cornwall; the Prince, therefore, obeyed the injunctions of his father, and retired in the first instance to Scilly, where he remained about six weeks; after which he passed over to Jersey, and eventually joined his mother at Paris in 1646. His residence at the French court was of short duration. He soon retired to the Hague, where he remained till the fears of the States' government compelled them to insist on his departure.

After the execution of Charles the First, the Scots, who had never proceeded to such extreme lengths as to advocate the justice of that terrible retribution, proclaimed his son the successor to the throne. They insisted, however, on some characteristic restrictions which were harsh and cruel in the extreme: moreover, their conduct was less owing to any feelings of returning loyalty, than to hatred of the English Independents. However, they invited him to Scotland with protestations of affection, and promises of support.

Taking leave of the Dutch Court in May 1649, the young King passed through Rotterdam, Breda,

Antwerp, and Brussells, and again joined his mother at Paris. But the terror of the English Parliament had by this time extended itself over the Continent, and the French showed themselves quite as uneasy at his visit, as the good-natured Dutch had formerly been. It was determined, therefore, that journeying through Normandy, he should, in the first instance, pass over to the loyal Island of Jersey, which still acknowledged his sovereignty. He arrived at this place in September 1649, with a retinue of three hundred persons, having on his quitting Paris only three hundred pistoles, with which to defray the expenses of his journey. His residence at Jersey was necessarily brief. The Parliament was diligently preparing a powerful fleet to reduce the island to obedience, and the young King was therefore again compelled to seek safety in flight. After a narrow escape from a storm he landed in France, from whence he proceeded to Breda.

At Breda, in March 1650, he met the Scotch Commissioners, and accepted the cold invitation and hard conditions which they imposed upon him. He then quitted that town, and on the 16th of June, having nearly completed his twentieth year, arrived without interruption in the Frith of Cromarty. The celebrated Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, accompanied him on board the ship which was to convey him to Scotland, and is said to have shed tears on bidding him farewell.*

* Heath's Chronicle, p. 268.

The temper and habits of the young King were but little suited to the unenviable situation in which he now found himself. He was treated by his Scotch subjects as a sort of state prisoner, without even the outward respect which is usually shown to greatness in affliction. Burnet says, "he was not so much as allowed to walk abroad on Sundays, and if at any time there had been any gaiety at court, such as dancing or playing at cards, he was severely reproved for it."

His own friends, and the faithful adherents of his father, were indiscriminately removed from his person: he had been compelled to sign the covenant even before he was permitted to land; his gaiety and good-humour were construed into the most heinous crimes; he had to take his part in all prayers and fastings; sermons were usually preached before him six times a day, and his parents were denounced in his presence, the one as a bloody tyrant, and the other as an infamous idolatress. His persecutors had even the brutality to affix to the house in which he was lodged in Edinburgh, one of the quarters of his slaughtered adherent, the gallant Montrose.

In a word, the life of the thoughtless and light-hearted Prince was a routine of daily misery and privation. Sermons and indignities were his only fare, and though ostensibly treated with every possible respect, and even approached by his fanatical subjects on the knee, yet that which bore

the name of a Court was but the cheerless scene of sour faces and canting brutality. Lord Lorne, the eldest son of the Marquess of Argyle, attended him day and night, and was a constant spy on all his actions. Eventually he was compelled to humble himself before a whole nation, and to sign those famous articles of repentance, in which he stigmatized the authors of his being as among the most infamous of mankind. He once attempted to escape, but was overtaken by Colonel Montgomery, and persuaded, or rather compelled, to return. The attempt was afterwards spoken of as "The Start." His coronation, which took place at Scone on the 1st of January 1651, though conducted with some magnificence, was after all little better than an insult. He was said to be the forty-eighth Scotch monarch who had been crowned in that venerable edifice.

The companion of his boyhood, the gay and unprincipled Duke of Buckingham, had been alone permitted to follow the strange fortunes of his young master. They were nearly of the same age, and the same love of pleasure and frolic influenced them both. We can imagine their looks of weariness during a ninth sermon, or the half-suppressed titter at some scene of particular absurdity. Fatigue, or their mutual passion for the ridiculous, could not always be disguised, and more than once they were reprimanded for their unseemly levity.

The Puritans, however, notwithstanding his occasional backslidings, deceived by the long faces and clever acting of the young King, believed that their favourite work of regeneration would eventually be perfected. But their eyes were opened by a simple circumstance, which nearly led the King into a serious scrape. The particulars are gracefully glided over by Hume, and we prefer giving such anecdotes in the language of a philosopher. "The King's passion for the fair," he says, "could not altogether be restrained. He had once been observed using some familiarities with a young woman, and a committee of ministers was appointed to reprove him for a behaviour so unbecoming a covenanted monarch. The spokesman of the committee, one Douglas, began with a severe aspect; informed the King that great scandal had been given to the godly; enlarged on the heinous nature of sin, and concluded with exhorting his Majesty, whenever he was disposed to amuse himself, to be more careful for the future in shutting the windows. This delicacy, so unusual to the place and to the character of the man, was remarked by the King, and he never forgot the obligation."

This can scarcely be the same story alluded to in some annals of the period. Charles, we are told, "being admitted to the sceptre of Scotland, at what time the scourge of English victory hung hourly over his head, though he was diligently

watched and observed by men of piety and virtue, could not forbear the satisfaction of his youthful inclinations to all manner of wantonness and lasciviousness; insomuch, that having in the year 1650, to the many fornications and adulteries which he then committed, added the perpetration of an attempt upon a modest and virtuous lady, he had incurred the general dissatisfaction of his best friends." These are broad assertions, and are doubtless greatly exaggerated. Certain it is, that after his return to the Continent from his Scotch expedition, the King continued politely and politicly to correspond with the ministers of the Scotch Church. Such of these letters as are extant, though possessing no internal interest, are at least sensible and pleasing; and as the reverend gentlemen, in all probability, took a pride in disclosing their contents to others, the royal cause was certainly not injured by the condescension: Charles, and those about him, were fully alive to such manœuvres. In a lampoon of the period we find: —

> In Scotland, where they seem to like the lad,
> If he 'll be more obsequious than his dad.

The defeat at Dunbar, as it compelled his tormentors to invest him with greater authority, is said to have been anything but displeasing to Charles. He would willingly have taken his share in the danger of the day, but having, during his previous visits to the army, made himself

much too popular with the soldiery, the clergy became jealous and forbade him the camp. The loss of the battle was attributed by the Presbyterian priesthood, in their prayers and fastings, to the anger of God at the iniquity of his father's house. At Stirling, the Sunday following, one Guthry, a minister, insisted energetically on the fact. "If his Majesty's heart," he said, "were as upright as David's, God would no more pardon the sins of his father's house for his sake, than he did the sins of the house of Judah for the goodness of Holy Josiah."*

It was shortly after the defeat of Dunbar, that Charles was allowed to place himself at the head of his Scottish troops. Fame and conquest were, however, out of the question. Cromwell was at his heels with a victorious army; his supplies were cut off, and he was harassed and surrounded on every side. It was in this juncture of his affairs that he formed the resolution, worthy of the race from which he sprung, of immediately marching his troops into the heart of England. He had hoped to have been everywhere joined by the royalists, but such was the prevailing terror of the established government, that but few flocked to his standard. David Lindsay, an experienced commander, and well acquainted with the disposition of his men, was unable to conceal his concern, and appeared sad and melancholy during

* Echard, vol. ii. p. 695.

the whole march. The young King, to whom a gloomy countenance was ever unpalatable, one day inquired of the Scotchman why he looked so sad? "Gallant, as this army looks," was the reply, "I know it well, and am satisfied it will not fight."

However, nothing could be more admirable than the conduct of the soldiers. "The King's army of Scots," says Richard Baxter, "was excellently well governed, in comparison of what his father's was wont to be. Not a soldier durst wrong any man of the worth of a penny, which much drew the affections of the people towards them." When he reached Worcester, his assembled forces amounted to no more than twelve thousand men. Of these there were about ten thousand Scotch and two thousand English. Cromwell was hastening after him with an efficient army of thirty thousand men.

CHAPTER II.

Battle of Worcester—Gallantry of Charles during the Action—his Flight — halts at White Ladies — disguises himself as a Woodman — separates from the Duke of Buckingham and his other Attendants — his Adventures the Day after the Battle — his Journey to Madely — Adventure with the Miller — Return to White Ladies. — Charles conceals himself in the Oak — his Hiding-place at Boscobel — he is conducted by the Penderells to Moseley — Meeting with Lord Wilmot—his admirable Disguise.

The battle of Worcester, in which Charles and Cromwell contended in person for the possession of power, was fought on the 3rd of September 1651, and lasted with various success for about four hours. So furious was the first onset of the Royalists, headed by Charles himself, that even Cromwell's invincible life-guards gave way before the shock. The English cavaliers and Scotch Highlanders distinguished themselves by the most desperate gallantry; but they were unsupported by the rest of the army. Lesley, with his three thousand horse, in the most unaccountable manner, remained a passive spectator in the rear. In the mean time the infantry had entirely

expended their ammunition, while Cromwell was momentarily bringing up fresh reserves to the charge. The King had his horse twice shot under him, and behaved with a coolness and valour, which called forth the encomiums even of Cromwell. He was one of the last who quitted the field, and even then, it was with difficulty he could be prevented from throwing away his life in some mad and desperate exploit.

Charles, finding retreat imperative, retired into the city of Worcester. The overturning of an ammunition waggon obstructing the entrance to the gate, he alighted from his horse and entered the town on foot. The enemy were now pouring in on all sides; the streets are described as running with blood; and the battle was still partially and fiercely contested in several places. Charles, having thrown away his heavy armour, and mounted a fresh horse, endeavoured to reanimate his harassed and bleeding followers. Riding up to them, with his hat in his hand, he passionately implored them to keep their ground and sell their lives as dearly as possible. Perceiving many of them throwing down their arms,—"I had rather," he said, "you should shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad effects of this day." Fortunately, when all hope appeared at an end, a check, which the Parliament forces received at one of the gates of the town, from the Earl of Cleveland,

the gallant Colonel Careless, and other cavaliers, enabled the King to make good his escape and gain the open country. Hobbes of Malmesbury, in his Behemoth, attributes his easy escape to there being none of the enemy's horse in the town to follow him: "The plundering foot," he says, "kept the gates shut, lest the horse should enter and have a share of the booty."*

The story of the wanderings of the young King, after the fatal battle of Worcester, his hair-breadth escapes, and eventually his "miraculous deliverance," are perhaps unexampled for their stirring interest in the annals of real romance. Attributing to Charles the credit of some slight sympathy with the sufferings of others; admitting, that he could not have reflected without some feelings of pity on the scene of slaughter and devastation which he had just quitted, or have heard without a sigh of the death and captivity of his most faithful adherents; — allowing even that he was alive to the common impressions of fear, suspense, and hunger, and we can imagine nothing more distressing than the condition of the hunted and houseless Charles. Miracles have not been wrought openly in our time, nor in that of our immediate forefathers; besides, we are unwilling to reconcile with the fortunes of a profligate, an especial departure of Providence from its settled

* Maseres's Tracts, Part ii. p. 620.

rules; nevertheless, in reviewing the circumstances of the King's wonderful deliverance, we can scarcely doubt that Providence was about his path and around his bed; that it led him forth from the land of captivity, and sheltered and preserved him for the furtherance of its ends.

Charles, taking the road to Kidderminster, about six in the evening, turned his back on the loyal city of Worcester. He was accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham, the Earls of Derby, Shrewsbury, and Cleveland, Lord Wilmot, and a small body of horse. They were in all about sixty persons. The intention was to escort the King to Scotland; but at Kinver Heath, a few miles from Kidderminster, their guide missing his way in the dark, the fugitives came to a stand. By this time, the King was overcome with the fatigues of the day, and expressed his anxiety for rest. Lord Derby told him that, after his own recent defeat at Wigan, he had met with shelter and kindness at a retired house in the neighbourhood, where his Majesty would also be sure of a welcome. This was the famous Boscobel House, secluded in a well-wooded country, between Tong Castle and Brewood, on the borders of Staffordshire and Shropshire. The house belonged to a staunch loyalist, Mrs. Cotton, but at this period was inhabited only by one William Penderell, a man of humble birth, and his wife.

The King, having consented to be thus disposed of, Mr. Charles Giffard, who resided in the neighbourhood, and who was fortunately one of the fugitives, undertook to be his guide. Their first alarm was in passing through Stourbridge, where a party of the Parliament's horse was quartered, but it was in the dead of the night, and they rode through the town stealthily and unperceived: about a mile beyond, the King quenched his thirst, and satisfied his hunger, at a cottage, with a crust of bread, the best fare that could be procured.

At White Ladies, the seat of the Giffards, the party again halted. This place was about twenty-six miles from Worcester, and within half a mile of Boscobel, and took its name from having been a monastery of Cistertian nuns, whose habit was of that colour. The day was now dawning, and, for the sake of greater security, the King's horse was led into the hall. George Penderell, a servant of the family, was hurried from his bed, and his brothers William, Humphrey, and Richard instantly sent for. William was the inhabitant of Boscobel; Humphrey was the miller to White Ladies; and Richard, who figures the most prominently of this faithful fraternity, lived close by at Hobbal Grange. Richard was the first to make his appearance, and was instantly despatched for a suit of his own clothes for the King. On his return, he and William were brought into the presence. The Earl of Derby,

addressing himself to the latter, imparted to him the importance of his trust,—"This," he said, "is the King; have a care of him and preserve him as thou didst me." The disguise of the royal person was next attended to. He was stripped of his buff-coat and his military accoutrements. His George he committed to Colonel Blague; his watch to Lord Wilmot, and his money he distributed among the servants. He then put on a "noggon coarse shirt," and a green suit and leather doublet, the woodman's garb of Richard Penderell. His face and hands he rubbed with the soot of the chimney. Lord Wilmot cut his hair with a knife, but made such sad havoc of it, that Richard Penderell was afterwards compelled to retouch it with his shears. The King told Richard to burn his hair, but the honest yeoman disobeyed the royal command for the first and only time, and retained it as a sacred memorial of his sovereign and his misfortunes.

In the mean time, those who had accompanied Charles, "with sad hearts but hearty prayers," prepared to take their departure: Lord Wilmot alone remained with his master, and was afterwards conducted by John Penderell, a fifth brother, to the house of Mr. Whitegrave in the neighbourhood. The remainder of the fugitives made their escape at the right moment. Within half an hour after their departure, Colonel Ashenhurst, with a troop of Parliamentary horse, paid a visit to the

house. The fugitives had wisely declined being made acquainted with the King's projects, lest fear might hereafter wring from them a disclosure. A little beyond Newport, they were surrounded by a powerful body of the enemy. The Duke of Buckingham, and Lords Talbot and Livingston, made their escape, but the Earls of Derby, Cleveland, and Lauderdale, as well as Giffard and others, were unfortunately taken prisoners. The Earl of Derby lost his head at Bolton, and Lauderdale remained a prisoner for many years.

While these events were passing in the neighbourhood, the King had been conducted by Richard Penderell through the back door of White Ladies, and having had a wood-bill placed in his hand, was concealed in a neighbouring wood called Spring Coppice; Humphrey and George lurking in the neighbourhood, and procuring all the information in their power. In this uncomfortable place, the rain falling in torrents, Charles continued the whole of the day which followed the battle. The Penderells, however, showed him all the kindness in their power. Richard procured him the luxury of a blanket, and Frances Yates, his wife's sister, visited him with a welcome meal of milk, eggs, and butter. Charles was somewhat alarmed to find a woman was in his secret. "Good woman," he said, "can you be faithful to a distressed cavalier?" He was much gratified at her simple answer. "Yes, sir," she re-

plied, "I will rather die than discover you." At night, he was carried by the four brothers to Richard's cottage at Hobbal Grange. Their old mother was overjoyed to see the King in safety, and hastened to prepare her eggs and bacon for his Majesty. This evening his disguise was much improved, and it was agreed that he should pass by the name of William Jones, and that it should be reported he had come into the neighbourhood in search of work.

Charles, believing that if he could pass the Severn and make good his escape into Wales, he there should be in no want of either friends or security, determined to proceed on his journey that same night. Fortunately, there resided at Madely, a place not far from the river, and about five miles from White Ladies, a Roman Catholic gentleman of the name of Woolf, who was well inclined to the royal cause. With this person Richard Penderell had some acquaintance, nor was it doubted he would afford an asylum to the King. Accordingly, about nine at night, Charles and his guide set out from Hobbal Grange on their hazardous expedition.

They had proceeded about two miles when they met with rather an alarming adventure. Their course compelled them to cross a small stream, over which was a wooden bridge, and close to it a water-mill. But the King's own account of his fright, as he afterwards related it to Pepys, will be more

acceptable. "Just as we came to the mill, we could see the miller, as I believed, sitting at the mill-door, he being in white clothes, it being a very dark night. He called out, 'Who goes there?' Upon which Richard Penderell answered, 'Neighbours, going home,' or some such like words. Whereupon the miller cried out, 'If you be neighbours, stand, or I will knock you down.' Upon which, we believing there was company in the house, the fellow bade me follow him close, and he ran to a gate that went up a dirty lane up a hill, and, opening the gate, the miller cried out, 'Rogues! rogues!' And thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, which I believed were soldiers: so we fell a running, both of us, up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep and very dirty, till at last I bade him leap over a hedge, and lie still to hear if anybody followed us; which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half an hour, when, hearing nobody come, we continued our way." Charles used often to observe afterwards, that, in the darkness of the night, he was more than once in danger of missing his guide: however, he added, the rustling of Richard's calves'-skin breeches was my best direction.

They reached Woolf's residence about midnight. The family had retired to rest, but Richard knocking at the door, it was opened by Mr. Woolf's daughter. They found the old gentleman in great

solicitude about his son, whom he had ascertained to be a prisoner of the Parliament. For himself, he said, he was unwilling to risk his safety for any one but the King. On this, Penderell confided to him that it was his Majesty himself who claimed his hospitality. The heart of the old man opened, and he treated them with every possible kindness. He added, however, that he was sorry to see his sovereign in this part of the country; that there were two companies of militia in the town of Madeley; that the bridges and ferry-boats were so closely watched, that it would be unsafe to pass the river; and, further, that the hiding-places in his own house — the priest's holes as they were called — had been recently discovered by the authorities; that they might be searched at any moment; and therefore, that the only hope of effecting his Majesty's concealment was by lodging him among the straw in his barn, or in some similar uncomfortable lurking-place.

Accordingly, having passed an hour or two in the house, where he was kindly and hospitably regaled, towards morning the King and his trusty adherent were hurried among the straw, where the fugitive passed the second day of his wanderings. At night, they were visited by Mrs. Woolf, who supplied them with food, and effectually stained the King's face and hands with walnut-juice. Finding the passage of the Severn impracticable, about eleven o'clock at night they

retraced their journey on foot, and returned to the neighbourhood of White Ladies. In their way back they did not forget their enemy the miller. "As we came by the mill," says Charles, "we had no mind to be questioned a second time there; and therefore, asking Richard Penderell whether he could swim or no, and how deep the river was, he told me it was a scurvy river, not easy to be passed in all places, and that he could not swim. So I told him that the river being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over. Upon which we went over some closes to the river side, and I, entering the river first, to see whether I could myself go over, who knew how to swim, found it was but a little above my middle; and thereupon, taking Richard Penderell by the hand, I helped him over." They found themselves in Boscobel wood about five in the morning, and, while the King lurked in its thickets, Richard proceeded in search of tidings, and to ascertain the number of soldiers who were in the vicinity.

At the house of John Penderell they learned that the gallant Careless (who was said to have seen the last man killed at Worcester) was concealing himself in the neighbourhood. Charles instantly sent for him, and the meeting was an affectionate one. They breakfasted together in John's cottage on bread and cheese, after which, some attention was paid to the King's feet, which had been much

galled by his journey to Madeley. Careless pulled off his shoes and stockings, which were found full of stones and gravel. They then washed his feet with warm water, and as there were no other shoes in the house, old Mrs. Penderell put some hot embers in those of the King, and thus effectually dried them.

It was evident, from the number of soldiers who were scouring the neighbourhood, that either to remain in the cottage or in the wood would be alike attended with danger. It was proposed, therefore, by Colonel Careless, that they should carry with them some bread and cheese and small beer, and conceal themselves among the branches of the thickest oak they could find. In this position the King passed the third day of his wanderings. It was by far the most critical situation in which he had yet found himself. From his insecure hiding-place, he could perceive the soldiers, "the red-coats," as they were called, searching in all directions for him, while some of them even approached so closely as to enable him to overhear their discourse. Overcome, however, by his recent fatigues, a portion of these agonizing hours was passed in a disturbed sleep. With the King's head resting on his lap, Colonel Careless watched over the slumbers of his young master, and prevented the possibility of his fall.

At night, it was thought safe to conduct the King to Boscobel House, where, having been shown

the hiding-place of the unfortunate Earl of Derby, he was so satisfied of its security that he was determined, he said, to spend no more days in the oak.

The priest's hole at Boscobel, a place of concealment which was formerly to be found in most of the mansions of Roman Catholic families, was a closet of about five feet square. It was built between two walls into the principal stack of chimneys communicating above with the state bedroom, and below, by a small door, with the garden; — thus affording two chances of escape. There was also another hiding-place at Boscobel, in the floor of the garret, but this was apparently not made use of either by the King or Derby. As it was long since Charles had experienced the luxury of a bed, the priest's hole, however gloomy and confined, was hailed by the harassed fugitive as anything but a disagreeable resting-place.

Before retiring to rest, Charles had an interview with Humphrey Penderell, the miller. The poor fellow had been at Shifnal during the day, for the purpose of paying his taxes, but having been recognised and carried before the authorities, was examined regarding the King's recent visit to White Ladies, which had now become generally known. The reward for the discovery of the King was a thousand pounds, and the punishment for concealing him "death without mercy." The high-minded yeoman was alike deaf to threats

and temptation, and, like his gallant brothers, remained true to the last.

Charles, seating himself close to the small door, which led to his hiding-place in the chimney-stack, spent the fourth day of his wanderings in the garden of Boscobel. Dispirited as the young King may be presumed to have been, his appetite at this period appears to have been as excellent as the culinary resources of the Penderells proved scanty and indifferent. To remedy this evil, early in the morning before the King had risen, Careless, accompanied by William Penderell, repaired to a sheep-fold in the neighbourhood, and sticking his dagger into one of the fattest of the animals, William brought it home on his back. Charles himself assisted at the cooking. Sending for a knife and a trencher, he cut a portion of the leg into slices and laying them on the frying-pan, with the addition of some butter, applied himself seriously to his interesting occupation. When Careless afterwards joined Charles's little court on the Continent, the King reminded him gaily of their morning's work, and appealing to the bystanders, inquired which of the two should be considered the master-cook. The courtiers of course gave it in favour of his Majesty. It must be remarked, that one of the Penderells afterwards offered to remunerate the owner of the slaughtered sheep. Ascertaining, however, that it had been sacrificed to appease the hunger of a

suffering cavalier, the man positively refused all recompense whatever. The yeomen of England, the Penderells and their class, must formerly have been a noble race!

In the mean time, Lord Wilmot had remained in perfect security at Moseley, (the house of Mr. Whitegrave, a recusant,) about five miles from Boscobel. The King, aware of his vicinity, and being desirous of enjoying the society of his companion in adversity, expressed a strong wish that they might again meet. Accordingly, it was agreed that, as soon as night set in, the King should proceed to Moseley, where Lord Wilmot appointed to meet him in one of Mr. Whitegrave's fields. As Charles had suffered severely in his feet from his late journey to the Severn, Humphrey Penderell's mill-horse was put in requisition for his use. The whole of the affectionate fraternity, accompanied by their brother-in-law Yates, and armed with good pike-staves and one or two pistols, formed the King's body-guard on the occasion. Bidding a melancholy farewell to the gallant Careless, he mounted his wretched charger. Two of the brothers marched before him, while one walked on each side; the other three following at some distance behind. They, of course, took their way by the most solitary paths. The King complaining that Humphrey's mill-horse went somewhat roughly and heavily,—"Can you blame the horse, my liege?" said the miller, "that he

goes heavily, when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back!" At Penford Mill, a short distance from their destination, it was thought expedient that the party should disperse. Humphrey, William, and George, returned with the horse, while the King, with Richard and John, followed the foot-path to Moseley. The three brothers had already retraced their journey a few steps, when Charles suddenly called them back, and, giving them his hand to kiss, said, — "My troubles make me forget myself: I thank you all."

In the field which had been selected for his meeting with Lord Wilmot, the King merely found Mr. Whitegrave, his future host, and one Huddlestone, a Roman Catholic priest, whom the former maintained as a tutor to his sons, and who, singularly enough, afterwards administered the sacrament of extreme unction to Charles, when dying amidst the splendours of Whitehall. Lord Wilmot, having remained a sufficient time in the field to despair of the King's arrival, had again retreated to his hiding-place in the priest's-hole at Moseley. Whitegrave, who as yet had entertained no idea of the King being in the neighbourhood, had merely expected to receive some suffering cavalier as his guest, and as the rain was falling in torrents, and the night extremely dark, it was not till they entered the house, that he was made aware he was in the presence of his

sovereign. Whitegrave afterwards drew up an account of the events of the night, in which he thus describes his first interview with Charles:— "I saw them," he says, "coming up the long walk, which I speedily acquainted his lordship with, who wished me to stay at the orchard door, and to show him the way to the stairs, where my lord expected him with a light. When he came to the door, with the Penderells guarding him, he was so habited like one of them, that I could not tell which was he, only I knew all the rest: I could scarce put off my hat to him, but he, discovering the stairs by the light, immediately went to them, where his lordship expected him, and took him up to his chamber. Then I took the Penderells into the buttery to eat and drink, that I might despatch them away and secure the house. But ere they had done, my lord sent Huddlestone down to me, desiring me to come up, which accordingly I did, and coming at the chamber door, his Majesty and my lord being both at a cupboard's head nigh to it, talking, his lordship said to me,—'This gentleman under disguise, whom I have hitherto concealed, is both your master and mine, and the master of us all, to whom we all owe our duty and allegiance:' and so, kneeling down, he gave me his hand to kiss and bid me rise, and said, he had received from my lord such a character of my loyalty and readiness in those dangers to assist him and his

friends, that he would never be unmindful of me or mine; and the next after was, 'Where is the private place my lord told me of?' which being already prepared and showed him, he went into it, and when come forth, said it was the best place he was ever in. Then he returning to his chamber, sitting down by the fire-side, we pulled off his shoes and stockings and washed his feet, which were most sadly galled; and then pulled off likewise his apparel and shirt, which was of burden cloth, and put him on one of Mr. Huddlestone's and other apparel of ours. Then, after he had refreshed himself a little by eating some biscuit and drinking a glass of wine, he grew very cheerful and said,—'If it would please God to send him once more an army of ten thousand good and loyal soldiers and subjects, he feared not to expel all those rogues forth of his kingdom.' Then, after an hour's discourse or more, he was desirous of reposing himself on a bed that night."

After Charles had retired to rest, Lord Wilmot held a consultation with his host. "If the rebels," he said, "should suspect your harbouring any of the King's party, and should therefore put you to any torture for confession, be sure you discover me first; which may perhaps stop their further search and preserve the King." The dress of the royal fugitive at this period has been minutely described. It consisted of a "leathern doublet with pewter buttons; a pair of old green breeches,

and a coat of the same green; a pair of his own stockings, with the tops cut off, because embroidered, and a pair of stirrup stockings which were lent him at Madeley; a pair of old shoes, cut and slashed to give ease to his feet; an old grey greasy hat without a lining, a noggen shirt of the coarsest linen; his face and his hands made of a reeky complexion by the help of the walnut-tree leaves." Some well-meaning person had injudiciously inserted paper between his toes to prevent them from galling; the remedy, however, had the opposite effect. From some natural cause, too, his nose bled more than once during this period, and the fact may, perhaps, be worth recording, that the tattered and dirty handkerchief, which he used on such occasions, was long preserved by a Mrs. Brathwayte as a charm against the King's evil.

CHAPTER III.

Boscobel searched by the Parliamentary Soldiers — their Visit to Moseley.— Charles removes to Bentley — rides "double" as a Servant before Miss Lane — his Awkwardness in his new Character — Adventure with the Blacksmith at Bromsgrove — employed to wind the Meat-jack at Longmarston — Arrival at Abbotsleigh — recognised by Pope, a Butler. — Journey to Trent. — Cavalier Family of the Wyndhams — their affectionate Loyalty. — Rejoicings at the King's reported Death. — Charles listens to them from his Hiding-place — removes to Charmouth — disappointed in his Hopes of Escape — his narrow Escape at Lyme — nearly recognized by an Ostler. — Parliamentary Soldiers in pursuit of him — quartered with the Enemy's Troopers at Broad Windsor — Journey to Hele — Arrival at Brighthelmstone — Charles escapes to France.

NOTHING could be more fortunate than the King's departure from Boscobel at this juncture. The following day, the old house was visited by the Parliamentary soldiers, who not only plundered William Penderell of his homely fare, but threatened the honest woodman with instant death should he withhold from them any intelligence he might possess. It is needless to say he remained true to his trust.

The day of his arrival at Mr. Whitegrave's, as well as that which succeeded it, the King passed in the house of that gentleman. On the morning of the second day, however, he received the alarming information, that some soldiers were in his immediate neighbourhood, and within a few hours they actually made their appearance at the door. Charles had been passing the day in watching the road from Wolverhampton from a small closet over the porch, and had more than once witnessed his own wretched and straggling followers begging their bread at the gate. But when the enemy actually appeared under his window, we can readily imagine the nature of his sensations. He instantly retreated to his hiding-place. In the mean time, Mr. Whitegrave had opened all his doors, and presented himself boldly before the soldiers. It was imagined by the intruders that the latter had been present at Worcester fight, but his evident ill state of health, and the testimony of his neighbours, convinced them that they were mistaken. They departed without even ascending the stairs, or insisting on any examination of the premises.

During the previous night, Lord Wilmot had repaired to the residence of Colonel Lane, at Bentley, whither it was proposed that the King should next remove. Accordingly, everything having been prepared for his reception in that loyal family, on the second night of the King's resi-

dence in Mr. Whitegrave's family, Colonel Lane came in person to Moseley, in order to conduct his Majesty to his new retreat. Charles took leave of his host, and the priest Huddlestone, with every expression of gratitude; directing them to a merchant in London, who would supply them with money, and find means for their removal to the Continent, should suspicion hereafter fall on them. He did not forget his hostess.—"He sent me," says Whitegrave, "for my mother to come and take leave of him; who, bringing with her some raisins, almonds, and other sweet-meats, which she presenting to him some, whereof he was pleased to eat, and took some with him; afterwards, we all kneeling down, and praying Almighty God to bless, prosper, and preserve him, he was pleased to salute my mother and give her thanks for his kind entertainment; and then giving his hand to Mr. Huddlestone and myself to kiss, (saying, if it pleased God to restore him he would never be unmindful of us,) he took leave and went, conducted by Mr. Huddlestone and myself, to the colonel, and thence to his horses expecting him, where, he having got on horseback, we kneeled and kissed his hand again, offering all our prayers for his safety and preservation: Mr. Huddlestone putting on him a cloak of his to keep him from cold and wet, which afterwards, by the Colonel's order, was sent to me, we took leave." Charles arrived in safety the same night at Bentley.

Colonel Lane's project was to convey the King to Bristol, (a journey of a hundred miles,) where he was known to have many adherents, and whence it was hoped he might obtain a passage to the Continent. Fortunately, the Colonel's sister, Miss Jane Lane, a young lady of considerable personal accomplishments, had recently obtained a Parliamentary pass to convey herself and friends to the neighbourhood of that mercantile city. Her object was to visit a near relation, who was on the eve of her confinement; it was decided, therefore, that the King should personate a servant and ride "double" before the young lady. The remainder of the party consisted of her cousin, a Mr. Lascelles, and his wife, as well as a Mr. and Mrs. Petre. The next morning, the seventh of the King's adventures, after a few hours' rest, he appeared in his new dress and character. His name was changed from William Jones to William Jackson; and instead of his woodman's dress he was clad in the grey cloth of a country serving-man.

The cavalcade being ready to start, old Mrs. Lane, who knew nothing of the rank of the new servant, descended to the court-yard in order to witness her daughter's departure. The Colonel hinted to Charles that he should offer his sister his hand and assist her to mount. This he accordingly did, with his hat in his hand, but with such awkwardness, or rather perhaps with such ignorance of the duties of a serving-man, that it

attracted the old lady's attention. Turning to the Colonel with a smile,—"What a goodly horseman," she said, "my daughter has got to ride before her." The party, however, set forward on their hazardous journey; Lord Wilmot riding boldly before them, with a hawk on his fist and spaniels by his side, pretending to be a mere stranger in pursuit of his sport.

This day was an eventful one. The first accident occurred at Bromsgrove, where Miss Lane's horse losing its shoe, it was necessary, in his capacity of servant, that Charles should take it to be shod. His account of his conference with the blacksmith is curious. — "As I was holding the horse's foot," said the King, "I asked the smith what news. He told me that there was no news that he knew of, since the good news of the beating of the rogues the Scots. I asked him whether there were none of the English taken that joined with the Scots. He answered, that he did not hear that that rogue Charles Stuart was taken; but some of the others, he said, were taken, but not Charles Stuart. I told him, that if that rogue were taken he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said I spoke like an honest man, and so we parted."

At Wotton, not far from Stratford, the travellers proposed to ford the river Avon. On a sudden, however, they came in sight of a troop of cavalry

who were resting on their route, and whom they could plainly perceive lying on the ground, with their horses grazing beside them. Petre took fright, and, turning back, rode into the town another way, but the King proceeded confidently forward, and fortunately escaped unquestioned. At night they rested at Mr. Tomb's at Longmarston, about four miles from Stratford; the King, in support of his borrowed character, being compelled to confine himself to the kitchen. In the course of the evening, the cook, who was busy preparing supper for the drawing-room guests, roughly desired the supposed William to wind up the jack. This simple act he performed so awkwardly that the woman flew into a passion,— "What country-man are you," she said, "that you know not how to wind up a jack?" The King answered meekly, — "I am a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane in Staffordshire: we seldom have roast meat, but when we have, we don't make use of a jack."

After a journey of twenty-four miles, the party arrived the next night at the Crown Inn, at Cirencester, where the King, pretending to be suffering from ague, was allowed to retire to rest. An uncomfortable truckle bed had been prepared for him in the same chamber with Mr. Lascelles, but as soon as they were alone they changed places. The next night they arrived safely at Abbotsleigh, the house of Miss Lane's relation, Mr. Norton,

where it was expected their journey would terminate.

At Abbotsleigh, by means of again counterfeiting a fit of the ague, the King obtained a better accommodation than his presumed condition in life would otherwise have entitled him to. Eventually, however, it was considered necessary to entrust Mr. and Mrs. Norton with the secret, in consequence of which the King was committed to the care of Pope, the butler, who was told he was a son of one of Colonel Lane's tenants, and was enjoined to treat him with kindness. The next morning Charles had a narrow escape from discovery. "I arose pretty early," he says, "having a very good stomach, and went to the buttery-hatch to get my breakfast, where I found Pope and two or three other men in the room, and we all fell to eating bread and butter, to which he gave us very good ale and sack. And as I was sitting there, there was one that looked like a country fellow sat just by me, who, talking, gave so particular an account of the battle of Worcester to the rest of the company, that I concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers. But I asking him, how he came to give so good an account of that battle? he told me he was in the King's regiment, by which I thought he meant one Colonel King's regiment. But questioning him further, I perceived that he had been in my regiment of guards, in Major Broughton's company, that was my major in the

battle. I asked him what kind of a man I was? To which he answered by describing exactly both my clothes and my horse; and then, looking upon me, he told me that the King was at least three fingers taller than I. Upon which I made what haste I could out of the buttery for fear he should indeed know me, as being more afraid, when I knew he was one of our own soldiers, than when I took him for one of the enemy's. So Pope and I went into the hall, and just as we came into it, Mrs. Norton was coming by through it; upon which I, plucking off my hat, and standing with my hat in my hand as she passed by, Pope looked very earnestly in my face; but I took no notice of it, put on my hat again and went away, walking out of the house into the field."

Pope, it seems, had formerly been a servant of Thomas Jermyn, groom of the bed-chamber to Charles, when the latter was a boy at Richmond: he had also served as a soldier in the western counties, during the time the young King, then Prince of Wales, had been sent thither for safety by his father; and he was consequently well acquainted with the royal person. Immediately, therefore, that they were alone, the honest butler threw himself on his knees, and with tears in his eyes, expressed his delight at seeing his Majesty in health and safety. Charles endeavoured to laugh off the matter, and persisted in denying his identity: Pope, however, was not to be deceived, and Charles,

at length, finding concealment impracticable, gave him his hand to kiss, and freely admitted him to a confidence, which he never afterwards had reason to regret.

The same night, Lord Wilmot, who was lurking in the neighbourhood, was introduced by Pope into the King's presence. In the course of their conference, it was decided that Wilmot should forthwith proceed to the house of Colonel Wyndham, at Trent in Somersetshire, and prepare the head of that loyal family for a visit from his sovereign. Wilmot immediately commenced his journey, and on opening the delicate subject to the Colonel, the answer of the cavalier was such as might have been expected. "Not only," he said, "am I ready to *venture* life, family, and estate, but even to *sacrifice* them all for his Majesty's service." He requested permission, however, to impart the secret, not only to his mother and wife, but to four servants of his family, on whose fidelity he could rely. This concession having been made by Wilmot, it was understood that in three days he might expect his Majesty at Trent.

But on the eve of the King's proposed departure, it happened unfortunately that his hostess, Mrs. Norton, miscarried of a still-born child. Under such circumstances it was deemed imprudent, and indeed indelicate, that her nearest relative, Miss Lane, should quit the house, unless with some important and ostensible motive. Sub-

sequently, a fictitious letter was composed, purporting to convey to the young lady the news of the alarming illness of her aged father. The letter was delivered by Pope, at supper time, at which period there happened to be present some guests of the Nortons', attracted, probably, to Abbotsleigh by the situation of the lady of the house. Jane Lane performed her part admirably, and everything having been prepared for their departure over-night, the next morning, the King, seated on horseback before his fair companion, set out on his journey to Trent. It may be remarked, that so secure appeared to be his position at Abbotsleigh, that he once confidently presented himself as a spectator at a game of fives.

The journey to Trent occupied two days, Charles passing the first night at Castle Cary. About the time it was reasonable to expect him, Colonel Wyndham and his Lady, on the pretext of a walk, went forth to meet him. At the first sight of the Colonel,—"Frank, Frank," said the King, joyously, "how dost thou do?" But it was neither the time nor the place for particular greetings, and while Colonel Wyndham formally conducted Miss Lane and Mr. Lascelles into the house, Charles was introduced by a trust-worthy domestic through a more private and humble entrance. The following day Miss Lane took leave of the King and returned to her own home.

The inmates of Trent House present an inter-

esting picture of a cavalier family. The old Lady Wyndham insisted on giving up her own apartment to the King, there being contiguous to it a small secret apartment admirably adapted for concealment. But every one was trust-worthy within those loyal walls, and there was little need of a hiding-place. Lady Wyndham's speech to her Sovereign on his becoming her guest is deservedly famous. "I account it," she said, "my highest honour, that I have had three sons and one grand-child slain in the defence of your father, and that in my old age I should be instrumental in the preservation of yourself." But an anecdote, which Colonel Wyndham himself related to Charles, is even more striking. His father, he said, a little before his death, had called his five sons into his presence, and enjoined them, as a dying man, to remain true to their King;—he foresaw, observed the old Cavalier, that troubles were coming, and that the corruption of manners and the prevalence of Puritanism would undermine the pillars of the State:—"My sons," he proceeded, "we have hitherto seen serene and quiet times, but now prepare yourselves for clouds and storms. I command you to honour and obey your gracious sovereign, and in all times to adhere to the crown. *I charge you never to forsake the crown, though it hang upon a bush.*" The death of three of them on the field of battle, is a sufficient evidence that the solemn injunction was not disre-

garded. "These last words," said Colonel Wyndham, "made so deep an impression on all our breasts, that the numerous afflictions of these sad times could never efface their indelible characters."

Charles remained at Trent several days, and as his object was to escape beyond sea, it was necessary, in order to provide the means, that the secret should be imparted to more than one person. Among those whom it was thought prudent to trust, was Colonel Giles Strangways, a loyalist, residing about four miles from Trent. Strangways, however, regretted his want of knowledge of seafaring people, but sent back a hundred pounds in gold, an article of which the King stood greatly in need. About the same period, some unusual rejoicings, such as bonfires and ringing of bells, were heard in the village. Charles, inquiring the cause, was informed that it was on account of the joyful news of his own death, which had been brought by some of the Parliamentary soldiers. "Alas, poor people!" was his only observation. It was asserted by one of the new-comers that he had killed the King with his own hand; and in corroboration he produced a buff coat, which he affirmed he had stripped from the royal corpse.

By means of one Captain Ellesdon of Lyme, who had formerly served in the royal army, and who had been already instrumental in the escape of Sir John Berkeley, it was hoped a vessel might eventually be obtained for the conveyance of

Charles out of the kingdom. As it was thought impolitic, however, to entrust Ellesdon with a secret of so much importance, he was merely told that Lord Wilmot, having escaped from the battle of Worcester, would gladly pay the sum of sixty pounds for the conveyance of himself and his servant into France. Ellesdon having been enlisted in the cause, applied himself to one Limbry of Charmouth, the master of a coasting vessel, who willingly acceded to the offers that were made to him. Accordingly, the night of the twenty-second of September was fixed upon for the King's embarkation from Charmouth, and as it was necessary that an apartment should be provided in the latter town, Henry Peters, a servant of Colonel Wyndham's, was despatched thither for the purpose, and adroitly performed his commission. Applying himself to the hostess of a small inn, after presenting her with some money and pledging her in a bumper of wine,—"He was a servant," he said, "to a worthy nobleman who was deeply in love with a young lady, without father or mother, who was as much in love with him, but her guardian unjustly opposing the marriage, he resolved to steal her away by night; would she, therefore, entertain them for some hours in her house?" Either the money or the romance softened her heart, and the woman gave an unqualified consent.

On the morning of the appointed day the King

departed for Charmouth. It had been previously arranged that he should ride double before Juliana Coningsby, a niece of Lady Wyndham, who was probably intended to personate the runaway bride. Colonel Wyndham accompanied them on the journey, while Lord Wilmot and the servant Peters, travelled within a convenient distance.

But Charles was destined to be disappointed. While the Colonel and his servant watched in vain on the beach for Limbry's vessel, the King sat up the whole night in his lodgings with Lord Wilmot. At length, naturally apprehending that treachery was intended, it was decided that the King, with Wyndham and Juliana Coningsby, should retreat to Bridport, while Lord Wilmot remained at the inn, and Peters went in search of Ellesdon, to ascertain the secret of their disappointment. The circumstances afterwards transpired. Limbry, it seems, to the last moment had kept his wife in ignorance that he was about to sail; but his sudden preparations for the voyage, and his evasive answers to her inquiries at length aroused her suspicions. But that which principally excited her apprehension was the proclamation, which had that day been published in Lyme, offering a thousand pounds to whoever should betray the King, and condemning to instant death whoever should harbour the fugitive. According to Ellesdon's written account, she threatened to give information to the authorities, and

after using menaces, tears, and entreaties, to no purpose, at length effectually secured her husband's safety by locking him up in his room.

The King's situation had never been more perilous than at this period. The projected expedition against Guernsey and Jersey filled the port of Lyme with his fanatical enemies, and when he reached Bridport, it was discovered to be their head-quarters, and full of soldiers. Wyndham was much alarmed at the discovery, and hesitated how to advise his master. But Charles had promised Lord Wilmot to meet him at Bridport, and he was unwilling to disappoint him; besides, he seems to have been invariably the least subject to apprehension of any about him:—the best thing, he said, was to push impudently amongst them, and to inquire boldly for rooms at the principal inn. "So," he says, "we rode directly into the best inn of the place and found the yard very full of soldiers. I alighted, and, taking the horses, thought it the best way to go blundering in amongst them, and led them through the middle of the soldiers into the stable; which I did, and they were very angry with me for my rudeness."

Whilst engaged in his office of groom, he was not a little startled by an observation of an ostler:—"Surely," said the man, looking steadfastly at the King, "I have seen your face before." Charles preserved the calm expression of his countenance, and his presence of mind did not desert

him: but he shall relate the adventure in his own words. "As soon as I came into the stable, I took the bridle off the horses, and called the ostler to me to help me, and to give the horses some oats. And as the ostler was helping me to feed the horses, 'Sure, sir,' says the ostler, 'I know your face?' which was no very pleasant question to me. But I thought the best way was to ask him where he had lived—whether he had always lived there or no. He told me that he was but newly come thither; that he was born in Exeter, and had been ostler in an inn there, hard by one Mr. Potter's, a merchant, in whose house I had lain in the time of the war: so I thought it best to give the fellow no further occasion of thinking where he had seen me, for fear he should guess right at last; therefore I told him, 'Friend, certainly you have seen me then at Mr. Potter's, for I served him a good while, above a year.' 'Oh!' says he, 'then I remember you a boy there;' and with that was put off from thinking any more on it, but desired that we might drink a pot of beer together, which I excused by saying that I must go wait on my master, and get his dinner ready for him; but told him that my master was going for London, and would return about three weeks hence, when he would lie there, and I would not fail to drink a pot with him." In the mean time Lord Wilmot had arrived in the town, and had unfortunately put up at another inn. Peters, however,

had discovered the King's quarters, and it was agreed that the party should re-assemble the same day in the outskirts of the town.

The result of their consultation was a determination to return to Trent by the nearest way. Turning, therefore, off the London and Dorchester road, they proceeded in the direction of Yeovil; a fortunate step, as it afterwards proved, for a troop of Republican horse was already in hot pursuit of them. Lord Wilmot, it seems, previous to leaving Charmouth, had sent his horse to one Hammet, a blacksmith, to be shoed. The smith was an officious person, and inquired of the ostler from whence its owner had last journeyed. The reply was, from Exeter. "I dare swear," said the knowing artisan, "that these shoes were put on in the North." Satisfied of this circumstance in his own mind, and coupling it with the testimony of the ostler, that the party had arrived in the night-time,—that the servant had been mysteriously despatched on some distant errand,—and that, though travellers, the rider and his friend had sat up all night;—it was concluded they were fugitives from Worcester, and that it was not impossible the King might be one of them. The blacksmith instantly went in search of a Puritan preacher, one Westley, a weaver, who seems to have been the oracle of the place. This person, however, was edifying his congregation at the

time, and either the blacksmith did not wish, or did not dare to interrupt him. In the mean time, Lord Wilmot, unconscious of his danger, had mounted his horse and ridden away.

As soon as the weaver had finished his harangue, having received a hint of what had transpired during his lecture, he hastened to the inn, and commenced cross-questioning the landlady. The woman, however, either having been well paid by her guests, or softened by the King's usual arts of charming the sex, was far from being forward in satisfying his curiosity. Captain Ellesdon, who was probably present, describes the scene in his letter to Lord Clarendon. "The parson," he says, "hastened to the inn, and saluted the hostess in this manner: 'Why, how now, Margaret? you are a maid of honour now.' 'What mean you by that, Mr. Parson?' quoth she. Said he, 'Why Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure; so that now you can't but be a maid of honour.' The woman began then to be very angry, and told him he was a scurvy-conditioned man to go about to bring her and her house into trouble. 'But,' said she, 'if I thought it was the King, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life; and so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or else I'll get those shall kick you out.' I have pre-

sented this discourse, adds Ellesdon, in the interlocutor's own words, by this means to make it more pleasant to your lordship."

Perceiving he should only waste his time by conversing further with this loyal virago, the preacher requested the blacksmith to follow him, and applied himself to the nearest magistrate. Here he again met with a rebuff, for the functionary, unwilling to incur ridicule by alarming the country on such slight evidence, treated the whole matter lightly and dismissed the applicant. One Captain Macy, however, who commanded the nearest out-post, was more easily wrought upon. He instantly ordered his troopers to mount, and galloped off on the road to Dorchester. But, as we have seen, the King had fortunately taken the road to the left, and thus unconsciously evaded his pursuers.

The night was passed by the royal party at the small village of Broad Windsor. A room had been procured in an upper story for the King, but he had scarcely been housed in safety, when they were alarmed by the arrival of a constable, with an order for billeting forty soldiers on their host. The house was soon thronged with these unwelcome intruders. Their close vicinity, and the disturbance usually made by such persons, were alone sufficient to deprive the King of rest. But, about midnight, one of the women who followed the camp was suddenly taken in labour.

Numbers of the village gossips flocked to offer their assistance and advice; and, added to the shrill tones of female voices, the parish officers commenced squabbling with the soldiers, on the hardship of having the child and its mother thus thrown upon their charge. The King is described as passing a sleepless night, and under the circumstances it was not to be wondered at. However, if the noise disturbed his slumbers, it at least distracted the soldiers from making inquiries respecting him.

The following day, the 24th of September, Charles once more found himself domesticated at Trent, but his situation had now become more perilous than it had been during his former visit. The story of the blacksmith, exaggerated no doubt as it passed from mouth to mouth, had had the effect of alarming the neighbourhood: moreover, the King's route had been already traced to the borders of Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, and there were reasons to believe his lurking-place was on their confines. The houses of the suspected, or as they were then denominated, the malignants, were rigorously searched, and among others, that of Sir Hugh Wyndham, the uncle of the master of Trent. The family were taken prisoners, and not a chest or a corner was left unsearched. It is curious to watch the weaknesses of human nature. The self-denying ordinance could not reach the heart, and the psalm-singing soldiery had the

failings of their fellows. 'The ruffians, we are told, "seized upon a lovely young lady, saying she was the King disguised in woman's apparel: nor would they let her go, till by some rude experiment they discovered their mistake." Such *mistakes* must have been more flattering to the King than agreeable to the young ladies. Probably the brutal prank was more than once resorted to. ..

Still, the family of Trent, though harassed by constant rumours of approaching dangers, continued unmolested. One day, however, a tailor of the village good-naturedly waited on Colonel Wyndham, conveying the disagreeable intelligence of a report being current among the neighbours, that some Worcester fugitives were concealed in his house. The remedy adopted by the inmates of Trent was ingenious enough. The following Sunday, Lord Wilmot undisguisedly accompanied his host to church as his relation; and, as Colonel Wyndham had never yet attended the popular worship, the Puritans were gratified at the circumstance, and believed him to have been converted to their principles. In the mean time Charles remained a close prisoner in the house; indeed, such strict precautions were found necessary, that on many occasions he was compelled to dress his own dinner;—a task, which, considering his lonely situation, probably afforded amusement rather than otherwise. Mrs. Wyndham, the wife of the Colonel, paid frequent visits to the neighbouring town

of Sherbourne in hopes of acquiring information. She seems, in her zeal, to have collected the most extraordinary stories, at which Charles is described as laughing heartily. After one of her visits to Sherbourne, she alluded to a current belief that three of the sovereigns of Europe were about to invade England, and to restore him to his throne. "It must be the three Kings of Cologne," said Charles, "for I know no others who are likely to assist me."

In the mean time, exertions were being made on the coast of Sussex, to procure a vessel for the King's escape. Lord Wilmot had been despatched to Salisbury, and having found friends in that town, (Mr. John Coventry, the son of the late Lord Keeper, and Dr. Henchman, afterwards Bishop of the see,) it was decided that the King should proceed in the first instance to Hele, (the residence of Mrs. Hyde, a zealous loyalist,) situated about three miles from Salisbury.

Accordingly, after a second residence of twelve days at Trent, on the 6th of October Charles again bent his way towards the coast. He was once more the companion of Juliana Coningsby, before whom, as the son of a tenant, he rode double; his other companion was Colonel Robert Philips, a person of undoubted loyalty, and to whom the features of the country were well known. Colonel Wyndham was anxious to be of the party, but as he was only incurring an unnecessary danger, the

King positively forbade his accompanying him. To all who had shown him kindness, Charles bade an affectionate farewell. But to old Lady Wyndham, especially, he showed that marked deference and respect, which her age and loyalty rendered her due.

The distance to Hele was about thirty miles, the journey of a single day. About noon, they stopped to dine at the small town of Mere. The landlord of the inn was a friend of Colonel Philips, and entered freely into discourse with the travellers. The conversation turning on the battle of Worcester. "It was believed," said their host, "that the King had disguised himself and taken refuge in London, and that several houses had been searched in consequence." At this Charles could not refrain from smiling. After dinner the host, warming with his liquor, inquired of him, "whether he was a friend to Cæsar?" The King assuring him that he was,—"Then here," he said, "is a health to King Charles." After pledging him in a bumper of wine, the King and Philips mounted their horses, and arrived the same night at Hele. Charles, after his restoration, made affectionate inquiries after "his honest host at Mere."

At Hele he sat down to supper with Dr. Henchman, and some guests who were accidentally in the house. Mrs. Hyde had already been made acquainted with his rank, and could with difficulty conceal her gratification at his safety, and

her respect for her illustrious guest. "She was so transported with joy and loyalty towards him, that at supper, though his Majesty was set at the lower end of the table, yet the good gentlewoman had much ado to overcome herself, and not to carve to him first; however, she could not refrain from drinking to him in a glass of wine, and giving him two larks, when others had but one." Mrs. Hyde's brother, without the least suspicion of his real rank, happened to enter into conversation with him, and was astonished at the answers of one apparently so humble in rank.

The next day it was considered advisable that the King should bid an ostensible farewell to his hostess. His journey, however, extended no further than to the gigantic fragments of Stonehenge, among which he rested securely till night set in, when he was again admitted to Mrs. Hyde's house by a private entrance. There was fortunately an excellent hiding-place at Hele, in which he remained six days, his food being constantly brought him by Mrs. Hyde and her sister.

In the mean time Lord Wilmot had sought out Colonel Gunter, a staunch loyalist, residing near Chichester, in Sussex, who succeeded in hiring a vessel for the wanderer. Gunter himself returned to Salisbury with Lord Wilmot. On the 13th of October, Charles, taking a grateful leave of his kind hostess, set off with Dr. Henchman on foot, and at Clarendon Park Corner, about two miles

distant from Hele, discovered Colonel Gunter and his brother anxiously awaiting his arrival. They had brought with them a brace of grey-hounds, as if their object had been to course on the downs, over which their destination led them. At night they rested at Hambledon, in Hampshire, at the house of a Mr. Symons, the Colonel's brother-in-law. Their host became not a little intoxicated, and in the course of conversation making use of a round oath, Charles, either playfully or in earnest, reproved him for the vice. This, and the circumstance of the King's hair being closely cropped, led him to imagine that his guest was a Puritan. "He was sure," he said, "he was some round-headed rogue's son." During the evening, however, the King's art of ingratiating himself in all societies, not only dissipated his dislike, but he seems to have taken his guest into especial favour.

The next day, after a journey of thirty-five miles, having encountered an unusual number of soldiers in their route, they arrived at Brighton, (then the small fishing village of Brighthelmstone,) where the party put up at a small public-house in West Street, since known by the sign of King Charles's Head. In the evening, the party at supper consisted of Charles, Lord Wilmot, Colonel Gunter, Mansel, (the latter, a merchant, who had been employed to procure a vessel,) and Tattersal, the man who commanded it. It was remarkable,

that both Tattersal, and Smith the landlord, instantly recognized the King's person. As soon as supper was at an end, the former called Mansel aside, and complained that he had deceived him. Mansel denying the fact, "I know he is the King," said the other, "for formerly he stopped my vessel, amongst others, in the Downs, but at our intercession let us go again. — But," he added, "do not be troubled at it, for I think I do God and my country good service in preserving the King, and, by the grace of God, I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safely on shore, if I can, in France." It was thought proper, however, to engage the man in drinking and smoking during the night, lest he might have an opportunity of consulting with his wife or others. Charles had already learnt an important lesson from his disappointment at Charmouth.

But the discovery made by Smith, the landlord, was even more embarrassing. "As I was standing," says Charles, "after supper by the fireside, leaning my hand upon a chair, and all the rest of the company being gone into another room, the master of the inn came in, and fell a talking with me, and just as he was looking about, and saw there was nobody in the room, he, upon a sudden, kissed my hand that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me, 'God bless you, wheresoever you go: I do not doubt, before I die, but to be a lord, and my wife a lady.' So I laughed, and

went away into the next room, not desiring then any further discourse with him; there being no remedy against my being known to him, and more discourse might have but raised suspicion. On which consideration, I thought it best to trust him in that manner, and he proved very honest."

About four o'clock in the morning, on the 15th of October, the party set out on horseback for the neighbouring village of Shoreham, from whence it was proposed that Charles should embark. The vessel had a cargo of coals, and was not above sixty tons in burden. It being low water, and the vessel lying dry, the King and Wilmot got into her by a ladder, and remained in the cabin till the tide served. The master followed Charles below, and, falling on his knees, told him that he knew him well; and added that he would risk all he possessed in the world to set him safe in France.

About seven o'clock they cleared out of port; but the master being ostensibly bound for Pool, it was necessary he should deceive the people of Shoreham, by coasting for some hours towards his presumed destination. The crew also were still in ignorance of the intended alteration in their course, and the captain, to secure himself, requested that the King would first speak to them on the subject of a foreign voyage. Accordingly, Charles took an opportunity of informing them that Lord Wilmot

and himself were two merchants escaping from their creditors; that money was owing to them at Rouen, which would extricate them from their difficulties; and, finally, giving them twenty shillings to drink, requested that they would intercede with the master to alter his course and carry them to France. The men willingly undertaking to second him, if he would make the first proposal, the difficulty was of course at an end. During the voyage the King sat principally on the deck, taking an interest in the navigation of the vessel. Heath relates an anecdote, that one of the sailors, of course ignorant of his rank, persisted in puffing tobacco smoke in the King's face. The master of the vessel desiring him harshly to move farther off, the man retorted with some warmth, that "a cat might look at a King."

At sunset they stood directly towards the coast of France, and the next morning came in sight of land; the tide, however, failing them, they were compelled to anchor for some time. Eventually, on the 16th of October 1651, they disembarked in the insignificant port of Fecamp, in Normandy, not far from Havre de Grace. From hence, having narrowly escaped being detained as vagrants, they proceeded to Rouen, whence they despatched a messenger to the French court with the news of his Majesty's escape. Charles used afterwards to mention, that so mean was his dress, and so suspicious his appearance, on his arrival at Rouen,

that the people carefully examined the rooms of the inn before he quitted them, to ascertain whether he had purloined any property. Having provided themselves with better clothes at Rouen, the travellers set off in a hired coach; and being met by the Queen-mother, and the Dukes of York and Orleans, with a suitable retinue, were conducted into Paris with every expression of joy.

Such is the story of Charles's adventures after the battle of Worcester. It was remarked, that during the period of his wanderings, which occupied the space of forty-three days, he had encountered more dangers than he had travelled miles. Considering the large reward which had been offered for his discovery, and, moreover, that those who were intrusted with the secret were chiefly persons of broken fortunes and mean birth, to whom such a bribe must have been highly tempting; remembering that a cruel death was threatened to those who harboured him; that more than forty persons* were at different periods acquainted with his place of concealment, and that among these were a large proportion of women, to whom communicativeness is generally an irresistible temptation, we cannot cease to be astonished at the fortunate result.

* According to Heath, as many as *fifty* individuals were, at different times, privy to the King's secret, but we have no record of the mention of more than forty.

CHAPTER IV.

Munificence of Charles to those who assisted him during his Wanderings. — Notice of the Penderells — of Jane Lane. — Pensions conferred on Colonel Wyndham and others. — Notices of the Houses visited by Charles—the Royal Oak.— Residence of Charles in France — at Spa — at Cologne—his splendid Reception in the latter Town — Poverty of his Court — his Habits and Amusements—his Love of Pleasure, and especially of Dancing — pays a Visit to Frankfort Fair — his Interview with the Queen of Sweden — Removes to Bruges — Profligacy of his Court — Plot against his Life — pays a clandestine Visit to the Hague — his Matrimonial Projects and Disappointments.

Of those who assisted the King in his need, a passing notice may not be unacceptable. The little that is known of their subsequent history tends, in some slight degree, to relieve the character of Charles from that sweeping charge of ingratitude, which has so frequently been brought against him.

Of the five noble-minded Penderells, the whole of the fraternity survived to the Restoration. They made their appearance at Court, where Charles gratefully acknowledged their services, and familiarly conversed with them. On Richard, and his heirs for ever, was conferred an annuity of five

hundred pounds, and on William Penderell, and on his heirs, a similar sum. On Humphrey, George, and John, and on their heirs for ever, was settled severally a hundred marks a-year, and on Elizabeth Yates, their sister, and on her descendents, an annuity of fifty pounds.

Richard Penderell, "trusty Dick," as he was styled, died on the 8th of February, 1671, and was buried in the parish church of St. Giles's in the Fields. His monument may still be seen in the church-yard; indeed, the author was assured, on a recent visit to the spot, that the descendants of the Penderells still continue to select St. Giles's church-yard for their burial-place. In his epitaph Richard is styled the "great and unparalleled Penderell." Charles has had the credit of erecting his monument, and George the Second of having restored it. The first has not been clearly proved, and the second is highly improbable. William attained to the great age of eighty-four; but the last surviving brother was Humphrey, who died in 1710. The blood of the Penderells is not likely to become extinct. Besides the female descendants of the other brothers, George and John are represented in the male line. Their posterity continue to the present day to benefit by the grant which was conferred on their ancestors. It is remarkable that more than one of the family of Penderell have settled in the United States, and, although subjects of a Re-

publican government, continue to reap the advantages of their ancestral loyalty.

But it was to Jane Lane that Charles, above all other persons, considered himself most indebted; and about three weeks after his landing in France, we find him addressing to her the following letter:—

"MISTRESS LANE,

"I have hitherto deferred writing to you, in hope to be able to send you somewhat else besides a letter; and I believe that it troubles me more, that I cannot yet do it, than it does you, though I do not take you to be in a good condition long to expect it. The truth is, my necessities are greater than can be imagined, but I am promised they shall be shortly supplied: if they are, you shall be sure to receive a share, for it is impossible I can ever forget the great debt I owe you, which I hope I shall live to pay in a degree that is worthy of me. In the mean time, I am sure all who love me will be very kind to you, else I shall never think them so to

"Your most affectionate friend,

"CHARLES R."*

The young lady, accompanied by her brother Colonel Lane, arrived in France in the middle of December, about six weeks after the landing of the King. She was received by Charles himself

* Seward's Anecdotes, vol. ii. p. 1.

with unaffected satisfaction, and was treated by the French court with marked civility and esteem. Apprehensions of their personal safety from the vengeance of the Parliament appear to have induced them to quit England. At Paris the young lady was deservedly regarded as a heroine. Within a short distance of the French capital, she had been met by the King himself, the Queen-mother, and her sons the Dukes of York and Gloucester. Charles warmly extended his hand, and his first words were,—"Welcome, my life!"

Miss Lane afterwards married Sir Clement Fisher, of Packington Hall, in Warwickshire, a gallant cavalier, and the intimate companion of her brother.* At the Restoration, Charles settled on her an annuity of 1,000*l.*, and on her brother a pension of 500*l.* a-year. He corresponded with her also on the most familiar terms, and among other memorials, presented her with his picture and a gold watch. The latter testimony of his gratitude he particularly desired should descend from generation to generation, to the eldest daughter of the family of Lane.

On Colonel Wyndham and his heirs for ever, was conferred a grant of 600*l.* per annum; on his widow, Lady Anne Wyndham, (with a reversion to her two daughters,) a pension of 400*l.* a year; on Colonel Philips an annuity to the same amount;

* See an account of her in the Life of Major John Bernardi, p. 6.

and on Charles Gifford, Esq. a pension of 300*l.* On Thomas Whitegrave, Esq., Francis Mansel, Esq., and Juliana Coningsby, were conferred annuities of 200*l.*; on William Ellesdon, Esq. 100*l.* a-year during pleasure; and to Colonel Careless was granted an honourable addition to his coat of arms, and probably some more substantial favours.

Boscobel House is still standing; indeed, is almost in the same state as when it was visited by Charles; but the old mansion of White Ladies has been pulled down, though the ruins of its more ancient monastery still remain. Moseley Hall, the seat of the Whitegraves, with its green lanes and old gable-ends, is still an interesting relic of the past. Bentley Hall, the residence of the Lanes, and Abbotsleigh, the seat of the Nortons, are no more. The old house at Trent still remains, and, independent of all other associations, would alone be rendered classic ground, from its church containing the monuments of the loyal Wyndhams. Hele has passed from the family of Hydes, and has been recently pulled down. Many other interesting mementos of Charles's wanderings are still in existence, but modern vandalism, or, what is styled, improvement, will, probably, soon lay them in the dust. The old inns of Mere and Charmouth were recently in being, and may possibly be yet standing. Near the old parish church at Brighton may still be seen the tomb of Nicholas Tattersal, who conveyed the King to Fecamp.

But the Royal Oak, the most interesting of all these relics, has long been gathered to its fathers. An offspring, however, sprung from one of the father acorns, still points out the memorable spot. An iron railing protects it from harm, and may it long be regarded with reverence by the lovers of the past!

Charles, from the time of his escape, continued nearly three years in France; but in June 1654, having received the arrears of the small pension allowed him by the French court, he retired, by way of Liege, to Spa. According to the anonymous writer of a letter, dated Spa, 10th August 1654: — "You may be assured Charles Stuart stands absolutely for Scotland. Some about him tell him he had better hasten thither, than stay here and dance, which is his daily and nightly practice. His party come into him faster than is pleasing to him, every one pleading poverty to get some money."*

At Spa Charles resided two or three months, in the society of his sister the Princess of Orange. From thence he passed to Aix la Chapelle, and eventually, in September 1654, took up his residence at Cologne.

The inhabitants of this town received him with considerable magnificence, and treated him with a kindness and hospitality to which he had latterly been almost a stranger. His reception is thus

* Thurloe, vol. ii. p. 502.

described in a letter of the period, dated 20th October 1654: — "The magistrates received him with thirty pieces of cannon or more at his entrance, and the next day invested him with the ceremony of harangues and accustomary presents of wine in pots, and in some few days after paid that ceremony to the Princess Royal; but we liked the last ceremony best, in running two lusty fodders of their choicest wine into his Majesty's cellar. In a word, they are very kind, and this week they intend to invite the King and the Princess Royal to a banquet to the State-house, and to wait on his Majesty thither (as my intelligence says) from the court in their coaches. The Jesuits welcomed the King at their college with several harangues and presentations. Amongst the rest I cannot forget one passage: upon his Majesty's entrance into the refectory, after many salutes before, there stood prepared to receive him seven boys richly habited, holding in their hands seven shields with the letters *Carolus* written on them, every one (he with the letter C beginning) congratulating his Majesty's welcome thither, and in an instant turning them, the word Colonia appeared, and then they all sung Colonia her welcomes, bowing their knees to the ground. There were, after this, many other petty entertainments of voices and music, and speeches, with several impresses too long here to insert, and a banquet after all of the fruits in season."*

* Thurloe, vol. ii. p. 661.

At this period, the King's entire allowance for the maintenance of his court amounted but to six hundred pistoles a month. He was deprived even of the common luxury of a coach, and good-naturedly declined the offer of his sister's.

Of his habits while at Cologne, and the temper of his mind, rather too favourable a picture has sometimes been drawn. "He now," says Echard, "betook himself with great cheerfulness to compose his mind to his fortune; and, with singular satisfaction prescribed so many hours in the day to his retirement in his closet, which he employed in reading and studying both the French and Italian authors; and at other times walked much upon the walls of the town, and sometimes rid into the fields; and in the whole he spent his time both to his real benefit, and his public reputation." But it was the policy of Charles to earn a good character with the world: indeed, his hopes of regaining possession of his kingdom depended, in a great degree, on his own good fame, and the presumed respectability of his court. In secret, however, pleasure seems to have been as eagerly pursued, and the same frivolities were in vogue which were afterwards so openly practised on his restoration to the throne. One of his principal sources of amusement at this period, was derived from the sports of the field. The writer of a letter from Cologne, dated 22d December 1654, informs us: — "Of news here is nothing almost

at present. R. C. goes a hunting every day, the weather being favourable. He was yesterday, with a few in company, from morning till three of the clock in the afternoon a hunting, and went about twelve English miles, but killed only one hare all the time."*

But his ruling love of pleasure, and especially his admiration of women, were sufficiently notorious to the world. Lady Byron we find spoken of as his "seventeenth mistress abroad," and his connection with the beautiful Lucy Walters had done much injury to his cause. But his thirst for amusement is sufficiently apparent from his own letters at this period. To Henry Bennet he writes on the 18th of August 1655: "I will try whether Sir S. Compton be so much in love as you say, for I will name Mrs. Hyde before him so by chance, that except he be very much smitten, it shall not at all move him. Pray, get me pricked down as many new *corrants* and *farrabands*, and 'other little dances,' as you can, and bring them with you, for I have got a small fiddler that does not play ill on the fiddle." Again he writes to his aunt, the Queen of Bohemia :—

"Cologne, Aug. 6.

"MADAM,

"I am just now beginning this letter in my sister's chamber, where there is such a noise that

* Thurloe, vol. iii. p. 19.

I never hope to end it, and much less write sense. For what concerns my sister's journey and the accidents that happened on the way, I leave to her to give your Majesty an account of. I shall only tell your Majesty, that we are now thinking how to pass our time; and in the first place of dancing, in which we find two difficulties, the one for want of the fiddlers, the other for somebody both to teach and assist at the dancing the new dances: and I have got my sister to send for Silvius, as one that is able to perform both; for the *fideldedies*, my Lord Taaffe does promise to be their convoy, and in the mean time we must content ourselves with those that make no difference between a hymn and a coranto. I have now received my sister's picture that my dear cousin the Princess Louise was pleased to draw, and do desire your Majesty thank her for me, for 'tis a most excellent picture, which is all I can say at present, but that I am,

"Madam,

"Your Majesty's most humble

"and most affectionate nephew and servant,

"To the Queen of Bohemia, my dearest Aunt." CHARLES R.*

In his attire, too, about this time, he appears to have been not a little particular. "My clothes," he writes to Henry Bennet at Paris, "are at last

* Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. iii. p. 376. 2nd Series.

come, and I like them very well; all but the sword, which is the worst I ever saw: I suspect very much that it was you that made the choice." And again he writes the following month: "I would have you bring me two beaver hats. For my Lord Bristol's sword, I do by no means like it, therefore, do not bespeak mine of that fashion."

During his stay at Cologne, Charles paid a visit of amusement to Frankfort fair. In a letter to Bennet, dated 14th September 1655, — "My sister," he says, "and I, go on Monday next to the fair at Frankfort incognito: at our return you shall hear what has been done." We should have been glad to have had an account of his adventures from his own lively pen. But his allusion to them in a subsequent letter is extremely brief: "We returned," he says, "to this place on Tuesday last, and all our company, very well pleased with our voyage; for indeed it was as pleasant a journey as ever I saw, and some of us wished *Whereas's* company very often." *Whereas* appears to have been Bennet himself, on whom Charles, for some unknown reason, had conferred the familiar name. During his visit at Frankfort, he met by appointment at Coningstein the famous Christina, Queen of Sweden, who was then on her way to Italy.

From Cologne, where he continued between two and three years, Charles and his impoverished followers removed to Bruges. Here, if we are to

credit the testimony of a contemporary, his court was a constant scene of profligacy and misrule. In Thurloe's collection, there is a letter from a Mr. J. Butler, dated Flushing, 2nd December 1656, of which the following is an extract. "Charles Stuart's court groweth very numerous. This last week one of the richest churches in Bruges was plundered in the night: the people of Bruges are fully persuaded that Charles Stuart's followers had done it: they spare no charges to find out the guilty, and if it happen to light upon any of Charles Stuart's train, it will certainly incense that people against them. There is now a company of French comedians at Bruges, who are very punctually attended by Charles Stuart and his court, and all the ladies there: their most solemn day of acting is on the Lord's day. I think I may truly say, that greater abominations were never practised among people than at this day at Charles Stuart's court. Fornication, drunkenness, and adultery, are esteemed no sins among them." Though there is doubtless a degree of truth in this disagreeable picture, it is necessary to make some allowance for the evident hostility of a party writer. It may be remarked, that the little court of Charles was never in greater distress than during their stay at Bruges: his followers were in want, it would seem, at one period, even of the common necessaries of life.*

* Thurloe, vol. vi. p. 56.

During the residence of Charles at Bruges, a plot was contrived by Cromwell and Thurloe, which was on the point of throwing the young King as well as his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, into the hands of the Usurper. It had been treacherously intimated to them, through the agency of Sir Richard Willis, that if, on a stated day, they would pass over to a certain port in Sussex, they would be received on landing by a body of five hundred men, which would be augmented on the following morning by two thousand horse. Had they fallen into the snare, it seems that all three would have been shot immediately on their reaching the shore. The plot was discovered, however, by Sir Samuel Morland, then under-secretary to Thurloe, who, pretending to be asleep at his desk, overheard Cromwell and Thurloe conversing with Willis on the subject, and disclosed their designs to the royal party.*

Bruges, with the exception of a short stay at Fontarabia, whither he had proceeded to attend the Pyrennean treaty, continued to be the princi-

* This story of Cromwell's attempt on the life of the King, is corroborated by a remarkable anecdote related by Thurloe himself. See vol. iii. page 102, where the Protector, in the middle of some secret conversation with Thurloe, is described as suddenly discovering Morland asleep in the room; and as pulling out a dagger with the intention of killing him. Thurloe, however, assured him that the supposed sleeper had been sitting up three nights, and that it was impossible he could be awake. See also Burnet's History of his own Time, vol. i. p. 122.—*Oxford*, 1833.

pal residence of Charles. It was shortly after his return from the borders of Spain that he received the announcement of Cromwell's death. He was playing at tennis, when Sir Stephen Fox fell on his knees before him, and acquainted him with the important tidings. Soon afterwards, in order to be prepared for any emergency, the King departed for Brussells: here it was that the following singular adventure befell him; the particulars of which are related by Lockhart, the author of "The Memoirs," who inserted them, with his own hand, in his copy of Clarendon's Rebellion. Charles, it seems, desirous of paying a secret visit to his sister, the Princess of Orange, who was then residing at the Hague, instructed a faithful adherent, (one Fleming, who had been a servant of the Earl of Wigtown,) to have a couple of good horses in readiness at a particular hour on the following night. A retired spot was named for their rendezvous, and Fleming enjoined to the strictest secrecy. Accordingly, just before the appointed hour, (having previously retired to bed for the purpose of more effectually deceiving his attendants,) Charles hastily dressed himself and stole undiscovered down the back stairs: he previously, however, anticipated the fears of his little court, by leaving a letter on the table, in which he expressed his intention to be absent for two or three days; at the same time enjoining them to keep his departure as much a secret as was pos-

sible, and to plead indisposition as the cause of his seclusion. Having joined Fleming, he explained to him his intended purpose of visiting his sister, and by making great expedition, and selecting the most secret by-ways, about six o'clock in the morning arrived without interruption at the Hague. The King, who had adopted an excellent disguise for his purpose, alighted at a small inn in a retired part of the town, whence he despatched Fleming to his sister, with instructions to contrive some feasible plan for their interview.

Shortly after the return of Fleming, the travellers were interrupted by the entrance of their landlord, who informed them a stranger was making inquiries respecting them, and desired to be admitted. Charles appeared much surprised, but notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his attendant, consented to admit the stranger to an interview. His astonishment was still greater, when "an old reverend-like man, with a long grey beard, and ordinary grey clothes," was ushered into the room, who, immediately addressing himself to the King, assured him he was the person whom he came to see, and requested that their interview might be private. On this, Charles turned to Fleming and desired him to withdraw; Fleming, however, naturally apprehending some danger might befall his sovereign, at first positively refused, till the King, taking him aside, explained to him how little was to be feared from

a person so advanced in years, and again commanded him to retire.

No sooner had Fleming quitted the apartment than the stranger excited the King's suspicions by cautiously bolting the door. A moment afterwards, however, he fell on his knees, and pulling off his disguise, discovered, to the King's astonishment, the celebrated Sir George Downing, then ambassador from Cromwell to the States General. An explanation followed, in which Downing implored the forgiveness of his sovereign for the share which he had taken in the late troubles, adding that, at heart, no one could be inspired by more devoted feelings of loyalty than himself, and that whenever circumstances permitted him to take off the mask, he would be found one of the foremost to risk life and fortune in his Majesty's service. He then came to the object of his present visit; in the first instance, however, exacting a solemn promise from Charles, that till he should be restored to his rights, he would communicate to no person living the secret of their present conference; and, on the other hand, that he would never inquire, or, either directly or indirectly, make any attempt to discover the means by which he had become possessed of the secret of the King's present expedition. Charles having made the promises required of him, Downing then told him that, in accordance with a secret treaty, which had been recently entered into between

Cromwell and the Dutch, it had been guaranteed on the part of the latter, that should Charles ever place his foot within the territories of the States, his person should immediately be seized, and delivered over to the Usurper. Downing added, that so extraordinary were Cromwell's means of intelligence, that he expected on his return to his own house to find official information of his Majesty's present visit, of which, should he neglect to avail himself, he would in all probability lose his head. He then proposed that Charles should immediately take horse, and make the best of his way out of the dominions of the States; he added, that he himself would return home, and, on the pretence of indisposition, would keep his bed longer than usual, — that by this means they would obtain sufficient delay for their purpose, and that as soon as it could be reasonably expected that his Majesty had escaped, he would repair to the States with his tardy information, and require, on the terms of the late treaty, that the King's person should be instantly seized. The plan fully answered their expectations, and Charles returned safety to Brussells.

Probably no one, bearing the title of King, was ever more frequently disappointed in his matrimonial projects, than was Charles during the period of his exile. We have already seen him rejected by Cromwell as his son-in-law, and he afterwards met with a similar refusal from Cardi-

nal Mazarine, on his proposing for his niece Hortensia, the most beautiful woman, and the richest heiress in France. The cardinal (who appears to have received the offer, either through Abbot Montague or Lord Jermyn,) entertained at this period so little hopes of the King's restoration, that he refused to listen to the project for a moment. After the return of Charles to England he endeavoured to renew the negotiation, and offered a princely dowry with his beautiful niece; but it was now the King's turn to refuse, and the lady was rejected.*

A match, however, with the eldest daughter of the Duke of Orleans proceeded to greater lengths. The lady, in right of her mother, the Duke's first wife, was already in possession of the rich Duchy of Montpensier, and as Charles was sadly in want of present means, the project was eagerly caught at. "The Queen," says Clarendon, "was much inclined to it, and the King himself not averse." But James the Second, in his Memoirs, gives the fullest account of the negotiation and its subsequent failure. "His Majesty," he says, "had not been long in Paris, before some private overtures, at least intimations, were made to him from some confidants of Mademoiselle, eldest daughter to the Duke of Orleans, concerning a marriage to be made betwixt them; which proposition was then readily embraced by him, and was likewise ap-

* Macpherson; Orig. Papers, vol. i. p. 20.

proved by the Queen his mother. And it proceeded so far, that the King went every day to visit her, she at the same time giving him every reason to believe that it would succeed. But on the sudden he found her growing cooler, without knowing the occasion of it; so that he was obliged in prudence to forbear his frequent visits, till at length he came to understand the cause of this alteration in her behaviour, which, in effect, was this. Some, who either were, or at least pretended to be her friends, put into her head the imagination of a marriage with the King of France; which they made her believe they might compass with great ease, considering the ill condition of his affairs at that time. The Queen and Cardinal, as they persuaded her, would be forced to consent to it for their own security, and to draw themselves out of their present difficulties. This thought, as unseasonable as it was, yet was so strongly imprinted on her mind, that it caused her wholly to break off with the King of England. By which means, reaching at what she could not get, she lost what was in her power to have had, and missed both of them."

In a letter without any date, but evidently written subsequently to the death of Cromwell, we discover Charles making a personal application to the Princess Dowager of Orange, for the hand of her daughter Henrietta. "I shall," he writes, in asking you a question, make it clear enough to

you, that I cannot have so vile a thought as to make you an instrument in my deceit. I beseech you to let me know whether your daughter, the Princess Henrietta, be so far engaged that you cannot receive a proposition from me concerning her: and if she be not, that you would think of a way, with all possible secrecy, I may convey my mind in that particular to you. I know this is not the usual form in which such affairs are treated; but as my present condition and yours are extraordinary, so you may see is my value for you and your daughter, and my confidence in your honour. The messenger who carries this knows it is for you. You will be pleased to cause your answer to be returned as you think best to yours, &c."* The cause of failure in this instance does not appear, but Charles afterwards complained to Lord Clarendon that he had been treated ill by the Princess.†

There are traces of Charles having been engaged in other matrimonial speculations, of which the particulars are more obscure. It is certain, however, that he proposed to a daughter of the Duke of Lorraine, (with whom he was to have received a considerable fortune,) but, as in other cases, the difficulties proved insurmountable. But we will conclude our notices of Charles's connubial troubles with a curious passage in Lord Cla-

* Carte's Collection, vol. ii. p. 167.

† Clar. Life of himself, vol. i. p. 492.

rendon's history. The solemn Chancellor appears himself to have been almost in love with the heroine of his tale. "There was at that time (1655) in the court of France, or rather in the jealousy of that court, a lady of great beauty, of a presence very graceful and alluring, and of a wit and behaviour that captivated those who were admitted into her presence. Her extraction was very noble, and her alliance the best under the crown; her fortune rather competent than abounding for her degree; being the daughter of a Duke of an illustrious name, who had been killed fighting for the King in the late troubles, and left his wife childless, and in her full beauty. The King had often seen this lady with that esteem and inclination which few were without; both her beauty and her wit deserving the homage that was paid to her. The Earl of Bristol, who was then a Lieutenant-general in the French army, and always amorously inclined,—and the more inclined by the difficulty of the attempt,—was grown powerfully in love with this lady; and, to have the more power with her, communicated those secrets of state which concerned her safety, and more the Prince of Condé, whose cousin-german she was; the communication whereof was of benefit or convenience to both: yet, though he made many romantic attempts to ingratiate himself with her, and such as would neither have become, or been safe to any other man than himself, who was accustomed to extra-

ordinary flights in the air, he could not arrive at the high success he proposed. At the same time, the Lord Crofts was transported with the same ambition; and though his parts were very different from the other, yet he wanted not arts and address to encourage him in these attempts, and could bear repulses with more tranquillity of mind and acquiescence than the other could. When these two Lords had lamented to each other their mutual infelicity, they agreed generously to merit their mistress's favours by doing her a service that should deserve it; and boldly proposed to her the marriage of the King; who, they both knew, had no dislike to her person: and they pursued it with his Majesty with all their artifices. They added the reputation of her wisdom and virtue to that of her beauty, and that she might be instrumental to the procuring more friends towards his restoration, than any other expedient then in view; and at last prevailed so far with the King, who no doubt had a perfect esteem of her, that he made the overture to her of marriage, which she received with her natural modesty and address, declaring herself to be much unworthy of that grace; and beseeching and advising him to preserve that affection and inclination for an object more equal to him, and more capable to contribute to his service; using all those arguments for refusal, which might prevail with and inflame him to new importunities."

But Bristol, in the mean time, had communicated the project to Lord Clarendon, who, with the more sensible of the King's friends, were strongly opposed to so impolitic a union. Their remonstrances for once had the desired effect with the volatile monarch, and Charles, after paying the lady a farewell visit at her own house, departed the following day for Flanders. Certainly, whether in a honest or in a dishonest manner, few men have made advances to a greater number of women; and it is remarkable, that if he signally failed in his honourable proposals, he at least succeeded as entirely in his libertine attachments. But we must return to the more stirring events of the Restoration.

CHAPTER V.

Restoration of Charles II. — The King sails for England — received on landing by General Monk — his splendid Progress towards London — his Gratitude to Heaven singularly exemplified. — Coronation. — Familiarity of Charles with his Subjects — his Habit of fast walking — his Saying to Prince George of Denmark — his Custom of feeding the Fowls in St. James's Park.— Anecdotes. — The King's witty Retort to the Duke of York.—The royal Barber.— Fondness of Charles for Dogs. — Lampoons on the Subject. — Social Qualities of Charles—his Love of Wit.—Shaftesbury's Retort to Charles. — Anecdote of Blood. — The King's quiet Reprimand of Penn, the Quaker — his witty Sayings and Love of Fun.

Monk, by his wily and skilful conduct, having prepared the way for the King's return, Charles accepted an invitation from the States of Holland to embark from their shores; and, in the beginning of May 1660, quitting Breda for the Hague, was received with all kindness and splendour by the Dutch nation. Admiral Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, with the English fleet under his command, was expecting his orders on the coast. Accordingly, after passing a few days at the Hague, in the society of his sister, the Princess of Orange, Charles embarked at Scheveling on the 24th of May, on board the Naseby; — a name, however, which, as it must have somewhat

grated on royal ears, had recently been changed to the Royal Charles. The Duke of York had already taken command of the fleet.

The voyage was a prosperous one, and on the 25th of May the heights of Dover were perceptible. "I conversed," says an anonymous writer, "with some of our seamen who brought over King Charles in the Naseby, and they told me the first time they had ever heard the Common-prayer and God-damn-ye, was on board that ship, as she came home with his Majesty."* Charles delayed disembarking till the following day.

He was received on landing by Monk and other persons of distinction. The general, than whom no man had ever performed a greater service for his sovereign, instantly dropped on one knee and kissed the King's hand. Charles raised him from the ground, and taking him in his arms, embraced him affectionately. The two then walked under a rich canopy towards the town. On their way they were met by the mayor and corporation of Dover, who presented the King with a large Bible, ornamented with clasps of gold.

The same day, attended by Monk, and the Dukes of York, Gloucester, and Buckingham, Charles entered his coach, and departed for Canterbury. The most magnificent preparations, and the wild-

* "Enquiry into the causes of our Naval Miscarriages." Lond. 1707.

est effusions of joy, encountered him at every step. The road was everywhere thronged with spectators, and, in the towns, the houses were decorated with silken streamers, while music and acclamations were the only sounds. On Barham Downs he was met by a brilliant train of the nobility, "clad in very rich apparel," as well as by four gallant regiments composed of the loyal men of Kent. Charles, who had previously mounted a horse, presented himself at the head of each troop. The men kissed the hilts of their swords, and then flourishing their weapons in the air, mingled their shouts with the clamours of their trumpets.

The same fervent joy was everywhere demonstrated, and such was the exultation of the old cavaliers, that more than one person is said to have died of excessive delight. Among these has been named Oughtred, the celebrated mathematician. "The whole country," says an old writer, "flocked in, and cutting down palms, and strewing the ways with all sorts of fragrant flowers, and decking the lanes and passages with the greatest variety of country pomps, garlands beset with rings, ribands, and the like, the air echoing all along, and redoubling the perpetually iterated Hosannas, he came to London."*

At Canterbury the King was met by the mayor and aldermen of that ancient city, who presented

* Walker's History of Independency, part iv. p. 105.

him with a cup of gold and conducted him to the house of Lord Camden. The next day being Sunday, he attended divine service in the cathedral and remained that day and night in the city. On the Monday he proceeded in the same triumphal manner towards Rochester, where he rested another night. The houses in the streets through which he passed, were completely covered with streamers, ribands, and garlands of flowers.

The following morning, the 29th of May, being his birth-day, he entered his coach and departed towards London with an increased and more brilliant train. At Blackheath the army were drawn up and received him with the loudest acclamations. Charles had previously exchanged his coach for a charger, and bowed frequently to the military as they marched before him. The country-people also were not backward in displaying their loyalty. The old music of tabor and pipe—their favourite morrice-dances — and other rural sports, added considerably to the effect of the joyous scene. In the town of Deptford, a hundred young girls, dressed in white, and with gay baskets in their hands, walked immediately before the King, and strewed flowers in his path.

In St. George's Fields, Southwark, he was met by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, in their scarlet gowns. By these dignitaries he was conducted to a large tent covered with tapestry, under which was a chair of state, surrounded by

a rich canopy. The Lord Mayor then presented him with the city sword, and the Recorder congratulated him in a suitable speech; after which he was entertained with a magnificent banquet. The King's remark at the universal satisfaction is well known. It must have been his own fault, he said, that he was so long absent, as every one seemed unanimous in promoting his return.

The different streets from Southwark to Whitehall, exhibited a scene of splendour perhaps unparalleled in the annals of public rejoicings. The procession was numerous and magnificent. The houses on each side were hung with tapestry; bands of music were fixed at stated places; the train-bands of the city, in rich dresses, lined the way; and even the conduits are said (we must presume poetically) to have flowed with the most delicious wine. Charles entered Whitehall amidst the repeated roar of cannon, and the acclamations of thousands. The houses of the Lords and Commons received him on his arrival, and were admitted to kiss his hand. At night, the sky was illumined by bonfires and fireworks, and the people regaled with a profusion of wine and food. Charles displayed his gratitude to Heaven for his wonderful Restoration, by passing the night of his return with Mrs. Palmer, (afterwards the celebrated Duchess of Cleveland,) at the house of Sir Samuel Morland, at Lambeth.

The Coronation of Charles took place on the

22nd of April 1661, and on the 21st of May 1662, he was married to the Infanta of Portugal. The former event has been frequently described, and differs not sufficiently from similar ceremonials which have taken place in our own times, to require an enumeration of its splendours. One circumstance is perhaps worthy of remark, that, during a whole month, the only two days which were free from rain, were those which were occupied by the ceremony; as soon, however, as the King was seated at the banquet in Westminster Hall, there occurred a storm of thunder and lightning of unusual violence; an event, of course, regarded by the superstitious as ominous of evil.

The easy temper and good-humoured familiarity of Charles, acquired for him that popularity among his loving subjects, which not all his subsequent profligacy and misgovernment could wholly destroy. They loved to see him divested of the trappings of state; conversing familiarly with those who attended him, or arresting some familiar countenance that encountered him in his walk. He was an indefatigable pedestrian; and, whether in London or elsewhere, usually spent several hours in his favourite exercise: Burnet tells us he walked so fast that it was a trouble to keep up with him. His brother, the Duke of York, was as fond of being on horseback. Once, when Prince George of Denmark, who had married his niece, afterwards Queen Anne, complained that he was grow-

ing fat, "Walk with me," said Charles, "hunt with my brother, and do justice to my niece, and you will not long be distressed by growing fat."* Spring Macky says of the Prince, in his Memoirs: "He is very fat, loves news, his bottle, and his wife."

It was the custom of Charles to saunter almost daily into St. James's Park, where he took a great interest in the numerous birds with which it was stocked, and which it was his custom to feed with his own hand. The government of Duck Island, at the west end of the piece of water, was conferred, with a small salary, on the famous St. Evremond. Pennant speaks of it as "the first and last government," but he is mistaken in the fact: it had previously been bestowed on Sir John Flock, a person of good family, and a companion of Charles during his exile: it was probably conferred, in both instances, in a moment of convivial hilarity.

On one occasion, Coke, the author of the Memoirs, was in attendance on the King during one of his usual walks. Charles had finished feeding his favourites, and was proceeding towards St. James's, when, at the further end of the Mall, they were overtaken by Prince Rupert, who accompanied them to the palace. "The King," says Coke (who was near enough to overhear their conversation), "told the Prince how he had

* Anth. Wood, Life of Himself, p. 328.

shot a duck, and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked on till the King came to St. James's house, and there the King said to the Prince, 'Let 's go and see Cambridge and Kendal,' the Duke of York's two sons, who then lay a-dying. But upon his return to Whitehall he found all in an uproar; the Countess of Castlemaine, as it was said, bewailing above all others, that she should be the first torn to pieces." It appears that the news of the Dutch fleet having arrived in the river had just been received at the palace.

At another time, Charles had taken two or three turns in St. James's Park, and was proceeding up Constitution Hill, accompanied by the Duke of Leeds and Lord Cromarty, with the intention of walking in Hyde Park, when, just as they were crossing the road, they encountered the Duke of York, who had been hunting on Hounslow Heath, and was returning in his coach. The guards, who attended the Duke, on perceiving the King, suddenly stopped, and consequently arrested the progress of the coach. James instantly alighted, and after paying his respects to the King, expressed his uneasiness at seeing him with so small an attendance, and his fears that his life might be endangered. "No kind of danger, James," said the King; "for I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you king." This story, says Dr. King in his "Anecdotes of his Own Time," Lord Cromarty frequently related to his friends.

There is an instance on record of Charles appearing not quite so indifferent at the idea of assassination. His barber, whom he admitted to considerable freedom, was one morning shaving him, when the fellow; as was customary with him, commenced hazarding one of his trifling remarks:—"I consider," he said, "that none of your majesty's officers have a greater trust than I."—"How so, friend?" said the King. "Why," said the fellow, "I could cut your majesty's throat whenever I liked." Charles started up at the idea. Using his favourite oath,—"'Od's fish," he exclaimed; "the very thought is treason; you shall shave me no more."*

The freedom with which Charles mingled with his subjects is so well known, that the perusal of the following extract of an order, issued in 1671, rather takes us by surprise. "An officer of our horse-guards is always to attend, and follow next our person, when we walk abroad, or pass up and down from one place to another, as well within doors as without, excepting always our bed-chamber."†. This order was issued about the same time that Blood made his daring attempt on the crown jewels. Whether, however, it originated in any apprehension of personal danger, or merely from the people pressing on the King in his walks, it is now difficult to ascertain.

Charles, as is also well known, was constantly

* Richardsoniana. † Pegge's Curialia, vol. i. part ii. p. 79.

followed by a number of small spaniels wherever he went. He even permitted them to litter in his own apartment; and Evelyn mentions that neither the room itself, nor indeed any part of the court, was rendered more savoury from the indulgence of the King's fancy.

His fondness for these animals was extraordinary, and it is curious, in many of the early numbers of the London Gazette, to discover rewards offered for dogs, stolen or strayed from Whitehall, many of which were probably the King's. However, on the 12th of March 1667, a dog is actually notified as having been lost by Charles; the advertisement runs as follows :—

"Lost out of the Mewes, on the 6th of this present month, a little brindled greyhound bitch, belonging to his Majesty: if any one has taken her up, they are desired to bring her to the Porter's gate at Whitehall, and they shall have a very good content for their pains." And again, on the 17th of May, following, a reward is offered for "A white hound bitch of his Majesty's, with a reddish head, and red upon the buttocks, some black spots on the body, and a nick in the right lip."

The King's fancy for dogs is alluded to in more than one lampoon of the period. In a "Psalm sung at the Calves' Head Club," we find,—

His dogs would sit at Council Board,
Like Judges in their furs;
We question much which had most sense,
The master or the curs.

And in another pasquinade: —

His very dog at Council Board,
Sits grave and wise as any Lord.

In social life, we can scarcely imagine a companion more fascinating than Charles, or a circle more brilliant than that which surrounded him. "When considered as a companion," says Hume, "he appears as the most amiable and engaging of men; and, indeed, in this view his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raillery was so tempered with good breeding, that it was never offensive; his propensity to satire was so checked by discretion, that his friends never dreaded their becoming the object of it; his wit, to use the expression of one who knew him well, and who was himself a good judge,* could be said not so much to be very refined or elevated, qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company, as to be a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit. And though, perhaps, he talked more than the strict rules of behaviour might permit, men were so pleased with the affable, communicative deportment of the monarch, that they always went away contented both with him and with themselves." This is not an exaggerated picture of the social qualities of Charles. He was particularly gifted with the art of telling a story, and Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, observes, he could with pleasure listen to

* Marquess of Halifax.

them, though, perhaps, he had heard them repeated five or six times before. "His stories," he says, "were invariably retouched and embellished with some fresh circumstance to attract attention." Burnet, however, observes, with his usual malice, that "the courtiers grew so tired with the King's stories, that though he might have commenced one of them in a crowded room, it was generally nearly empty by the time he had concluded it." Rochester said,—"he wondered how a person who possessed so good memory as to repeat a story without missing a word, should have so bad a one as to forget that he had told it to the same company but the day before." Evelyn, however, who was admitted to his society, mentions the King's large store of anecdotes, and his particular talent for relating them.

Charles possessed real wit himself, and valued it in others. The happy reply of Blood, when Charles inquired how he dared to make his bold attempt on the crown jewels, seems originally to have prejudiced the King in his favour. "My father," said Blood, "lost a good estate in fighting *for* the Crown; and I considered it no harm to recover it *by* the crown."* On another occasion, a stranger presenting him with a petition, Charles inquired rather angrily of him how he dared to bring him such a paper.—"May it please your Majesty," said the intruder impu-

* Birch, MSS. Brit. Mus.

dently, "my name is *Dare*." Charles could even pardon a jest when personal to himself. "Shaftesbury," he one day said to the unprincipled Earl, "I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions." — "For a subject, sir," said the other, "I believe I am."

Among those whom he admitted to familiar intercourse was William Penn, the celebrated Quaker, and lawgiver of Pennsylvania. Penn, thinking proper to carry his sectarian prejudices into the presence of royalty, on his introduction, had continued standing before the King without removing his hat. Nothing could be more characteristic than the quiet rebuke of Charles: he merely took off his own hat and stood uncovered before Penn. "Friend Charles," said the future legislator, "why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" — "'Tis the custom of this place," replied the witty monarch, "for only *one* person to remain covered at a time."*

Charles delighted in the society of learned foreigners, and among others whom he honoured with his notice was Gregorio Leti, a native of Milan, and formerly popular as an historian. Charles once said to him,—"I hear, Leti, you are writing the history of the court of England." Leti admitted that he was collecting materials for such a work. "You must take care," said the King, "that your work gives no offence."—"Sir,"

* Gray's Hudibras, vol. i. p. 376. Granger, vol. iv. p. 16.

replied Leti, "I will do what I can; but if a man were as wise as Solomon, he would scarce be able to avoid giving some offence." — "Why, then," said Charles, with his usual quickness, "be as wise as Solomon; write proverbs, not histories." *

He loved what may be called fun as much as the youngest of his courtiers. On one of his birth-days, an impudent rascal of a pickpocket had obtained admission to the drawing-room, in the garb of a gentleman. He had succeeded in extracting a gold snuff-box from a nobleman's pocket, and was quietly transferring it to his own, when, looking up, he suddenly caught the King's eye, and discovered that he had been perceived by his Majesty. The fellow, aware, in all probability, of the King's character, had the impudence to put his finger to his nose, and winked knowingly at Charles to hold his tongue. Shortly afterwards, the King was much amused by perceiving the nobleman feeling one pocket after another in search of his treasure. At last, he could resist no longer, and looking about him, (probably to make certain that the thief had escaped,) he called out to the injured person, — "You need not, my Lord, give yourself any more trouble about it: your box is gone, and I own myself an accomplice: I could not help it, I was made a confidant."

Charles was fully aware of the frailties of his

* Granger, vol. vi. p. 45.

friends, and, as we have seen in his speech to Shaftesbury, took a pleasure in bantering them on their evil courses.

On the principle of *noscitur e sociis*, we cannot wonder that many of the individuals for whom his courtiers interested themselves, were men not of the most reputable character. When Lord Keeper Guildford once interceded for a man whose reputation was somewhat indifferent: "It is strange," said Charles, "that every one of my friends keeps a *tame knave*."*

* North, Life of Lord Keeper Guildford, p. 316.

CHAPTER VI.

Instances of Charles's right Feeling and Kindness of Heart — his good-natured Support of Lord Keeper Guildford — his Kindness to Sir John Reresby.— Liberality of Charles — his excellent natural Capacity — his Knowledge of the Arts and Sciences — his Interest in naval Affairs — his Taste for the Sea becomes fashionable at Court — his Love of Theatricals. —Anecdotes.— Verses believed to be the Composition of Charles.—Profligacy of the Court.—Remarkable Punishment of Sir Peckshall Brockas.— Desecration at Court of the Sabbath Day.—A Court Ball.—Ancient Palace of Whitehall.— The King's Mode of Living at Windsor— his Taste for Fishing — his Manner of Living at Newmarket. — Picture of a royal Debauch.—Anecdotes.—Royal Mistresses—their Rapacity.—The King's Nic-name of "Old Rowley"—his Poverty— his Custom of attending the Debates in the House of Lords.

THE enemies of Charles have denied to him every sense of rectitude, and even the common merit of good nature. In their sweeping charges of profligacy, indolence, and ingratitude, they have divested him of the few better feelings and principles, of which his reputation cannot afford to be deprived. As regards one point of his character, Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, justly stands up for his old master. "Surely," he says, "he was inclined to justice; for nothing else would have retained him so fast to the succession of a

brother, against a son he was so fond of, and the humour of a party he so much feared." When pressed to consent to the Bill of Exclusion against the Duke of York;—"James," he said, "will not keep the crown; but let him forfeit it by his own ill-conduct; I will not cut him off from the succession." We may add to this act of justice, his kind and manly protection of the Queen, during the fury of the Popish Plot." — "They think," he said, "I have a mind to a new wife, but for all that, I will not see an innocent woman persecuted." Let any one read Lord Clarendon's account of his daughter's dishonour, and of Charles's interference to wipe away the stain; — let him read the history of the lady's subsequent marriage with the Duke of York, brought about entirely by the interposition of Charles, and in opposition to the disapproval of his mother, to his own particular interests, and the advice even of Clarendon himself, with a woman, too, who had tarnished her own fame, and was not only of an obscure, but of a mean family; and it will be impossible entirely to deny to Charles the merit of right feeling and kindness of heart.

Of the King's good-nature we have another instance. When Lord Keeper Guildford was under fear of impeachment, the King, observing the melancholy expression of his countenance, drew near to the woolsack: — "Be of good comfort," he whispered to him, "I will never forsake my

friends, as my father did." He was never known to make an enemy from any private cause. Lord Dartmouth was told an anecdote of Charles by one who knew him well: — "It was the King's maxim," he said, "to quarrel with no one, whatever might have been the provocation, as he was ignorant how shortly he might require the same person to become his friend." In the estimation of every Englishman, the existing establishments of Greenwich and Chelsea should of themselves be sufficient memorials to proclaim the goodness of his heart.

Of the ingratitude of Charles much has been said, and much is undoubtedly deserved. His forgetfulness, however, of former services was owing, not so much to the innate hardness of heart of which he has been accused, as to the extraordinary difficulties in which he found himself placed. Half a nation were his petitioners, who of course exaggerated their services, deafened his ears with their complaints, and have since bequeathed the most exaggerated details of their injuries to posterity. On his first arrival in England hundreds of suffering cavaliers had preferred their claims, and Charles, in the fulness of his gratitude, had unfortunately promised more than he could perform. These people, naturally exasperated at their disappointment, became vehement in their importunities, and their language amounted almost to insult. Lord Halifax even attributes the King's habit of fast walking to

the number of "asking faces," and the dismal complaints, by which he was constantly encountered. These persons used to persecute him in all places, and even followed him with their importunities from room to room.

Charles naturally became disgusted, and as it was impossible he could satisfy all, he too frequently turned a deaf ear on his tormentors. These circumstances, though they cannot amount to a defence, may, in some degree, palliate the conduct of Charles. We must remember, too, the indolence of his nature; — the excessive rapacity of his mistresses and friends; — and the notorious fact of his income being but ill-adapted to his extraordinary necessities, and to the exalted station which he occupied.

Sir John Reresby, in his Memoirs, pays a passing but agreeable tribute to the King's real kindness of heart and consideration for others.—"On the 1st of March," he says, "the King went to Newmarket, and I followed him a few days afterwards; when the weather being very unseasonable and dirty, and walking about the town with his Majesty, he observed, that my shoes were but thin, and advised me to get a stronger pair to prevent my catching cold; which, though a trivial remark in itself, may serve for an example of that Prince's great goodness and care for those persons that were near him, though ever so inconsiderable." During the political troubles of 1679,

Reresby happened one night to be in the King's bed-chamber when he was retiring to rest.—"I was at the King's couchée," he says, "and wondered to see him quite cheerful amidst such an intricacy of troubles; but it was not his nature to think or perplex himself much about anything. I had the good fortune to say something that pleased his Majesty; and the Duke of Newcastle, one of the bed-chamber, being in waiting, his Grace took the opportunity of mentioning me: whereupon his Majesty came to me, and reassured me of a continuance in my command, and told me he would stick by his old friends."

Charles could be generous to the good as well as lavish to the undeserving. When Dr. Barwick, who had been a faithful adherent of the late King during his sufferings, was himself in prison and in distress, Charles, then in exile, out of a present of a thousand pounds which he had received from Lady Saville, kindly sent two hundred to his father's friend.* We may mention another instance of his generosity. Immediately after the Restoration, he sent, unsolicited, to Lord Clarendon, a grant of ten thousand acres in the fens. Clarendon at first declined the offer, partly on the ground of the envy it would excite. When his decision was announced by the Duke of Ormond to the King: the Chancellor, he said, was a fool for his pains; and added, that "he had better be envied

* Life of Dr. John Barwick, by Dr. Peter Barwick, p. 128.

than pitied." At another time, we find him presenting the Earl of Bristol with a gift of ten thousand pounds, besides a valuable grant of land in Sussex.*

De Grammont's brief character of Charles is evidently sincere. "The King was inferior to none, either in shape or air; his soul, susceptible of opposite impressions, was compassionate to the unhappy, inflexible to the wicked, and tender even to excess: he showed great abilities in affairs of importance, but was incapable of application to any that were not so: his heart was often the dupe, but oftener the slave of his attachments."—"His temper," says Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, "both of body and mind, was admirable: which made him an easy, generous lover, a civil obliging husband, a friendly brother, and a good-natured master."

That Charles possessed a capacity which only required application to render it eminent, we have the evidence of the best judges among his contemporaries. The truth of Lord Rochester's famous saying, "that he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one," has always been admitted. It was also wittily observed by the Duke of Buckingham, that "Charles could have been a great King if he would, and that James would if he could."—"Had this King," said Sir Richard Bulstrode, "but loved business as well as he un-

* Clarendon; Life of Himself, vol. ii. p. 256.

derstood it, he would have been the greatest prince in Europe;"—and Dryden says

> His conversation, wit, and parts,
> His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
> Were such dead authors could not give.
> * * * *
> He drained from all, and all they knew,
> His apprehension quick, his judgment true;
> That the most learned with shame confess,
> His knowledge more, his reading only less.

We have the authority of Lord Keeper Guildford, that Charles was better acquainted with the foreign policy of his time, than all his ministers put together. This fact he accounted for by the King's experience with foreign courts during his exile, and the personal intercourse which he had long maintained with the first statesmen in Europe. "Charles," he added, "whether drunk or sober, made a point of conversing with every eminent foreigner who came into England; and though so notoriously unreserved himself, had the art of sifting the secrets of others."

We have the authority of Evelyn, no indifferent judge, that his knowledge, if not deep, was various and improving. Chemistry, mechanism, and naval architecture, were among his favourite pursuits, and he employed himself in the details of building and planting. In the study of anatomy he also took considerable interest. Pepys was told by Pierce the surgeon, that he once dissected two bodies, a man and a woman, before the King, who

expressed himself highly interested at the exhibition. He had some knowledge of physic, and took the greatest care of his health: indeed, his habits and even his pleasures were made subservient to its preservation. We find him employing at one time as many as four physicians in ordinary, as well as two for the royal household, and about a dozen more who were not regularly in waiting. He was occasionally the patron of the merest quacks, and was in the habit of trifling with an excellent constitution by quacking himself. Lord Halifax, in his character of Charles, and Lord Lansdown in his Vindication of Monk, mention this pernicious habit, and even consider that it hastened his end.

But it was in ship-building and naval affairs that he took the deepest interest.—"The great, almost only pleasure of his mind," says the Duke of Buckingham, "to which he seemed addicted, was shipping and sea affairs; which seemed to be so much his talent for knowledge, as well as inclination, that a war of that kind was rather an entertainment than any disturbance to his thoughts." An order in Council, dated 8th May, 1676, displays his solicitude regarding naval affairs, and presents an agreeable trait of his munificence. It appears by this document that with a view of inducing families of consideration to bring up their sons in the royal navy, the King was pleased "at his extraordinary charge" to main-

tain several of the sons of gentlemen on board the royal ships as volunteers. Pepys says,—"His Majesty possessed a transcendant mastery in all maritime knowledge," and, especially during the first years of his reign, we have evidence how intent he was on increasing our naval power, and promoting the English supremacy at sea. His occasional visits to the fleet are alluded to by his contemporaries. In a letter of the Earl of Arlington, dated 20th July 1671, we find the following passage:—"On this day seven-night his Majesty left Windsor, with a pretence only to go and see the New Forest, and Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight; where, as soon as he arrived, he put himself on board a squadron of ships, posted there on purpose to carry him to Plymouth, to see the new fort there, where he arrived on Monday night, which is the last news we had of him. If the wind were fair for it, we should quickly expect him here again, and by long sea, where twenty leagues are more pleasing to him than two by land. It is a new exploit for Kings; but I hope God will bless him in it, according to those happy constellations which have yet appeared for him."*

The royal taste of course became a fashionable one at court, and at the breaking out of the Dutch war, the young nobility hurried on board the fleet as if they had been going to a crusade. Even the Queen and her ladies adopted

* Arlington's Letters, vol. ii. p. 320.

the ruling fashion, and in 1672 we find the good-natured monarch endeavouring to gratify their taste, and writing as follows to the Duke of York; —"Friday, 3rd May, Wind W. by S. I should have had no peace at home if I did not permit my wife to go to Deal to see the fleet: she will be there to-morrow with good store of ladies; so you must order those fly-boats, when they come, as well as you can."

In addition to his graver studies, Charles was not without sympathy in more graceful pursuits. He loved music and poetry; and theatricals were his passion. Of the two great actors of the day, Mohun and Hart, he said, on seeing them perform in a new piece, that Mohun, or Moon, as it was pronounced, "was like the sun, and Hart like the moon." At another time, when Sir William Davenant's play of "Love and Honour" was first acted, Charles presented Betterton the actor with his splendid coronation suit, in which the player performed the character of Prince Alonzo. The Duke of York followed the King's example, by giving the suit which he had worn on the same occasion to Hains, who acted the part of Prince Prospero; while the Earl of Oxford gave his to Joseph Price, who supported the character of Lionel, son to the Duke of Parma.

"It was Charles the Second," says Spence, "who gave Dryden the hint for writing his poem, called "The Medal." One day, as the King was

walking in the Mall, and talking with Dryden, he said, 'If I was a poet, *and I think I am poor enough to be one,* I would write a poem on such a subject, in the following manner;' and then gave him the plan for it. Dryden took the hint, carried the poem as soon as it was written to the King, and had a present of a hundred broad pieces for it." Charles is said to have been himself a poet, and if, as Sir John Hawkins affirms, and as Horace Walpole thinks probable, the following verses were really his composition, he has some claim to merit as a lyric poet:—

I pass all my hours in a shady old grove,
But I live not the day when I see not my love;
I survey every walk now my Phillis is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone;
Oh, then 'tis I think there's no hell,
Like loving too well.

But each shade and each conscious bower when I find,
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind;
When I see the print left of her shape on the green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come again;
Oh, then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

While alone to myself I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lock'd in another man's arms;
She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things she before said to me;
Oh, then 'tis, Oh, then, that I think there's no hell,
Like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind without art;

I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be,
So full of true love to be jealous of me;
Oh, then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

His taste, however, in the fine arts, was formed on a bad model, and was calculated neither to elevate nor refine. His conceptions of architectural beauty were formed in the French school, and he had the barbarity to introduce them into Windsor Castle and the Tower of London. Still he has the credit of fostering Wren, and St. Paul's was designed under his auspices. "The restoration of royalty," says Walpole, "brought back the arts, not taste. Charles had a turn to mechanics, none to the politer sciences. He had learned to draw in his youth: in the imperial library at Vienna is a view of the Isle of Jersey, designed by him; but he was too indolent even to amuse himself. He introduced the fashions of the court of France, without its elegance. He had seen Louis XIV. countenance Corneille, Molière, Boileau, Le Sueur, who forming themselves on the models of the ancients, seemed by the purity of their writings to have studied only in Sparta. Charles found as much genius at home; but how licentious, how indelicate was the style he permitted or demanded! Dryden's tragedies are a compound of bombast and heroic obscenity, endorsed in the most beautiful numbers. If Wycherly had nature, it was nature stark naked. The painters of that time

veiled it but little more: Sir Peter Lely scarce saves appearances but by a bit of fringe or embroidery. His nymphs, generally reposed on the turf, are too wanton and too magnificent to be taken for anything but maids of honour. Yet fantastic as his compositions seem, they were pretty much in the dress of the times, as is evident by a Puritan tract published in 1678, and entitled, 'Just and reasonable reprehensions of naked breasts and shoulders.'"*

From the outline of Lord Orford's stricture we may form no indifferent conception of the state of Charles's Court. But abhorrence at the wantonness of the ladies and the profligacy of the men was not merely confined to the "reprehensions" of a pamphleteer, or even to the remains of the old Puritan party, who were still numerous and powerful. In 1775 we find it voted in Parliament, that the "atheism, debauchery, and impiety of the present age be inserted as grievances to be redressed." This bold measure had, of course, no other reference but to the licentiousness of the Court; indeed the propriety of impeaching the King's mistresses,—nominally on the ground of keeping his Majesty in constant poverty,—was actually discussed by the popular party. "But no," said Lord Mordaunt, "we ought rather to be grateful to them, for making the King subservient to his parliament." Certain it is, that the debauchery of Charles

* Walpole's Works, vol. iii. p. 281.

and his favourites had less influence upon soceity in general than might perhaps have been expected. The public looked on his pleasures and his concubines with a sévere eye, and there was to be found generally, throughout his reign, a vast deal of moral and political honesty. The determined opposition which the Court encountered from the House of Commons; the great majority who voted for the Exclusion of the Duke of York; and the fact that,—when the clergy were called upon to subscribe to every article contained in the book of Common Prayer,—two thousand presbyterian ministers resigned their cures in one day, are unquestionable evidences that the principles of the Court were far from being those of the community at large. The more respectable adherents to the royal cause remembered and regretted the stately and sober amusements of his father's Court, and the general morality which was prevalent at the time. The change was indeed a melancholy one. There must have been many still living who remembered the remarkable punishment of Sir Peckshall Brockas for his private immoralities. This person, having been convicted before the High Commissioners for "many notorious adulteries with diverse women," was condemned to stand at Paul's Cross in a white sheet, and with a wand in his hand. The sentence was actually carried into execution, and there were many who would willingly have brought Charles and his mistresses to perform a similar penance.

A custom of playing at cards on Sundays, which was now generally practised at Court, was naturally productive of great offence in a still puritanical age. Even Pepys expresses his extreme abhorrence at seeing the Queen and the Duchess of York thus desecrating the Sabbath-day. The same amusing memoir-writer has left us a graphic account of a Court entertainment, which he witnessed at Whitehall. "The room," he says, "where the ball was to be, was crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by comes the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess, and all the great ones; and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchess of York, and the Duke the Duchess of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth my Lady Castlemaine, and so other lords other ladies, and they danced the brantle. After that, the King led a lady a single coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country-dances; the King leading the first, which he called for; which was, says he, 'Cuckolds all awry,' the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vicke's,* were the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queen herself, stand: and indeed he

* Sir Henry de Vic, Bart. of Guernsey. He was Chancellor of the Order of the Garter.

dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York."

The King chiefly restricted his residences to Whitehall and Windsor, though he paid occasional visits to Hampton Court and Newmarket. The old palace at Whitehall was then of vast size and magnificence. "It extended," says Pennant, "along the river, and in front along the present Parliament and Whitehall street, as far as Scotland yard; and on the other side of those streets to the turning into Spring Garden beyond the Admiralty, looking into St. James's Park. The merry King, his queen, the royal brother, Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, and all the great officers, and all the courtly train, had their lodgings within these walls; and all the royal family had their different offices, such as kitchens, cellars, pantries, spiceries, cyder-house, bake-house, wool-yards, coal-yards, and slaughter-house." Shortly after the death of Charles, nearly the whole of this interesting fabric perished in the flames.

Of the King's mode of living at Windsor we have no very particular account. When Reresby paid him a visit there, in 1680,—"The King," he says, "showed me a great deal of what he had done to the house, which was indeed very fine, and acquainted me with what he intended to do more; for then it was he was upon finishing that most majestic structure. He lived quite privately at this time: there was little or no resort to him;

and his days he passed in fishing or walking in the Park; and certain it is, he was much better pleased with retirement than the hurry of the gay and busy world." In a copy of verses entitled "Windsor," which, in the State Poems, are attributed to Rochester, the King's harmless practice of fishing is thus denounced :—

Methinks I see our mighty monarch stand,
His pliant angle trembling in his hand.
Pleased with the sport, good man; nor does he know
His easy sceptre bends and trembles so.
Fine representative indeed of God,
Whose sceptre's dwindled to a fishing-rod!
Such was Domitian in his Romans' eyes,
When his great god-ship stoop'd to catching flies;
Bless us, what pretty sport have deities!
But see, he now does up from Datchet come,
Laden with spoils of slaughter'd gudgeons, home.
Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy fate,
But greedily he swallows every bait,
A prey to every king-fisher of state.

We learn from Colley Cibber that Charles occasionally invited the actors to Windsor, where they performed in St. George's Hall. It seems, however, by the same account, that money was allowed to be taken at the door.

Of the manner in which Charles occupied his time at Newmarket we have a brief notice by Reresby. "The manner of the King's dividing his time at this place was thus: he walked in the morning till ten of the clock; then he went to the cock-pit till dinner time; about three he went to the

horse-races; at six he returned to the cock-pit, for an hour only; then he went to the play, though the actors were but of a terrible sort; from thence to supper; then to the Duchess of Portsmouth's till bed-time; and so to his own apartment to take his rest." Lord Halifax says: "He grew by age into a pretty exact distribution of his hours, both for his business, pleasures, and the exercise of his health, of which he took as much care as could possibly consist with some liberties he was resolved to indulge himself in. He walked by his watch, and when he pulled it out to look upon it, skilful men would make haste with what they had to say to him."

The palace of Newmarket, of which Sir Christopher Wren was the architect, was not completed at the time of the King's death. Charles had complained of the small size of the rooms, and was once conversing with Wren on the subject, when the architect, who was a small man, glanced somewhat consequentially round the apartment as if measuring the walls with his eye:—"I think," he said, "and it please your Majesty, they *are* high enough." Charles squatted down to Wren's height, and creeping about in this whimsical posture: "Ay," he said, "Sir Christopher, I think they are high enough."* After the death of Charles, the sum of eighty thousand guineas is said to have been discovered in his private cabi-

* Richardsoniana.

net, which it was believed he had intended to expend on one of his favourite palaces, Newmarket or Winchester.

Charles never permitted the revels of the night to be referred to on the following morning. By this means he in some degree prevented the over familiarity of his less eligible associates, and put a stop to expectations that he might have held out in the hilarity of the moment, and the overfulness of his heart. Among his boon companions also, he seems to have been more on his guard than might have been expected. To one, who importuned him for a favour in one of his jovial moments,—"You had better," he said, "ask *the King* to-morrow." An account of one of his debauches after a hunting-party in 1667, is amusingly detailed by the gossiping Pepys. It was related to him by Sir Hugh Cholmely, who was present. "They came," he says, "to Sir G. Carteret's house at Cranbourne, and there were entertained and all made drunk; and being all drunk, Armerer did come to the King, and swear to him: 'By G—, sir,' says he, 'you are not so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be.' —'Not I?' says the King; 'why so?'—'Why,' says he, 'if you are, let us drink his health.'— 'Why, let us,' says the King. Then he (Armerer) fell on his knees and drank it; and having done, the King began to drink it. 'Nay, sir,' says Armerer, 'by G— you must do it on your knees.'

So he did, and then all the company: and having done it, all fell a crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another; the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King, and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were."

Charles was once dining with Sir Robert Viner during his mayoralty, when, having remained as long as was agreeable to himself, he rose to depart. The citizen, however, had indulged rather freely in his own wines, and taking hold of the King, swore that he should remain and have another bottle. Charles looked kindly at him over the shoulder, and repeating, with a smile, a line of the old song :—

He that 's drunk is as great as a King,

remained as long as he wished.*

We have another account of a supper at the Duke of Buckingham's, where Charles endeavoured to make his nephew, the Prince of Orange, drunk. The Prince was rather averse to wine, and at the period in question was paying his addresses to his future consort the Princess Mary. However, having once made a party in the debauch, the naturally sedate Dutchman became the gayest and most frolicsome of the party. On their breaking up, he even commenced smashing the windows of the maids of honour, and would have forced himself into their rooms had he not been timely prevented.† Charles was an extremely

* Spectator, No. 462. † Reresby, Memoirs, p. 173.

early riser, so much so, that his servants, who were slower, perhaps, in recovering from the overnight debauch, used to complain not a little of his early habits.

Of Charles's passion for women, and the unlimited control which his mistresses possessed over him, there is no need to dwell at length. His conversation with them was extremely free, licentious, and even gross, and an oath from a pretty woman never failed in exciting his mirth. "I am of opinion," says Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, "that in his latter times there was as much of laziness as of love, in all those hours he passed among his mistresses; who, after all, only served to fill up his seraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleasure called sauntering, and talking without any restraint, was the true Sultana queen he delighted in." Whether or no this be true, it is certain that his mistresses preserved their influence to the last, and that they brought their easy and voluptuous master to the very verge of ruin. According to Reresby, however, "If love prevailed with him more than any other passion, he had this for excuse, besides that his complexion was of an amorous sort, the women seemed to be the aggressors: and I have since heard the King say, that they would sometimes offer themselves to him." His excessive liberality to his mistresses is satirized by Sir George Etherege, in his verses on a Lady of Pleasure: —

> For this old Rowley gave them coach and horses,
> Furnished them palaces, and stuffed their purses:
> Called Parliaments, pretending war with France,
> And all his harlot's grandeur to advance.

The origin of the familiar nickname Rowley is explained by the younger Richardson in his Ana. "I have been told," he says, "by an old gentleman of that time, the true occasion of Charles II. getting the nickname of Rowley. There was an old goat that used to run about the Privy-garden, that they had given this name to; a rank lecherous devil, that everybody knew and used to stroke, because he was good-humoured and familiar; and so they applied this name to the other." Others have derived it from an old horse of easy temper and amatory disposition, who was also generally popular; but Richardson's story is the most probable. Charles was once passing by the apartments of the maids of honour, when he caught the voice of Miss Howard singing a popular satirical song, in which the name of Old Rowley was not very agreeably introduced. After satisfying his curiosity for a few moments, he rapped at the door. Miss Howard inquiring who was there, "only Old Rowley," was his good-humoured reply.

The exactions of his mistresses had at one time drained the royal purse so low, that Charles appears to have been actually deficient in the common comforts of life, and at one period we find his wardrobe containing only three bands for his

neck and not a single handkerchief! Pepys heard a groom of the bed-chamber (Ashburnham) declare as much; — and that too, not to himself in the common course of conversation, where the fact might have been exaggerated, but in anger to the person who should have supplied the neglect; and who stated as his excuse that he could procure no further credit. And yet, about this very time, the Duchess of Cleveland is reported as losing 25,000*l.* in a single night at a gaming table. The latter fact is the more remarkable, because Charles personally never risked as much as five pounds at play, and disliked to see his mistresses playing, even for the smallest sum.

The frequent demands he made to Parliament for money, was a subject of much mirth with the wits of the period. There is extant more than one parody on his speeches from the throne, in which his pecuniary distresses form the principal topic. "I told you," (he is supposed to say in one of them,) "at our last meeting, the winter was the fittest time for business, and truly I thought so, till my Lord Treasurer assured me the spring was the best season for sallads and subsidies. I hope, therefore, that April will not prove so unnatural a month, as not to afford some kind showers on my parched exchequer, which gapes for want of them. Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it; for I promise you faithfully,

whatever you give me, I will always want: and although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority, yet in that you may rely upon me, I will never break it. My Lords and Gentlemen, I can bear my strait with patience; but my Lord Treasurer doth protest to me, that the revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too; one of us must pinch for it if you do not help me. I must speak freely to you: I am under circumstances, for besides my harlots in service, my reformado concubines lie heavy on me. I have a passable good estate I confess, but, gad's-fish! I have a great charge upon it. Here's my Lord Treasurer can tell, that all the money designed for next summer's guards must of necessity be applied to the next year's cradles and swaddling-clothes."

The picture is not considerably caricatured. In 1675 Charles told the Parliament that he was four millions in debt for the expenses of the State, and his own necessities, besides vast sums due to the goldsmiths and bankers. The question of granting him a supply was put to the vote, and in a house of nearly four hundred, was negatived by four.

Fortunately the King's easy disposition prevented him feeling very acutely the unpleasantness of want. He could even jest on the subject, as, indeed, he did on all others. Once, in a conversation with Stillingfleet, he inquired of him why he always *read* his sermons in the chapel royal, when

he preached *extempore* to all other congregations. Stillingfleet replied with some tact, that — "the awe of so noble an audience, where he saw nothing that was not greatly superior to him; but chiefly the seeing before him so great and wise a Prince, made him afraid to trust himself." Stillingfleet, perceiving the King was pleased with his answer; — "Will your Majesty," he said, "give me leave to ask you a question in my turn: — why do you read your speeches, when you can have none of the same reasons?" — "Why, truly, doctor," said the King, "your question is a very pertinent one, and so shall be my answer: I have asked them so often, and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

Among other arguments which he made use of to the Parliament, in order to obtain supplies, he told them he could afford to keep but one table at Whitehall: — "My necessities," he said, "prevent me from entertaining my friends, and it pains me to see so many coming to Whitehall, and going away without their dinners." The Parliament, however, were aware that he laughed at them, and his wit and his grievances were listened to with equal unconcern.

At one period of his reign Charles was in the constant practice of attending the debates in the House of Lords. He had at first contented himself with sitting quietly on his throne, but after a time, finding the fire-place afforded a more com-

fortable position, he generally remained standing there during his stay in the house; and as he invariably attracted a circle of the peers, and other persons, around him, the custom grew to be a serious interruption to the business of the day.* He used to say that attending the debates in the House of Lords, was as diverting to him as the play.†

* Burnet, vol. iv. p. 499.

† Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 27 and 33.

CHAPTER VII

Religious Tenets of Charles — reproves the Duke of Buckingham for his Profaneness — his Ridicule of Isaac Vossius — his praiseworthy Conduct to Bishop Ken — requests the dying Benediction of his old Tutor, Bishop Duppa — his Adoption of the Roman Catholic Belief — Interest which he takes in Religious Matters — his written Arguments in Favour of the Roman Catholic Religion — attacked by his last Illness — declines receiving the Sacrament from the Bishops — receives it from a Catholic Priest — his Demeanour during his Sickness — his Tenderness to the Duke of York and the Queen.

MUCH has been said respecting the religion of Charles, and though his morals and conduct were such, that his adoption of any particular creed could render it but an indifferent compliment, yet the subject is not without its interest. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, considers him to have been a Deist, but attributes his scepticism rather to indifference, and that constitutional laziness which rendered inquiry inconvenient and tedious, than to any fixed principles of unbelief. Hume has fallen into the same opinion: — "During his vigorous state of health," says the historian, "while his blood was warm and his spirits high, a contempt and disregard for all religion held pos-

session of his mind, and he might more properly be denominated a Deist than a Catholic." Though it was undoubtedly far from Hume's intention to place Charles in a worse light than he really deserved, yet his language on this occasion is somewhat harsh and undeserved. To whatever extent, by the example of his exceeding libertinism, Charles may have tended to throw religion into disrepute, there is no reason to believe that he ever wilfully insulted it by his language, or contemned it in his heart. For this supposition we have more than one authority. Waller, the poet, when on his death-bed, mentioned to his son-in-law, Dr. Birch, who attended him in his last illness, that he was once at court, when the Duke of Buckingham spoke profanely before the King. "My Lord," said Charles, gravely, "I am a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for Atheism than ever your Grace did: but I have lived long enough to see that there is nothing in them, and I hope your Grace will." — "He said once to myself," says Burnet, "that he was no Atheist, but he could not think God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of the way."

There is another anecdote, which will be found in Dr. Birch's MSS. in the British Museum, tending still further to relieve Charles from the charge of "contempt." Isaac Vossius, with whose conversation the King was much pleased, was a com-

plete free-thinker in religion: the same person however, though incredulous in more momentous matters, used to believe and relate the most improbable stories respecting the antiquity of the Chinese. "On my conscience," said Charles to a person who was near him, "this learned divine is a very strange man: he has the strictest faith in the fables of the heathens, and yet in the divine authorities he is a mere infidel." The King said of his companion at another time, that he refused to believe nothing except the Bible. St. Evremond remarks of Vossius, that he had a "childish and foolish credulity for anything that was uncommon, fabulous, and incredible." He ridicules also, in a copy of verses, his extravagant notions respecting the Chinese. Charles, who admired the eccentric talents of Vossius, appointed him librarian at St. James's, and made him a canon of Windsor. Isaac Vossius died at London, on the 20th of February, 1688.

In the Life of Bishop Ken, by Hawkins, a trifling anecdote is related, much to Charles's credit. In one of his progresses to Winchester the King was accompanied by the too celebrated Nell Gwynn, whom he was desirous of lodging in the house of Dr. Ken, then one of the prebends, and accordingly issued orders for his apartments to be prepared for her. The Doctor, however, stoutly refusing her admittance, Charles was compelled to yield the point: — so far, however, was he from show-

ing any vindictive feeling in consequence, that shortly afterwards he took Ken into favour, and installed him in the bishopric of Bath and Wells. Burnet speaks of his brother prelate, at a later period, as the most in favour of all the bishops.

For his old tutor, Brian Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, Charles ever retained a kindness and respect. A few hours before the old man expired, the King paid him a visit in his sick chamber, and, kneeling down by his bed-side, requested his blessing. The dying prelate, with one hand on the King's head, and the other lifted to Heaven, prayed fervently that he might prosper and be happy.*

Hume's further remark, that Charles was rather a Deist than a Catholic, again requires confirmation. The King, as is well known, died a Roman Catholic; and there is reason to believe that he had very early conformed secretly to that faith, and indeed, that he was altogether in the habit of thinking more seriously on religious matters than is generally supposed. The sectarian, perhaps, will be disposed to consider Popery but little removed from scepticism. The more charitable, however, will judge otherwise, and will award to Charles the portion of credit which may be his due.

The arguments which rendered it imperative on Charles to profess the established religion will be

* Biog. Brit. Art. Duppa.

apparent to every one. We have seen, in our memoir of the Duke of Gloucester, how strongly and sensibly he could write to his young brother, commanding him to adhere to the faith of his murdered father. Again, on the 13th of July 1654, when in his twenty-fifth year, he writes to the Duke of York on the same subject. "I have told you," he says, "what the Queen has promised me concerning my brother Harry, in point of religion; and I have given him charge to inform you if any attempt shall be made upon him to the contrary: in which case you will take the best care you can to prevent his being wrought upon, since you cannot but know how much you and I are concerned in it." About the time that this letter was written, one Billings was sent by Lord Aubigny to Charles, proposing that the Duke of Gloucester should be openly educated in the principles of the Church of Rome. It was argued, that such a step would ensure the staunch adherence of the English Roman Catholics, and might induce the Pope to take an active part in the King's restoration. Charles returned a written answer by Billings, in which, in the most sensible and spirited language, he positively refused to connive at such a scheme. To Lord Aubigny, moreover, he despatched a private note, in which, while he promised secrecy, and expressed his personal affection for his lordship, he persisted in rejecting the proposition. "I am confident," he writes, "that when we meet, as

I doubt not we shall, and I hope in England, I shall convert you on this point, whatever I shall do in others."

These passages are curious. They prove that at this early period Charles was either really and truly a Protestant; or, what is perhaps more probable, that he was ready to profess himself a convert to that faith which was the most likely to assist his restoration. Even supposing him to have been at this time a Roman Catholic, the well-known advice of Cardinal De Retz must alone have had sufficient weight to dissuade him from announcing his principles to the world. The Cardinal had shown much kindness to the exiled family, and seems to have conceived an especial regard for Charles himself. "Though it becomes me as a cardinal," he said to the young King, "to wish your Majesty a Catholic, for the saving of your soul; yet I must tell you that if you change your religion, you can never be restored to your kingdoms." Lord Halifax supports the opinion of the King's early defection from the Protestant faith: "I conclude," says his lordship, "that when he came into England he was as certainly a Roman Catholic, as that he was a man of pleasure."

The earliest intimation of the King's conversion to Popery, is on the authority of the Duke of Ormond. At Fontarabia, in 1659, the Duke, we are told, — "to his great surprise and concern, accidentally one morning early, saw the

King in the great church on his knees before the high altar, with several priests and ecclesiastics about him: that he was soon after confirmed in his sentiments by Sir Henry Bennet and the Earl of Bristol, who both owned the King to be a Catholic as well as themselves; the former was of opinion, that the King ought in policy to declare his religion, as the most hopeful method to recover his dominions. But the latter looked upon it as the most dangerous advice that could be given, such as would be the ruin of the King's cause; and it was finally agreed by the majority of the little court there, that this change should be kept as the greatest secret imaginable." After perusing this passage, it is amusing to turn to the pages of the obsequious Fuller. "During the King's continuance beyond the seas," says that writer, "great were the proffers tended to him of forsaking the Protestant religion. But, alas! as soon might the impotent waves remove the most sturdy rocks, as they once unfix him: such his constancy, whom neither the frowns of his afflictions, nor smiles of secular advantages, could make to warp from his first principles." This is nonsense, and Dr. Fuller probably knew as much. At all events he could not have been in ignorance of Charles's character, and had he survived a few years he would have been equally enlightened as to his principles.

That Charles took at least some interest in re-

ligious matters, even when in the full enjoyment of health and pleasure, it would not be difficult to prove. His brother James, in his Memoirs, mentions a remarkable meeting as having taken place in the royal closet, on the 25th of January 1669, the object of which was to decide on the best means of advancing the interests of the Roman Catholic religion throughout the King's dominions. There were present, Charles, the Duke of York, Lord Arundel of Wardour, Lord Arlington, and Sir Thomas Clifford. The King, says James, expressed his uneasiness at being compelled to deny his faith, and that "with great earnestness and even with tears in his eyes."

We have further evidence that Charles wanted not reflection. After his death, two papers, written in his own hand, and containing arguments in favour of the Roman Catholic religion, were found in his strong box. James, who lost no opportunity of advancing the interests of that faith, caused them to be published by his own printer, and attached to each of them the following attestation: —

"This is a true copy of a paper I found in the late King, my brother's, strong box, written in his own hand.

"JAMES R."

According to James's own account, on the first discovery of the papers, he took the Archbishop of Canterbury into his closet, and placed the docu-

ments in his hands. His Grace, adds James, seemed much surprised at the sight of them, and paused almost half a quarter of an hour before he said anything: at last he told the King, he did not think his late Majesty had understood controversy so well, but that he *thought* they might be answered. These papers, which possess but little merit as compositions, have been sometimes supposed to have originated in a pious fraud of King James; however, after every consideration, there appears little doubt but they are genuine. Lord Halifax thinks that the only extraordinary circumstance in the affair, was that a person so little inclined to write at all, should all at once have appeared in the solemn character of a casuist.

It appears by one of the despatches of Colbert, the French Ambassador, dated 21st of March 1672, that, in that year, Charles actually sent for a good theologian from Paris, in order to instruct him in the tenets of Catholicism: — it was insisted on, somewhat fantastically, in the same breath, that the theologian must be a *good chemist*.* The secret of Charles being a Catholic must have been well kept at the time. M. Barillon repeats to Louis XIV. the words of the Duchess of Portsmouth to him in the last hours of the King's life: — "I will tell you," she said, "the greatest secret in the world, and my head would be in danger if it were known. The King of England at the

* Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 48.

bottom of his heart is a Catholic; but he is surrounded by Protestant Bishops, and nobody tells him his condition, or speaks to him of God."*

At the period that Charles was attacked by his last illness, there is reason to believe that, as far as his own real interests and the well-being of his country were concerned, he had seriously contemplated a reformation of conduct. It was remarked, that a closer attention to business had followed some fits of ague, with which he had recently been seized, and there is even reason to believe that he anticipated a fatal result, and was alive to the precariousness of his existence. He had for some time complained that the air of Windsor disagreed with him, and had employed Sir Christopher Wren to build him a new palace at Winchester. The architect insisting that the building could not creditably be completed in less than two years, though possibly it might be finished after a fashion in one: — "If it be possible," said Charles, "let it be completed in that time: a year is a long period in my life." He died a few weeks afterwards.†

From the accounts of persons living at the period, we learn many minute and interesting particulars, respecting the last moments of Charles. According to Roger North, his first attack was at a full levee, when he suddenly fell back in his chair, with an exclamation as of a dying man. At

* Dalrymple, vol. i. p. 153.

† Life of Sir Dudley North, p. 174.

all events, his illness commenced on the 2nd of February, 1685, and lasted four days. Evelyn and Burnet place his first attack in his bedroom, and their account is probably correct. Fortunately one of his physicians, Dr. King, was present, and without waiting for any other assistance bled him immediately. This prompt act, though it was supposed to have saved the King's life for the time, required the especial pardon of the privy council.* Though relieved at the moment, he almost instantly relapsed into other fits, and subsequently showing symptoms of epilepsy, was cupped and let blood in both jugulars. In this state he continued till Wednesday the 4th of February, when the remedies appeared to have produced their desired effect, and on the Thursday considerable hopes were entertained of his ultimate recovery. On the evening of that day he discovered a tendency to fever. This, some of the physicians regarded as a favourable change, considering it more easy to be dealt with than his previous symptoms: others rather thought it the effect of the potent remedies which had been applied to him. For the fever, the Jesuit's powders, then very celebrated, were prescribed; but he appeared to become worse in consequence, and complained of a pain in his side. Twelve ounces more of blood were then drawn for him, but this

* The Council afterwards voted Dr. King a thousand pounds, which, however, he never appears to have received.

afforded him only a temporary relief, and he continued to get gradually worse till his death.

As soon as it was known that the King was in danger, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London, Durham, and Ely, came to offer their spiritual assistance. But Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, was the principal person who assisted him in his devotions. During the whole time of the King's illness, prayers were constantly offered up in the royal chapels, the court chaplains relieving one another every half quarter of an hour.

The fact of the King declining to receive the sacrament is alluded to both by Evelyn and in the Stuart Papers. According to the latter account, when the prelates came to that part in the prayers for the sick, where the confession of sins is exhorted, the Bishop of Bath and Wells advertized him that *it was not of obligation;* and after a short exhortation, inquired if he repented of his sins. Charles expressing his contrition, the Bishop pronounced the absolution, and then asked him if he would receive the Sacrament. To this the King at first returned no answer: but being repeatedly pressed by the bishop, either answered that it was time enough, or that he would think of it. According to the further account in the Stuart Papers, James, aware of his brother's sentiments and wishes, desired those present to stand a little from the bed, and then directly asked the King whe-

ther he should send for a priest. To this the King replied, — "For God's sake, brother, do, and lose no time." James, it appears, could procure no one but Father Huddlestone, who, it may be remembered, had assisted Charles in his flight after the battle of Worcester: this person, therefore, (the company having been previously desired to withdraw,) was brought up a back-stair case, and introduced privately into the King's bed-chamber; but as it was thought inexpedient for many reasons, that he should be left alone with the King, the Earls of Bath and Feversham remained in the room.

The scene which followed is described both by Huddlestone and in the Stuart Papers, nearly in the same words. The King, according to the latter authority, received Huddlestone with "great joy and satisfaction;" telling him, he desired to die in the faith and Communion of the Catholic Church; —that he was most heartily sorry for the sins of his past life, and particularly for having deferred his conversion so long;—that he trusted, nevertheless, in the merits of Christ;—that he died in charity with all the world; pardoned his enemies, and asked forgiveness of those he had in any way offended; and he added that, if it pleased God he recovered, he was resolved by His assistance to amend his life. "He then proceeded to make a confession of his whole life with exceeding tenderness of heart, and pronounced an act of contrition with great piety and compunction. In this he

spent about an hour, and having desired to receive all the succour fit for a dying man, he continued making pious ejaculations, and frequently lifting up his hands, cried, 'Mercy, sweet Jesus, mercy;' till the priest was ready to give him extreme unction: and the blessed Sacrament being come, by that time this was ended, he asked his Majesty if he desired to receive it? Who answered, he did most earnestly if he thought him worthy of it. Accordingly, the priest, after some further preparations, going about to give it him, he raised himself up, and said,—'Let me meet my heavenly Lord in a better posture than lying on my bed.' But being desired not to discompose himself, he repeated the act of contrition, and then received with great piety and devotion; after which, Father Huddlestone making him a short exhortation, left him in so much peace of mind that he looked approaching death in the face with all imaginable tranquillity and Christian resolution." While receiving the sacrament, the host stuck in the King's throat, which compelled them to send for a glass of water. After he had communicated, the dying monarch appeared far more resigned and happy: to Huddlestone, (alluding to the share which he had in his escape after the battle of Worcester,) he said, with something of his former humour,—"You have saved me twice, first my body, and now my soul." But even Burnet allows that "he went through the agonies

of death with a calm and constancy that amazed all who were about him."

Huddlestone's own account, though it scarcely differs from that of the Duke of York, is too curious to be altogether omitted. "Upon Thursday," he says, "the 5th of February 1685, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, I was sent for in haste to the Queen's back-stairs at Whitehall, and desired to bring with me all things necessary for a dying person. Accordingly I came, and was ordered not to stir from there till further notice." Huddlestone then describes his being admitted to the King's chamber, when he immediately approached the sick monarch, and kneeling down by the bed-side, commenced his exhortation. The King, he says, having repeated a short act of contrition, he gave him absolution, and then inquired of his Majesty if he should proceed to the Sacrament of extreme unction. To this the King replied, "with all my heart." — "I then entreated his Majesty," adds Huddlestone, "that he would prepare and dispose himself to receive. At this the King, raising up himself, said,—'Let me meet my heavenly Father in a better posture than in my bed:' but I humbly begged his Majesty to repose himself; God Almighty, who saw his heart, would accept of his good intention." The Sacrament was then administered, and Huddlestone retired.*

* "Brief account of what occurred on the King's death, in a short and plain way to the Faith and Church, by Mr. Richard Huddlestone, of the Order of St. Benedict."

The account is afterwards thus continued in the Stuart Papers.—" The company being again called in, his Majesty expressed the greatest kindness and tenderness for the Duke that could possibly be conceived. He owned in the most public manner the sense he had of his brotherly affection during the whole course of his life, and particularly in this last action: he commended his great submission and constant obedience to all his commands, and asked him pardon aloud for the rigorous treatment he had so long exercised his patience with. All which he said in so affectionate a manner, as drew floods of tears from all that were present." He spoke tenderly to the Queen, we are told, and left nothing unsaid or undone, that so small a time would allow.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dying Injunctions of Charles.—Grief of the Queen.—Affecting Descriptions of the King's last Moments—his Piety and Resolution—his Death—Neglect shown to his Remains—his Funeral in Westminster Abbey—Reasons for believing him to have been poisoned.—Anecdotes illustrating the Supposition.—Extraordinary Story related by the Duchess of Portsmouth.—Evelyn's Reflections on the Death of Charles.—Description of the King's Person—his Loss lamented by the lower Orders—his illegitimate Children.

A SHORT time before his death, Charles gave his keys to the Duke of York, who is described as kneeling by his bed-side, and in tears. He recommended to his care all his natural children, except the Duke of Monmouth, with whom he was on bad terms. He begged him also to be kind to the Duchess of Cleveland, and especially the Duchess of Portsmouth, and that "Nelly might not starve."*

* Evelyn, vol. i. p. 582. The Viscountess de Longueville says, that "Charles's dying request to his brother was, to take care of Carewell, (so the English pronounced Quérouaille,) and not let poor Nelly starve."—*Oldys' MS. Notes to Langbaine.* Charles Fox, alluding to the dying requests of Charles, makes the following very creditable remarks:—"The King's recommendation of the Duchess of Portsmouth and Mrs.

Charles, almost as soon as he had recovered from his first fit, had sent for the Queen, who appears to have remained with him till within a few hours of his death, when the scene became too painful for her, and she was seized with convulsions. She sent, however, to him from her chamber, praying him to forgive her absence, and to pardon her if she had ever offended him. "Alas! poor woman," he replied, "she beg my pardon! I beg hers with all my heart." Such is the account of the Rev. Francis Roper, chaplain of the Bishop of Ely, who was admitted to the sick chamber. And yet Burnet tells us, that Charles "*said nothing of the Queen, nor any one word of his people, nor his servants; nor did he speak one word of religion;*"—but the bishop, in his account of the King's last moments, is often either egregiously misinformed, or has himself wilfully misrepresented. Roper's is not the only authority for supposing the Queen to have been present. James alludes to the King speaking

Gwynn upon his death-bed, to his successor, is much to his honour, and those who censure it, seem, in their zeal to show themselves strict moralists, to have suffered their notions of vice and virtue to have fallen into strange confusion. Charles's connection with these ladies might be vicious, but at a moment when that connection was upon the point of being finally and irrevocably dissolved, to concern himself about their future welfare, and to recommend them to his brother with earnest tenderness, was virtue. 'It is not for the interest of morality, that the good and evil actions, even of bad men, should be confounded."—*History of James II.* p. 70.

tenderly to her, and the Duchess of Portsmouth gave it as her reason to M. Barillon why she herself could not be present.*

Roper's account, in a letter dated the day after the death of Charles, is too interesting to be omitted. "The King," he says, "showed himself throughout his illness one of the best-natured men that ever lived; and by abundance of fine things he said in reference to his soul, he showed he died as good a Christian: and the physicians, who have seen so many leave this world, do say they never saw the like as to his courage; so unconcerned he was as to death, though sensible to all degrees imaginable, to the very last. He often in extremity of pain would say he suffered, but thanked God he did so, and that he suffered patiently. He every now and then would seem to wish for death, and beg the pardon of the standers by, and those that were employed about him, that he gave them so much trouble: that he hoped the work was almost over: he was weary of this world: he had enough of it, and was going to a better. There was so much affec-

* The Earl of Aylesbury, in a letter to Mr. Leigh of Adlestrop, has the following passage:—"My good King and master falling upon me in his fit, I ordered him to be blooded, and then I went to fetch the Duke of York, and when we came to the bed-side, *we found the Queen there*, and the impostor says it was the Duchess of Portsmouth." Burnet had stated that the Duchess "sat on the bed, taking care of him as a wife of a husband." See Burnet, vol. ii. p. 468; Oxford, 1833.

tion and tenderness expressed between the two royal brothers, the one upon the bed, the other almost drowned in tears upon his knees, and kissing of his dying brother's hand, as could not but extremely move the standers by. He thanked our present King for having always been the best of brothers and of friends, and begged his pardon for the several risks of fortune he had run on his account. He told him now he had freely left him all, and begged of God to bless him with a prosperous reign. He recommended all his children to his care by name, except the Duke of Monmouth, whom he was not heard so much as to make mention of. He blessed all his children one by one, pulling them to him on the bed. And then the bishops moved him, as he was the Lord's anointed, and the father of his country, to bless them also, and all that were there present, and in them the whole body of his subjects. Whereupon, the room being full, all fell down upon their knees, and he raised himself on his bed, and very solemnly blessed them all. This was so like a great good prince, and the solemnity of it so very surprising, as was extremely moving and caused a general lamentation throughout; and no one hears it without being much affected with it, being new and great."*

The reverend writer of the above letter was of course ignorant that Charles had received the Sa-

* Ellis; Orig. Letters, vol. iii. p. 335.

crament from the hands of a Popish priest, or perhaps he would have been more sparing in his encomiums. Indeed, the fact of Charles having died in the Romish faith, did not immediately transpire. Evelyn merely mentions it as being *whispered* at the time, and Lord Chesterfield, who attended the King's death-bed, as "more than probable."*

On the morning of his death Charles inquired the hour, and being told it was six o'clock,— "Open the curtains," he said, "that I may once more see day." He was suffering great pain, and at half past eight could only speak with extreme difficulty; as long, however, as his speech lasted, he was heard pronouncing the name of God, and begging pardon for his offences. Even when he had lost all power of utterance, he showed what was passing in his mind, by lifting up his hands, and paying attention to the prayers.† "He disposed himself to die," say the Stuart Papers, "with the piety and unconcernedness becoming a Christian, and resolution becoming a King." He retained his senses entire till about an hour before his death, and expired between eleven and twelve o'clock on Friday morning, the 6th of February 1685. "He made," observes Roper, "a very glorious Christian exit, after as lasting and as strong

* Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, p. 45.

† Letter from M. Barillon to Louis XIV.; Mr. J. Aprice to Mr. Lynwood, &c.

an agony of death, almost as ever was known." Lord Chesterfield also, who was present, remarks in his "short notes,"—"He died with as great resolution and courage as a man is capable of; never repining at the loss of life, but wishing often, that death would make haste to free him from his pain, and the bystanders from their attendance." His lordship's account of the scene, as he describes it the day following, in a letter to the Earl of Arran, is replete with painful interest:—

"I am confident," he writes, "your lordship will have heard of the King's death, by an express, long before this paper can come to you: and therefore I will only say that, as to the manner of it (of which I was a witness, as having watched two whole nights with him and saw him expire), nothing could be greater; and should I but mention half the remarkable passages that came to my cognizance, they would be much more proper to fill a volume with than a letter; and, therefore, I will only say, in short, that he died as a good Christian, asking and praying often for God's and Christ's mercy; as a man of great and undaunted courage, in never repining at the loss of life, or for that of three kingdoms; as a good-natured man, in a thousand particulars; for when the Queen sent to ask his pardon for anything that she had ever done amiss, he answered, that she never had offended him, and therefore needed no

pardon, but, that he had need of hers, and did hope that she would not refuse it him. He expressed extraordinary great kindness to the Duke his brother, and asked him often forgiveness for any hardships he had ever put upon him, assuring him of the tenderness of his love, and that he willingly left him all he had; desiring him, for *his* sake, to be kind to his poor children, when he was gone. Lastly, he asked his subjects' pardon for anything that had been neglected, or acted contrary to the best rules of a good government, and told those who stood about his bed, how sorry he was for giving them so much trouble by his being so long a dying; desiring often death to make more haste to free him from his pain, and the bystanders from their attendance. Your lordship, I am sure, would have thought it very touching to have been a spectator of this dismal scene, and to have seen this brave and worthy prince lie in the horrid agony of death, with all the pains imaginable upon him from six at night till twelve the next day, at which time he died."* The death of King Charles took place in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the twenty-fifth of his reign.

The neglect which was subsequently shown to the remains of the deceased monarch, reflects but little credit on the fraternal affection of his successor. "He was hurried," says Coke, "in the

* Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, p. 278.

dead of the night to his grave, as if his corpse had been to be arrested for debt; and not so much as the blue-coat boys attending it." The language of Burnet is still stronger. "The King's body," he says, "was indecently neglected. Some parts of his inwards, and some pieces of the fat, were left in the water in which they were washed: all which were so carelessly looked after, that the water being poured out at a scullery-hole, that went to a drain, in the mouth of which a grate lay, these were seen lying on the grate many days after. His funeral was very mean. He did not lie in state. No mournings were given; and the expense of it was not equal to what an ordinary nobleman's funeral will rise to." A kind of apology is made in the Stuart Papers, for the little respect which was shown by James to his brother's memory. It is there attributed to the unpopularity of the faith in which the late King died, and which James himself professed; circumstances which rendered it necessary to perform the funeral as privately as possible, in order to avoid "either disputes on one hand, or scandal on the other." Charles was eventually buried on the night of the fourteenth of February, eight days after his death, in Westminster Abbey; Prince George of Denmark being chief mourner.

The question whether Charles met his death from poison is too remarkable to be passed over in silence. If, as has sometimes been believed,

Charles, at the time of his dissolution, was on the eve of gratifying his Parliament and the people, by consenting to the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne, it was certainly an extraordinary crisis for the Roman Catholic party. All hopes of the succession of one of their own faith, and consequently of re-establishing the Catholic religion in England, would, in the event of Charles surviving his brother, be entirely and for ever at an end. In a word, supposing that the act of Exclusion was about to pass into law, or,—which amounts to the same thing,—that the Papists placed faith in the rumours to that effect, it is evident that the death of Charles could alone avert the threatened danger.

There is reason, however, to believe that, about the same period, another attempt had been made on the life of Charles;—a fact which it would be the more curious to substantiate, as showing the actual existence of a party, whether Catholics or not, to whom the King's removal was of no slight importance. The following story, related by Welwood, is certainly remarkable. Charles, it seems, had one day been taking more than his usual exercise, and in the evening, having drunk more freely than was customary with him, fell asleep on a couch, in a room adjoining that in which he had supped. He remained there, however, but a short time, and then returned to the company. The same night, a servant, who had

subsequently lain down on the couch and covered himself with the King's cloak, was found stabbed with a poniard. The circumstance, it seems, was hushed up at the time, and no inquiry instituted.

Though no other actual attempt is known to have been made on the King's life, it is evident that fears and suspicions were generally entertained. Charles having been accustomed to expose himself latterly, by walking in the night-time, attended by only one footman, we find Lord Orrery strongly remonstrating with him on the dangers which he might incur: but, in a poem of the period, there is more curious proof of the fears entertained of the Papists and their diabolical views. The poem shall be inserted at length.

Great Charles, who full of mercy, might'st command,
In peace and pleasure, this thy native land;
At last take pity of thy tottering throne,
Shook by the faults of others, not thine own.
Let not thy life and crown together end,
Destroyed by a false brother, and false friend.
Observe the danger *that appears so near,*
That all your subjects do each minute fear:
One drop of poison, or a Popish knife,
Ends all the joys of England with thy life.
Brothers, 'tis true, by nature should be kind;
But a too zealous and ambitious mind,
Bribed with a crown on earth, and one above,
Harbours no friendship, tenderness, or love.
See in all ages what examples are
Of monarchs murdered by the impatient heir.
Hard fate of princes, who will ne'er believe,
Till the stroke 's struck which they can ne'er retrieve.

It is but fair to remark, with reference to one dark insinuation contained in these lines, that if Charles met with unfair play, James was certainly no party concerned. Even Burnet, with all his malignity, and his hatred of the two brothers, hastens to relieve him from the charge.

Still, as regards the general question of Charles having died from poison, the evidence is curious if not convincing. "If," says Welwood, "he died a natural death, it is agreed by all it must have been an apoplexy. This disease seizes all the vital faculties at once; and yet for the most part does not only give some short warnings of its approach, by unusual affections of the head, but many times is occasioned by some eminent preceding cause. In King Charles's case there appeared no visible cause, either near or remote, to which with any certainty of reason his disease could be ascribed; and the forerunners of it were rather to be found in the stomach and bowels, than in the head. For after he was a-bed he was overheard to groan most of the night: and both then, and next morning, before he fell into the fit, he complained first of a heavy oppression in his stomach, and about his heart, and afterwards of a sharp pain in those parts; all which symptoms had but little relation to an apoplexy. That morning there appeared to everybody about him a ghastliness and paleness in his looks: and when he sat down to be shaved, just before the fit took him, he could not

sit straight as he used to do, but continued in a stooping posture with his hand upon his stomach, till the fit came. After he had been brought out of it, by opening a vein, he complained of a racking pain in his stomach, and of no indisposition anywhere else: and during the whole time of his sickness, and even when he seemed most insensible, he was observed to lay his hand for the most part upon his stomach, in a moaning posture, and continued so to his death. And so violent was the pain, that when all hopes were gone, the physicians were desired to use all their art to procure him an easy death."

"When his body was opened," adds the same writer, "there was not sufficient time given for taking an exact observation of his stomach and bowels, which one would think ought chiefly to have been done, considering the violent pains he had there: and when a certain physician seemed to be more inquisitive than ordinary about the condition of those parts, he was taken aside and reproved for his *needless curiosity*. In the next place his body stunk within a few hours after his death, notwithstanding the coldness of the season, that the people about him were extremely offended with the smell: which is a thing very extraordinary, in one of his strong and healthful constitution; and is not a proper consequent of a mere apoplectical distemper."

But from mere presumptions we must proceed

to more tangible evidence. "There were," says Burnet, "many very apparent suspicions of his being poisoned: for though the first access looked like an apoplexy, yet it was plain in the progress of it that it was no apoplexy. When his body was opened, the physicians who viewed it were, as it were, led by those who might suspect the truth to look upon the parts that were certainly sound But both Lower and Needham, two famous physicians, told me, they plainly discovered two or three blue spots on the outside of the stomach. Needham called twice to have it opened; but the surgeons seemed not to hear him, and when he moved it the second time, he, as he told me, heard Lower say to one that stood next him, 'Needham will undo us, calling thus to have the stomach opened, for he may see they will not do it.' They were directed to look to somewhat else, and when they returned to look upon the stomach, it was carried away, so that it was never viewed. Le Fevre, a French physician, told me, he saw a blackness in the shoulder, upon which he made an incision, and saw it was all mortified. Short, another physician, who was a Papist, but after a form of his own, did very much suspect foul dealing, and had talked more freely of it than any of the Protestants durst at that time. But he was not long after taken suddenly ill, upon a large draught of wormwood wine, which he had drunk in the house of a Popish patient, that lived near

the Tower, who had sent for him, of which he died. And, as he said to Lower, Millington, and some other physicians, he believed that he himself was poisoned for having spoken so freely of the King's death."

Evelyn mentions his having held a conversation with the Marquis of Normanby, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, respecting the poisoning of Charles; but he neither gives us his own nor his Lordship's opinion on the question. The Duke, however, has elsewhere favoured us on the subject. "I would not," he observes, "say anything on so sad a subject, if I did not think that silence itself would in such a case signify too much: and, therefore, as an impartial writer, I am obliged to observe, that the most knowing, and the most deserving of all his physicians, did not only believe him poisoned, but thought himself so too, not long after, for having declared his opinion a little too boldly." This is in singular corroboration of Burnet's statement.

Sir Henry Ellis, in the fourth volume of the second series of his Original Letters, has the following remark: — "Of the illness which immediately preceded the death of Charles the Second, a very full and curious detail, in Latin, is preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, together with copies of the prescriptions administered (two of them signed by no fewer than fourteen physicians), and an account of the appearance of

his Majesty's body when opened; the whole *completely removing the suspicion that the King was taken off by poison.*" Of this report Sir Henry has inserted a copious extract, containing, we presume, the matter which bears most strongly on his view of the question. Really, however, there appears nothing in it which can impugn the veracity either of the Duke of Buckingham or of Burnet, to whom their professional informants appear to have been personally known. Sir Henry says, that two of the prescriptions were signed by no fewer than fourteen physicians. The question, however, is not with the physicians,—who are neither accused of having tampered with the King's life, nor of having afterwards been privy to his murder,—but rests entirely with the surgeons who opened the body. The point to which we are desirous of arriving, is whether the body underwent a rigid examination,—whether the appearance of the stomach was closely investigated;—if so, whether it exhibited any traces of poison; and further, whether there was any evidence to support the assertion of Bishop Burnet, that its contents had been surreptitiously removed, without having been submitted to the scrutiny of the examining surgeons. Sir Henry, however, has given us the account, at full length, of the opening of the body, and we turn with interest to the passage which relates to the appearance of the intestines:—

"6. In intimo ventre nihil præter naturale, nisi

quod hepatis color ad lividitatem inclinaret, *fortè* à sanguinis inibi restitantis pleonasmo, quo renes et lien cernebantur suffarcinati." This, unless it be taken as proof that the stomach was actually examined, is, after all, saying little or nothing. But by whom was it examined? There is nothing to show that the report was signed by *all*, or even *any* of the surgeons; and for anything we know to the contrary, it may have been a mere *ex parte* statement, got up to mislead the world, in the event of suspicion falling on the parties concerned.

Bishop Burnet, on the authority of Mr. Henley, who had the account from the Duchess of Portsmouth, relates an extraordinary story connected with the circumstances of King Charles's death. According to her Grace's supposed statement, Charles had fully resolved on making his peace with the Parliament, by consenting to the exclusion of the Duke of York to the succession; —a fact which the Duchess, who was in the secret, communicated to no one but her confessor. This person, she believed, divulged it to others of his party, who forthwith devised and accomplished the murder of the King.

On the above passage in Burnet's history, Lord Lansdown made the following remark: "It was my fortune to be residing at Paris when this history was published. Such a particular was too remarkable not to raise my curiosity. The Duchess was then likewise in Paris. I employed a

person, who had the honour to be intimate with her Grace, to inquire from her own mouth the truth of this passage. Her reply was this: that she recollected no acquaintance with Mr. Henley; but she remembered well Dr. Burnet and his character. That the King and the Duke, and the whole court, looked upon him as the greatest liar upon the face of the earth, and there was no believing one word that he said. I only repeat the answer I received: far be it from me to make any such reflection."*

Malicious as are many of Burnet's statements, and however perverted may be his constructions, we must exonerate him on this occasion from the charge of deliberate falsehood. That the Duchess more than once publicly expressed her conviction that Charles died by unfair means, there can scarcely be a question. Fox, in his Introductory Chapter to the Life of James the Second, has some remarks on the subject, to which Lord Holland has added the following note:—"Mr. Fox had this report from the family of his mother, great granddaughter to the Duchess of Portsmouth. The Duchess of Portsmouth lived to a very advanced age, and retained her faculties to the period of her death, which happened in 1734, in Aubigny. Mr. Fox's mother, when very young, saw her at that place; and many of the Lennox family, with

* Vindication of General Monk; Lansdown's Works, vol. ii. p. 173.

whom Mr. Fox was subsequently acquainted, had, no doubt, frequently conversed with her." To this we may add, the communication of Dean Cowper to Spence. The Duchess of Portsmouth, who was in England as late as 1699, during her visit assured Lord Chancellor Cowper, that Charles was actually poisoned at her house, by one of her own footmen, in a cup of chocolate. We learn casually from another source, that the King supped at her house the night before he was taken ill.*

We have one more anecdote respecting this strange affair. One Tessier, a foreigner, in whose house Charles and his brother James had resided for a considerable time when in exile, had come to England after the Restoration, and had been appointed embroiderer to the King. A short time before the death of Charles, he received an order to prepare some tapestry for the palace, with strict injunctions to weave the initials of J. R. instead of C. R. The King being apparently in good health at the time, Tessier remonstrated, but to no purpose. By the time the tapestry was finished the King was no more. Tessier, to the day of his death, expressed his belief that Charles had been poisoned. In 1759, a niece of Tessier's was still living in Spitalfields, and asserted that she had frequently heard her uncle relate the story, and was ready to testify it upon oath.† Welwood relates a somewhat similar anecdote. A foreign

* Burnet, vol. ii. p. 467. † Gent. Mag. vol. xxix. p. 370.

minister, he says, shortly before the King was attacked by his last illness, ordered his steward to purchase a considerable quantity of black cloth, which afterwards served the minister and his retinue for mourning. Welwood further adds that the Roman Catholic party at court were observed to be in a considerable state of excitement, for some time previous to the death of the King.

Whether there be any truth in these strange stories it is of course impossible to decide. Disinclination to be captivated by the marvellous, and the mystery with which the vulgar ever delight to invest the last moments of princes, will probably lead us to discard them as evidence, though, taken collectively, they are certainly curious and embarrassing. In support of the belief that Charles died from natural causes, it was argued that he had weakened his constitution by the life which he had led, and that he had already been subject to fits, resembling those he had been attacked by in his last illness.* On one occasion, a priest, who had been admitted to him on secret business, was seen to hurry from the apartment in the utmost consternation. The King, it seems, had been

* "As to the poisoning part of the story, it was always my opinion, and not ill-grounded neither, that the King hastened his death by his own quackery. The last year of his life he had been much troubled with a sore leg, which he endeavoured to conceal, and trusted too much to his own drugs and medicines. On a sudden the running stopped, and it was then he was seized with an apoplexy; a common case, fatal the moment

seized by a fit, accompanied with violent contortions of the body, and when the priest offered to call for assistance, Charles held him by force till it was over. The person who brought the ecclesiastic to the King related the story to Welwood. Had Charles died at the time, (which was during the extraordinary excitement of the Popish plot,) the priest would have found himself in rather an unpleasant position. The King told the priest not to be afraid, for he had been "troubled with the like before."

Such are the various circumstances connected with the death of Charles. Evelyn, who paid a visit to Whitehall immediately after the King had breathed his last, speaks affectingly of the striking contrast which the court presented, to what he had witnessed but the *Sunday* preceding. He had then beheld the gay monarch in the midst of his voluptuous court, toying with his beautiful mistresses, the Duchesses of Cleveland, Portsmouth, and Mazarine; while a French boy was singing love-songs, and the courtiers were playing at basset for large sums around him. "Six days after," he says, "all was in the dust."

In person Charles was rather above the common

those sort of sores dry up. There being so natural a way of accounting for his death, to what purpose then all those forced speculations from strained circumstances? No one but the next heir could have any interest in it, and he never was so much as accused or suspected."— *Vindication of General Monk; Lansdown's Works*, vol. ii. p. 263.

height. In early youth he is said to have been handsome, but he grew thinner as he increased in years, and his features became harsher and more marked. His complexion was dark and muddy, but it was relieved by the quick sparkling of his eyes, and a profusion of black and glossy hair. The expression of his countenance was severe, though it lighted up agreeably when he spoke. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham calls him an illustrious exception to all the common rules of physiognomy, for, with a harsh saturnine countenance, he was both of a gay and merciful disposition. His symmetry is said to have been faultless; and his movements, whether in dancing, at tennis, or on horseback, are described as strikingly graceful and easy. Few men could either act or look the king better, when it pleased him. Burnet admits that he had the finest manners of any person in England, and Rochester celebrates—

> The easiest prince and best-bred man alive.

His loss was deeply lamented, at least by the poor. Probably the lower orders of the community were never so happy or so prosperous,—so free from the oppression of taxes, or from the miseries contingent on a period of war, — as during the reign of the merry monarch. It would be difficult to bring forward any other of our kings, whose loss occasioned a more universal sorrow, or whose name was more frequently mentioned with affection, than that of the good-humoured Charles.

Charles had no children by his Queen. By his mistresses he had, unfortunately, a numerous progeny. Lord Shaftesbury,—alluding to their numbers, and at the same time to the low state of the royal treasury,—declared that he expected to see the King's children running about the streets like link-boys. Those of whom we have any notice amount to fifteen, but there were probably others who died in their infancy. By Lucy Walters he was the father of the Duke of Monmouth, and a daughter married to William Sarsfield, Esq. By the Duchess of Cleveland he had six children;—the Duke of Southampton, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Northumberland, the Countess of Sussex, the Countess of Litchfield, and a daughter, Barbara, who became a nun at Pontoise. By the Duchess of Portsmouth — the Duke of Richmond. By Nel Gwynn — the Duke of St. Alban's, and a son, James Beauclerk, who died young. By Mary Davis—Lady Derwentwater. By Lady Shannon — the Countess of Yarmouth; and by Catherine Peg—the Earl of Plymouth, and a daughter who died young. It is remarkable that Charles should have been father to six Dukes, who were alive at the same time; and that each should have been provided with a maintenance becoming his dignity.

CATHERINE,

QUEEN OF CHARLES II.

The Queen's uncomfortable Situation at the Court of Charles—her Lineage—arrives at Portsmouth—Charles's Description of her to Lord Clarendon—her Marriage with the King—Descriptions of her Person—her extraordinary Retinue—List of her Household in 1669—Anecdotes—Lady Castlemaine attempted to be forced upon her as a Lady of the Bedchamber—Indignation of Catherine—unfeeling Conduct of Charles and Lord Clarendon—the Queen consents to the Appointment of her Rival—Alteration in her Conduct—encourages Gaiety and Frolic—fashionable Freaks of the Period—the Queen's Unhappiness—Evidences of her being capable of bearing Children—her dangerous Illness, and Affliction of Charles—accused by Titus Oates—her Grief at the Death of Charles—Description of her later in Life—her Death.

ACCUSTOMED to the strict rules, the rigid discipline, and the narrow intercourse of a convent—ignorant of the vices of the other sex, and without a conception of such a character as Charles—alone and friendless in a foreign land—exposed by her formal dress and manners to the merciless ridicule of licentious men, and the half-suppressed titter of shameless women—disappointed in all the fond visions of domestic happiness with which she had

flattered herself — deserted, almost in the first weeks of marriage, for more alluring charms—and all this with the deep feelings of her sex—the proverbial jealousy of her country—and with a kind heart and naturally happy temperament; we can imagine no trial more bitter, no situation more mortifying, than that of this inoffensive and unhappy princess.

Charles was scarcely settled quietly on his throne, when the subject of his future marriage became a matter of discussion both at the council board and among his subjects. Several European princesses had been proposed to him, among whom none appeared more eligible than the Infanta of Portugal. Half a million of money, the fortress of Tangier in Africa,—which promised to be of much importance to the Mediterranean trade,—and the Island of Bombay in the East Indies, certainly constituted a tempting and splendid dowry. The eligibility of some of the German princesses had been advocated, but Charles rejected the notion with horror. "'Odd's fish," he exclaimed, "I could not marry one of them; *they are all foggy.*" The report of the Infanta's accomplishments, her vast fortune, and a sight of her portrait, which did not appear untempting, eventually decided his choice. Contemplating the latter for a few moments,—"He was sure," he said, "that person could not be unhandsome." The identical portrait is now in the collection at Strawberry Hill.

Catherine, Infanta of Portugal, was the only daughter of Juan, Duke of Braganza, who had so nobly thrown off the yoke of Spain, and restored monarchy to Portugal, after an interruption of nearly sixty years. Her mother was Lucia, daughter of Guzman Duke of Medina Sidonia, a Spanish Grandee. She was born at Villa Vicosa, in Portugal, on the 14th of November 1638, and had attained her twenty-fourth year at the time of her marriage.

Everything having been prepared for that event, and the articles of the marriage treaty having been signed on both sides, the Earl of Sandwich was despatched with a gallant squadron of ships to take possession of Tangier, and to bring home the bride. Echard and other writers affirm that the Earl married her for the King by proxy, but we have the authority of King James that she refused to be married by a Protestant representative, and consequently trusted herself implicitly to the faith of the English nation. The experiment, considering the character of Charles, was rather a dangerous one; especially as her dowry was only half paid at the time, and then only in the shape of jewels, cotton, sugar, and other articles. Nothing was known of this infringement of the treaty till the Infanta was on the eve of embarkation, so that Charles received his bride and his disappointment at the same moment. As the dowry was to have been paid entirely in gold, the long face of the

merry monarch over his bales of cotton and tubs of sugar, must have been sufficient to provoke the mirth even of his dullest courtier.

On the 23rd of April 1662, the Infanta sailed from Lisbon, and arrived at Portsmouth on the 14th of May, having suffered severely from sea-sickness during the voyage. She had been met off the Isle of Wight by the Duke of York, then Lord High Admiral of England, who was instantly admitted into her cabin and seated in a chair on her right hand. Lord Chesterfield says in his "Short Notes:"—"His royal highness, out of compliment to the King, would not salute her; to the end that his Majesty might be the first man that ever had received that favour; she coming out of a country where it was not the fashion."* Notwithstanding she had suffered much from the voyage, and had already detained the English fleet six weeks at Lisbon, it appears, from some unaccountable reason, that it was six days before she landed.

At Portsmouth, Catherine was received with every possible honour. "The nobility and gentry," says Heath, "and multitudes of Londoners, in most rich apparel, and in great numbers, waiting on the shore for her landing. And the Mayor and Aldermen, and principal persons of that corporation being in their gowns, and with a present and speech, ready to entertain her; the cannon and

* Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, Memoir, p. 21.

small shot, both from round that town, and the whole fleet echoed to one another the loud proclamations of their joy." Charles, having some important bills to pass, did not leave Whitehall till the 19th of May, five days after Catherine's arrival. At nine o'clock at night, accompanied only by Prince Rupert, and attended by a troop of his life-guards, he entered the Duke of Northumberland's coach, and soon after ten arrived at Kingston-on-Thames. At the further end of the town he entered a coach of the Earl of Chesterfield, which was in readiness, and attended by the Duke of York's guard, reached Guildford before twelve; thus performing a distance of thirty-five miles in less than three hours, a very rapid rate of travelling, considering the period. At Guildford the King passed the night, and the next morning set off for Portsmouth with the same speed, and at noon reached his destination.

Catherine, being indisposed, was in her own chamber, where Charles proceeded to pay her a visit. Of their interview he has himself given us an account. The following letter in his own handwriting, addressed to Lord Clarendon, and indorsed by the Chancellor, is preserved in the British Museum. It contains a graphic picture of the royal bride, and is remarkable for that easy conversational style, so seldom to be found in the epistolary correspondence of the day.

"Portsmouth, 21st May, eight in the morning.

"I arrived here yesterday about two in the afternoon, and as soon as I had shifted myself, I went into my wife's chamber, who I found in bed, by reason of a little cough and some inclination to a fever, which was caused, as we physicians say, by having certain things stop at sea, which ought to have carried away those humours: but now all is in due course, and I believe she will find herself very well this morning as soon as she wakes. It was happy for the honour of the nation that I was not put to the consummation of the marriage last night, for I was so sleepy by having slept but two hours in my journey, as I am afraid that matters would have gone very sleepily. I can now give you an account of what I have seen a-bed, which, in short, is:—her face is not so exact as to be called a beauty, though her eyes are excellent good, and not anything in her face that in the least degree can shame one; on the contrary, she hath as much agreeableness in her looks as ever I saw, and if I have any skill in physiognomy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was born. Her conversation, as much as I can perceive, is very good, for she has wit enough, and a most agreeable voice. You will wonder to see how well we are acquainted already; in a word, I think myself very happy, for I am confident our two humours will agree very well together. I have not time to say any more.

My Lord. Lieutenant will give you an account of the rest. C."

Notwithstanding the favourable picture which Charles here draws of his bride, it must be remarked that to others he painted his first impressions in a very different manner. To Colonel Legge he said, that when he first saw her, "he thought they had brought him a *bat* instead of a woman."*

The day after the King's arrival they were privately married, according to the rites of the Romish faith, by Lord Aubigny, almoner to the Queen Dowager. The ceremony took place in Catherine's bed-chamber, in the presence of Philip, afterwards Cardinal Howard, and five of her Portuguese attendants, male and female, who were pledged to the profoundest secrecy. Sheldon, Bishop of London, afterwards united them publicly according to the ceremonials of the Protestant Church. King James informs us that Catherine refused to be "bedded," till the bishop had pronounced them man and wife. As soon as the ceremony was at an end, a profusion of ribbons, with which the bride was decorated, was cut in pieces and divided among the spectators. Charles presented his bride with a gold toilet, valued at four hundred pounds. They remained a few days at Portsmouth, and thence proceeded by way of Windsor, to Hampton Court.

* Burnet, vol. i. p. 315; Note by Lord Dartmouth.

Evelyn mentions his having seen Catherine soon after her arrival in England. She was in the midst of her Portuguese ladies, remarkable for their olive complexions and "immense fardingales." The Queen, he says, had the same appearance, but was much the handsomest of the party. Though short in her stature, her figure was good, and her eyes "languishing and excellent." The only fault the philosopher had to find, was that her teeth projected a little too far. The picture which Lord Dartmouth draws of her is somewhat severe. "She was very short and broad, of a swarthy complexion, one of her fore-teeth stood out, which held up her upper lip; had some very nauseous distempers, besides exceedingly proud and ill-favoured."*

But the most pleasing portrait of Catherine is that drawn by her Chamberlain, Lord Chesterfield, who was introduced to her previous to her landing, and who thus describes his first impressions in a letter to a Mr. Bates:—"Now as for the Queen, of whom I know you desire the description, you may credit her being a very extraordinary woman; that is extremely devout, extremely discreet, very fond of her husband, and the owner of a good understanding. As to her person, she is exactly shaped, and has lovely hands, excellent eyes, a good countenance, a pleasing voice, fine hair, and, in a word, is what an understanding

* Burnet, vol. i. p. 315; Note by Lord Dartmouth.

man would wish a wife. Yet, I fear all this will hardly make things run in the right channel; but if it should, I suppose our Court will require a new modelling, and then the profession of an honest man's friendship will signify more than it does at present, from your very humble servant."*

Reresby, too, had an early sight of the new Queen:—"She was a very little woman," he says, "with a pretty tolerable face: she, neither in person or manners, had any one article to stand in competition with the charms of the Countess of Castlemaine, since Duchess of Cleveland, the finest woman of her age." Pepys says, though not very charming, the new Queen had a good, honest, and innocent look. But Waller is, as usual, fulsome in her praise. He not only speaks of her "matchless beauty" at this period, but twenty-one years afterwards, when she was in her forty-fourth year, the courtly and now aged poet still celebrates her charms:—

> She, like the sun, does still the same appear,
> Bright as she was at her arrival here.

The high ruffs and "monstrous fardingales" of the Queen and her olive-coloured attendants, and the surpassing ugliness of the latter, excited the horror of all the admirers of female beauty, and was a fund of amusement to the wits of the court. The poor Queen had been persuaded by her

* Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, p. 123.

own people that the English ladies would willingly adopt their fantastic attire. But though our country-women were never very famous for their taste in dress, and have invariably adopted any ridiculous fashion of their neighbours, yet the costume of the new-comers was too outrageous even for them. The Queen was shortly persuaded by Charles to conform to a more becoming attire, and the world had not long to complain of her stiffness in this particular. She fell into the other extreme. "The Queen of Charles II," says Mr. D'Israeli, "exposed her breast and shoulders without even the glass of the lightest gauze; and the tucker, instead of standing up on her bosom, is with licentious boldness turned down, and lies upon her stays."

Of the hideous train which accompanied her, De Grammont has left us an amusing account. "The new Queen," he says, "gave but little additional brilliancy to the Court, either in her person or her retinue, which was then composed of the Countess de Panétra, who came over with her in the quality of lady of the bed-chamber; six frights, who called themselves maids of honour, and a duenna, another monster, who took the title of governess to these extraordinary beauties. Among the men were Francis De Melo, brother to the Countess de Panétra; one Taurauvédez, who called himself Don Pedro Francisco Correo de Silva, extremely handsome, but a greater fool than all the

Portuguese put together. He was more vain of his names than of his person; but the Duke of Buckingham, a still greater fool than he, though more addicted to raillery, gave him the nick-name of Peter of the Wood. Poor Pedro was so enraged at this, that after many fruitless complaints and ineffectual menaces, he was obliged at last to quit England, leaving to the happy Buckingham the possession of a Portuguese nymph, still more hideous than any of the Queen's maids of honour, whom he had taken from him, as well as two of his names. Besides these, there were six chaplains, four bakers, and a Jew perfumer, and a certain officer, apparently without employment, who called himself her Highness's barber. Catherine of Braganza was far from appearing with splendour in the charming Court where she came to reign: however, in the end she was pretty successful." Lord Clarendon speaks of her female attendants, as "for the most part old, ugly, and proud." Charles, with the exception of the Countess Penalva and a few underlings, shortly afterwards despatched them to their own country. Lord Chesterfield tells us that the ladies of the Queen's train carried their prudery to such a ridiculous length, as to refuse to lie in any bed which had ever been lain in by a man.

Shortly after her arrival, an allowance of 40,000*l.* a-year was settled on the new Queen for the maintenance of her court, which, if not brilliant, was at

least sufficiently numerous. There may be some to whom it will be interesting to glance over the list of her household as it appeared in the early part of her husband's reign, and accordingly the following has been extracted from the Angliæ Notitia for 1669.

ECCLESIASTICAL GOVERNMENT.

Grand Almoner, with the Superintendence of the Ecclesiastics — Father Howard, brother to the Duke of Norfolk.

Almoners —
Bishop Russell.
Father Patrick.
Father Manuel Pereira.

Her Majesty's Confessor—Father Antonio Fernandez.

Treasurer of the Chapel—Dr. Thomas Godden.

Two Portuguese Preachers.
Six English Fathers, Benedictines.
Eleven Franciscan Friars.

Musicians belonging to the Chapel, Persons serving at the Altar, Porters, &c.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT OF HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

Lord Chamberlain — Viscount Cornbury.

Steward of the Revenue—Lord Holles.

Chancellor and Keeper of her Majesty's Great Seal—Viscount Brounker.

Vice Chamberlain—Sir William Killegrew.

Treasurer and Receiver-General—John Harvey, Esq.

Master of the Horse—Ralph Montagu, Esq.

Principal Secretary and Master of Requests — Sir Richard Bellings, Knt.

Surveyor General — Sir Francis Slingsby.

Attorney General — William Montagu, Esq.

Solicitor General—Sir Robert Atkins, K.B.

Auditor General— Harold Kinnesman, Esq.

Sergeant-at-Law—Sir Fred. Hyde, Knt.

Clerk of the Council — Richard Mariot.

Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber—

Sir Hugh Cholmley, Bart. Francis Roper.
George Porter, Esq. John Horn.
Alexander Stanhope.

Cup-bearers—

Sir Nicholas Slaning, K.B. Henry Guy, Esq.

Carvers—

Gabriel de Sylviis, Esq. Sir John Elwes, Knt.

Sewers—

Sir Charles Windham, Knt. John Griffith, Esq.
Five Gentlemen Ushers, Daily Waiters.
Six Grooms of the Privy Chamber.
Seven Gentlemen Ushers Quarterly Waiters.
Apothecary. Surgeon.
Six Pages of the Bed-chamber attending the Back Stairs.
Four Pages of the Presence.

Officers belonging to the Robes—

A Purveyor, a Proveditor, Clerk, Yeoman, Groom, Page, Taylor, and Brusher.
Twelve Grooms of the Great Chamber.
One Porter of the Back Stairs.
A Master of the Queen's Barge and Twenty-four Watermen.

Groom of the Stole and Lady of the Robes and Privy Purse—
The Countess of Suffolk.

Ladies of the Bedchamber—

Duchess of Buckingham. Countess of Falmouth.
Duchess of Richmond. Lady Marshall.
Countess of Bath. Lady Gerard.
Countess of Castlemaine.

Maids of Honour—

Miss Simona Carew. Miss Henrietta Maria Price.
Miss Catherine Bainton. Miss Winifred Wells.

Mother of the Maids—Lady Sanderson.

Chambriers or Dressers—

Lady Scrope (also Madam Nurse).	Mrs. de Sylviis.
Lady Killegrew.	Mrs. Thornhill.
Lady Fraser.	Lady Clinton.*

A Laundress, a Semstress, a Starcher, &c.

The officers below stairs, as well as those attached to the Queen's stables, were paid by the King. The further sum of 20,000*l.* a-year was allowed for these services.

Catherine was possessed of no shining qualities, and of few graceful accomplishments. A love of music and dancing formed almost her only gratifications, while to the latter amusement she was childishly attached. In some verses, entitled "the Queen's Ball," published in the State Poems, she is styled,—

> Ill-natured little goblin, and designed
> For nothing but to dance and vex mankind.

That Catherine possessed graces neither of mind nor body, by which she could long hope to enchain her wayward and libertine husband, was the great misfortune of her life. Clarendon, however, attributes her loss of his affection rather to her bigotry and indifferent education than to her want of personal accomplishments. At first, her person had rather pleased the King, but the charm ceased with the novelty, and indifference speedily followed. The first time that Pepys saw her was at the court of Henrietta Maria, the Queen-mother, at Somerset House. Charles, who was present,

* In the last year of King Charles's reign, we find the number of the Queen's dressers increased to fifteen.

excited a good deal of merriment among the by-standers, by endeavouring to prove that his wife was with child, and even accused Catherine of having admitted the fact. Some good-humoured *badinage* followed, to which she at length retorted, in plain English, "You lie." As these were the first words she had been heard to speak in that language, the King's mirth was increased, and he endeavoured to make her repeat in English, "Confess and be hanged."

But this uxorious playfulness was shortly to have an end. The fame, it seems, of the King's connexion with the Duchess of Cleveland (then Lady Castlemaine), had reached Lisbon in the days of her maidenhood, and when Catherine, therefore, departed for England, her mother had enjoined her never even to permit the name of the royal mistress to be repeated in her presence. What must have been her feelings, then, on perusing the list of her new household, to discover her rival proposed to her as one of the ladies of her bed-chamber! She instantly drew her pen across the hateful name, and when the King remonstrated with her, she retorted proudly that she would sooner return to her family than submit to such an insult. Her opposition had its effect at the time, but Charles imagining that she had subsequently become more pliable, the experiment was shortly afterwards repeated. The Queen, on a state day, was receiving company at Hampton

Court, when Charles led his beautiful mistress into the apartment, and formally presented her to his wife. The name was, perhaps, imperfectly pronounced, for Catherine received her rival without emotion. In a moment, however, the bitter consciousness of the degradation to which she had just been subjected, seemed to flash upon her mind; the colour went from her cheek, and she burst into tears. A moment afterwards the blood flowed from her nose, and she fainted. She was carried into another room, and the company retired.

This painful scene, and the disgraceful circumstances which gave rise to it, were much canvassed at the time; and as the King's views for his mistress appeared likely to be thwarted, the court waited in anxiety for the result. To Charles it seemed that his character for manliness was at stake; he imagined the world would think he was governed by his wife; he was, moreover, alarmed for the reputation of his mistress; he was anxious she should be domesticated at Whitehall; and above all things he feared the ridicule of his friends. After a short interval, therefore, during which he treated the Queen with all possible kindness, and made use of all those arts which he well knew how to exercise towards women, he again took an opportunity of reverting to the subject. He assured her that his honour was at stake; that his intimacy with her rival had entirely ceased since their marriage; and concluded

by solemnly assuring her that it should never again be revived, and that on no single occasion should she ever have to reproach him with infidelity. But the poor Queen could scarcely hear him to an end: all her native jealousy was aroused, and she again burst forth into a fit of uncontrolled agony, even more overpowering than the first.

Charles now applied himself to Lord Clarendon. He related to him all that had passed between the Queen and himself, and earnestly desired his interference to induce her to meet his views. It was a delicate negotiation for a Lord Chancellor to undertake, — indeed, for any man of honour, or one possessed even of the common feelings of humanity. To Clarendon it must have been especially disagreeable. Not only was it a painful task, to persuade a friendless woman and a foreigner to associate with her husband's concubine, — to take advantage of her weakness and ignorance, — to pander for another man, — to have persuasion on his lip with a lie in his heart, — but, unfortunately, the Chancellor was on the worst terms with the mistress; she was at the head of the party who exposed him to daily ridicule; and the quarrel had commenced in his forbidding his wife to visit her, on account of her indifferent morals: how, therefore, could he conscientiously advise his Queen to associate with a woman, whom he excluded as a contamination from his own hearth!

Clarendon very honestly placed the transaction

in its proper light before the King: he reminded him how he himself had formerly blamed a neighbouring monarch, who had been guilty of similar cruelty; he implored him to desist from so dishonourable an act; and, as he himself tells us, expatiated on "*the hard-heartedness and cruelty in laying such a command upon the Queen, which flesh and blood could not comply with.*" Charles, though he listened to the Chancellor with patience, yet obstinately refused to retract. Clarendon, therefore, like an honest man, should have declined to interfere further, and, if necessary, should have retired from his post. But no: notwithstanding all the canting abhorrence which he professes in his own account of the affair, we find him entering dispassionately on the disgraceful task, and hastening to deceive and mystify the unfortunate and friendless Queen.

There can be no excuse for Lord Clarendon;—indeed, more cowardly conduct towards an unoffending woman could scarcely disgrace a man of honour. For Charles, cruel and indefensible as his conduct appears, some slight palliation may be found. He was infatuated with a beautiful woman, who had sacrificed everything for his sake; he was inflamed and hurried on by the passions of youth; he considered his character for manliness at stake, and he was in awe of the ridicule of the world. These circumstances have no application to Lord Clarendon. Moreover, the transaction is not related by his enemies, or even by an indif-

ferent person; but is his own deliberate statement of what occurred, and, to all appearance, was intended as an apology for his conduct.

During the disgraceful negotiation, three different visits were paid by Clarendon to the Queen. On the first occasion she was so painfully affected at the mere allusion to the subject, that the Chancellor was compelled to withdraw. But his own account of their subsequent interviews affords the most distressing picture of Catherine's wretchedness; such, indeed, as might have melted the heart of any other man. Generally speaking, she was either overwhelmed with grief, or excited to the most furious pitch of jealousy and anger. At other moments she appeared more calm, but no less decisive and determined. Clarendon's account of one of these interviews is extremely moving: she told him that he was one of the few whom she could call her friends: she spoke pitiably of her defenceless situation, and though she professed the truest affection towards Charles, and in all other matters exhibited the most proper submission; yet, on the point in question, she shrunk with anger and abhorrence from the indignity which he proposed.

The following letter from Charles to Lord Clarendon, written during these shameful proceedings, and endorsed in the hand-writing of the latter, will show how deeply Charles took the matter to heart.

" Hampton Court, Thursday morning.

" FOR THE CHANCELLOR,

" I forgot when you were here last to desire you to give Broderick good council not to meddle any more with what concerns my Lady Castlemaine, and to let him have a care how he is the author of any scandalous reports, for if I find him guilty of any such thing, I will make him repent it to the last moment of his life. And now I am entered on this matter, I think it very necessary to give you a little good council, lest you may think that by making a farther stir in the business you may divert me from my resolution, which all the world shall never do, and I wish I may be unhappy in this world, and in the world to come, if I fail in the least degree of what I resolved, which is of making my Lady Castlemaine of my wife's bed-chamber, and whosoever I find endeavouring to hinder this resolution of mine, except it be only to myself, I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how much a friend I have been to you: if you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, of what opinion you are of; for I am resolved to go through with this matter, let what will come of it, which again I solemnly swear before Almighty God; wherefore, if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business, except it be to beat down all false and scandalous reports,

and to facilitate what I am sure my honour is so much concerned in: and whomsoever I find to be my Lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live. You may show this letter to my Lord Lieutenant, and if you have both a mind to oblige me, carry yourselves like friends to me in this matter. CHARLES R."

However, not all the arguments of Clarendon, nor the insidious conduct of Charles, had as yet shaken the determination of Catherine. Had she always remained thus steadfast in her purpose, the heart of the King would in all probability have been softened by her distress, or, at all events, her dignified opposition would have obtained for her the respect and commiseration of all good men. In the mean time, Charles had altered his demeanour, and treated her with studied coldness and neglect. The mistress was not only lodged in the court, but appeared daily in the presence of the Queen, and in gay and frequent conversation with the King. At these moments, Catherine usually sat alone and unnoticed by the heartless courtiers. At times she could even overhear the insulting and significant whisper, and when, in natural indignation, she arose and retired to her own chamber, there was scarcely a person who would follow her from the room.

Charles had hitherto appeared dejected and

melancholy, and inwardly, it was supposed, regretted the persecution which he had set on foot. But his courtiers, with their usual freedom, continued to banter him on being *hen-pecked,* and he was either too proud or too stubborn to yield. He now assumed an air of recklessness and gaiety, and in the presence of his Queen and the court, appeared invariably in the wildest spirits. Closer observers believed it to be a feigned gladness, but on Catherine it had the intended effect. She found herself alone in a gay and brilliant court. In every other society there was mirth and happiness. She was left out in all parties of amusement, and deserted, almost by her own attendants, who flocked round her fortunate rival. In this mortifying conjuncture, she suddenly, and to the astonishment of the whole court, fell unrepiningly into the wishes of Charles. She took an opportunity of conversing with her rival before a large party, and shortly afterwards distinguished her by the most marked familiarity. In public, they were seen frequently smiling and conversing together, and in private she treated no one with greater kindness. Soon afterwards we find Charles, Catherine, and Lady Castlemaine journeying together in the same coach. This sudden relinquishment of her former haughty resistance, if it increased the personal comforts of the unhappy Queen, had the effect of lowering her in the esteem of the world. Even Charles, who could not, at first, but

have secretly respected her spirited opposition and womanly pride, was annoyed at her undignified submission, and though he ever afterwards behaved towards her as a civil and obliging husband, it was too evident that she had for ever forfeited his respect.*

Catherine, notwithstanding the desertion and adulteries of her libertine husband, appears to have borne a strong affection for him to the last. She even entered into and promoted the wild frolics of the period, in hopes probably of regaining his affection. In a letter from a Mr. Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, dated 13th October 1670, there is the following entertaining passage: — "Last week, there being a fair near Audley End, the Queen, the Duchess of Richmond, and the Duchess of Buckingham, had a frolic to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoats, waistcoats, &c., and to go see the fair. Sir Bernard Gascoigne,† on a cart jade, rode before the Queen; another stranger before the Duchess of Buckingham; and Mr. Roper before Richmond. They had all so over-done it in their disguise, and looked so much more like antiques than country folk, that as soon as they came to the fair, the people began to go after

* Clarendon's Life, Cont. vol. ii. p. 165 to 195. Oxford.

† A Florentine. He was sent to Vienna in 1671, to negotiate a marriage between the Duke of York and the Archduchess of Inspruck.

them: but the Queen going to a booth to buy a pair of yellow stockings for her sweetheart, and Sir Bernard asking for a pair of gloves stitched with blue for his sweetheart, they were soon, by their gibberish, found to be strangers, which drew a bigger stock about them; one amongst them had seen the Queen at dinner, knew her, and was proud of his knowledge. This soon brought all the fair into a crowd to stare at the Queen. Being thus discovered, they, as soon as they could, got to their horses; but as many of the fair as had horses got up, with wives, children, sweethearts, and neighbours behind them, to get as much gape as they could, till they brought them to the court gate. Thus, by ill-conduct, was a merry frolic turned into a penance."*

These fashionable freaks are alluded to by Burnet. "At this time," [1668] he says, "the court fell into much extravagance in masquerading; both King and Queen, and all the court, went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there with a great deal of wild frolic. In all this people were so disguised, that without being in the secret none could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney chairs. Once, the Queen's chairmen, not knowing who she was, went from her: so she was alone and much disturbed, and came to Whitehall in a hackney-coach: some say it was in a cart." This was a

* Ives's Select Papers, p. 39.

strange revolution of conduct for an inexperienced inmate of a convent. Probably it was gratifying to Charles, and even the fastidious De Grammont pays her a compliment on the change:—"The Queen," he says, "was a woman of sense, and used all her endeavours to please the King by that kind obliging behaviour which her affection made natural to her. She was particularly attentive in promoting every kind of pleasure and amusement, especially such as she could be present at herself."

Had Charles been as entirely heartless as were some of his courtiers, Catherine's masquerading fancies might possibly have proved fatal to her. The Duke of Buckingham seriously proposed to the King, that in some nocturnal frolic they should carry her off, and send her to the plantations. Even Burnet, however, allows that Charles rejected the proposition with horror. "It was a wicked thing," he said, "to make a poor lady miserable, only because she was his wife, and had no children by him, which was no fault of hers." It seems, indeed, that Charles would have had no objection, had she voluntarily retired into a convent, and her confessor appears to have been tampered with to reconcile her to the idea.*

The notion that Charles desired to be separated from his Queen was not confined to the Court. Andrew Marvell writes in a letter dated 14 April

* Burnet, vol. i. pp. 482, 483.

1670,—"Some talk of a French Queen for our King. Some talk of a sister of Denmark. Others of a good virtuous Protestant here at home. The King disavows it; yet he has said in public, he knew not why a woman may not be divorced for barrenness, as a man for impotency." But Charles had resisted the temptation of separating himself from his Queen, even when under the influence of the surpassing beauty of Frances Stewart, and no minor temptation was likely to prevail.

Notwithstanding the gaiety of Catherine's manners, and her seeming indifference to the gallantries of her husband, it appears but too evident that she was jealous and unhappy. On one occasion, the Duchess of Cleveland entered her apartment when Catherine was under the hands of her dresser. As the business of the toilet occupied a considerable time,—"I wonder," said the Duchess, "your Majesty can sit so long."—"I have had so much reason to exercise my patience," answered the Queen, "that I can bear with it very well." The indignities she was exposed to were almost of daily occurrence. At the time that Charles was enamoured of Frances Stewart, it was the custom of Catherine to hesitate before she opened the door of her dressing-room, in order to ascertain if the King were within: she had once interrupted him making love to the reigning beauty.

At a later period, (in the course of some private theatricals at Whitehall, in which a new

mistress of the King's, Mary Davis, was to dance a jig,) we find the Queen rising indignantly from her seat the moment that the actress appeared. Even as late as 1684, the year before the death of Charles, a very slight incident reminded her of her position, and affected her to tears. "The Duchess of Portsmouth," says Reresby, "contrary to custom, waiting on the Queen at dinner, as lady of the bed-chamber, her Majesty was thereby thrown into such disorder, that the tears stood in her eyes, while the other laughed at it, and turned it into jest."

When Catherine had been first mentioned as an eligible consort for the King, Lord Clarendon had supported the project with all his weight. When the Queen afterwards disappointed the country in its hopes of an heir, Clarendon, as is well known, was accused of having been aware of the improbability, from physical causes, of her ever becoming a mother; and yet of having advocated the measure in order to ensure the succession of the Duke of York's children to the throne. But that she was *enceinte*, at least on two different occasions, there cannot be the slightest question. The first time was in 1666, and is mentioned both by Clarendon and Pepys. Again, on the 1st of June 1669, Lord Arlington writes to Sir William Temple, — "I cannot end this letter without telling you that the Queen is very well, and gives us every day cause to rejoice

more and more, in the hopes of her being with child." But their expectations were destined to be frustrated, King James informing us in his Memoirs, that she miscarried in the commencement of the very month in which Lord Arlington writes. "Buckingham," he says, "attempted to deny it, and spread a report that she was incapable of bearing children." Pepys mentions that she miscarried on both occasions.

In the month of October 1663, Catherine was attacked by a very dangerous illness. In the wanderings of her delirium she imagined that she had become the mother of a boy; a circumstance which (as it would have rendered her of considerable importance, both in the eyes of her husband, and of the nation at large,) was naturally uppermost in her thoughts. Among other morbid fancies, she expressed her wonder that she should have been delivered without pain, but seemed afflicted at the notion that her imaginary offspring was ugly. Charles, who was standing by, insisted, with a view of soothing her, that it was a very pretty boy. "Ah!" she replied, "if it were like you it would be a fine boy indeed, and I should be well pleased." The disorder gradually gaining force, Charles is said to have been much affected, and even to have wept over his injured wife. Waller, in his verses to the Queen on her recovery, alludes to the unexpected sympathy of her husband in the following lines:—

He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reserved for you: more dear,
More prized than all those kingdoms were.
For, when no healing art prevailed,
When cordials and elixirs failed,
On your pale cheek he dropped the shower,
Revived you like a drooping flower.

During her sickness, and in the belief that her days were numbered, the Queen affectingly appealed to her husband's feelings; imploring him to give his support to her native country in its contest with Spain, and, when she was dead, to allow her body to be interred among her own relatives, and in her own land. Charles, at this moment, is said to have fallen on his knees, and to have bathed his wife's hands with his tears. Notwithstanding his affliction, however, he persisted in his course of libertinism, and during the Queen's illness, the suppers at the Duchess of Cleveland's appear to have been nightly continued.

In 1679, Titus Oates, one of the most consummate scoundrels that ever disgraced humanity, not only endeavoured to implicate the unoffending Queen as having been an accessary to the famous Popish Plot, but actually accused her of a conspiracy to poison Charles. He even affirmed before the council that he had overheard her plotting on the subject at Somerset House; but, subsequently, being conducted thither to point out the spot from whence he had listened to the con-

versation, his evident ignorance of the locality was the clearest proof of the Queen's innocence. According to the Stuart Papers, Oates "directed them first to the guard-room, then to the privy-chamber, out of which he said he went up a pair of back stairs into a great room; but unfortunately for him, there was neither any such stairs thereabout, nor any large room in that story." Many years afterwards, when Catherine was on her death-bed at Lisbon, she assured an English physician who attended her, that she had on no occasion intrigued for the restoration of Popery in England; and that she had never desired nor demanded any greater favour for those of her own religion, than what was secured by the marriage articles.*

We have evidence that Catherine was deeply affected by the death of Charles. She received the addresses of condolence, in an apartment lighted with tapers, and covered with black even to the foot-cloth. From this period she resided principally either at Somerset House or Hammersmith. She was fond of music, and in London had regular concerts; though in other respects she lived in great privacy.

Catherine was in England during the whole of the Revolution of 1688, but with the exception of the arrest of her chamberlain, Lord Feversham,† for

* Oldmixon; History of the Stuarts, p. 618.

† Louis Duras, Marquess of Blanquefort in France, was

his adherence to the cause of James, she escaped without annoyance or inquiry. William the Third indeed showed her some civility, and paid her an early visit after his arrival. Among other questions, he inquired how she employed her time, and whether she continued to play at basset? Catherine, very good-naturedly, put in a word for Lord Feversham. "She had not played the game," she said, "since the absence of her chamberlain, who used to keep the bank." William took the hint, and assuring her that he would by no means interrupt her Majesty's diversions, ordered Feversham to be released on the following day.* In a letter dated 31st July 1688, —"The Queen-dowager," says the writer, "begins to be weary of the town, and would have a good country-house to pass some part of the summer in: her Majesty is said to have a mind to go to Chatsworth, the Earl of Devon's, or else will lay out a sum to build her one of her own." In a letter dated August following, Knowle is mentioned as the probable scene of her retirement,† and again on the 8th of September 1688, she is spoken of as "thinking

naturalized in England, by act of Parliament, in 1665; created Baron Duras of Holdenby 19th January 1672, and Earl of Feversham 8th April 1676. He was a nephew of Marshal Turenne, and commanded the royal forces at the battle of Sedgemoor. From his intimacy with the Queen-dowager, and having the management of her affairs, he was commonly called the "King-dowager." He died in 1709.

* Echard, vol. iii. p. 947.

† Ellis's Correspondence, vol. ii. pp. 85 and 129.

of going to live retiredly, and to receive no visits but from the Royal family." *

In Oldys' MS. Notes to Langbaine, there is a curious picture of Catherine's person, late in life. "The Lady Viscountess de Longueville (grandmother to the Earl of Sussex,) who died in 1763 near one hundred, was a living chronicle, and retained the most perfect memory to the very last. She was daughter of Sir John Talbot, and had been Maid of Honour to Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark before the Revolution. She was wont to tell many anecdotes of Queen Catherine, whom she described as a little ungraceful woman, so short-legged, that when she stood upon her feet, you would have thought she was on her knees; and yet so long-waisted, that when she sat down she appeared a well-sized woman."

Catherine remained in England till the 30th of March 1692, when she returned to her native country. Her long habits of economy had enabled her to accumulate a large fortune, which she bequeathed to her brother Pedro II. She died at Lisbon, 31st December 1705, in the 68th year of her age. She appointed her former Chamberlain, Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, her chief executor; an honour he declined on account of ill health, but which he gratefully acknowledges in a memorandum of the event.

* Ellis's Original Letters, vol. iv. p. 123, 2nd Series.

PRINCE RUPERT.

Military Capacity of Prince Rupert — his early Attachment to England — his Services in the German Wars — taken Prisoner by General Hatzfield — proposed Marriage with Mademoiselle de Rohan — her generous Conduct towards him. —Military Exertions of Prince Rupert in favour of Charles I. —The Prince's uncalled-for Surrender of Bristol—his Quarrel with the Earl of Southampton — distinguishes himself in Naval Warfare—turns Philosopher—his Skill at Tennis and in Pistol-shooting — imitates the Fashionable at the Restoration — his Mistress — his natural Children. — Notice of his gallant Son, Dudley Rupert.—Death and Burial of the Prince.

PRINCE RUPERT, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Cumberland, Earl of Holderness, and a Knight of the Garter, was the third son of Frederick King of Bohemia, by Elizabeth, daughter of James the First: consequently, he was nephew to Charles the First, and first cousin to Charles the Second. He was born at Prague, 19th December 1619.

Prince Rupert was a soldier of fortune, and loved war for its own sake. Had his head been as cool as his heart was valiant, he would probably have changed the fortunes of the civil wars. But his headstrong and imprudent valour was frequently more fatal than cowardice itself. Though

generally successful whenever he lead the charge, he was ever dissatisfied with present advantages, and by pushing his fortunes too far, invariably lost the superiority he had previously obtained. Rash, enterprising, and opinionated, he turned with contempt from the counsels of others, and yet was a loser whenever he followed his own.

Prince Rupert came to England when almost a child, and ever regarded it as the country of his choice. He was out hunting in 1633, when quite a boy, — "Ah!" he said, "I wish I could break my neck, for then I should at least leave my bones in England."*

But his profession was fighting, and he was initiated in it from his childhood. When only thirteen years of age he distinguished himself under Henry Prince of Orange at the siege of Rheinbergh. About three years after this period, in December 1635, he again returned to England, where he continued about two years. He left the English court in 1637, and having raised a small force, in conjunction with his brother the Elector Palatine, found himself, at the age of eighteen, in command of a regiment of horse in the German wars. The following year he accompanied his brother in an irruption into Westphalia. But their force was insufficient, and at the battle of Vlota, in 1638, they were completely routed by the Imperial General, Hatzfield, and Prince Rupert was

* Letter from Mr. Gerard to Lord Strafford, 9th October 1633.

taken prisoner. The Imperialists offered him freedom and preferment, if he would abjure the reformed religion, but he continued staunch in his faith, and consequently remained a prisoner about three years.*

Charles the First had been anxious to marry the Prince to Mademoiselle de Rohan, the rich heiress of the celebrated Duke de Sully. The Earl of Leicester, the English ambassador at the Court of France, had been employed to bring about the match, and the letters which passed between the Earl on the one hand, and Charles and Secretary Windebank, on the other, are not a little amusing. Leicester describes the lady as "far handsomer than is necessary, and much discreeter than is ordinary." But the great obstacle was Cardinal Richelieu, who was averse to confer so wealthy an heiress on a Protestant and a foreigner.

When the report of Prince Rupert having been taken prisoner was communicated to Mademoiselle de Rohan, accompanied by a friendly recommendation that she should abandon him for some more prosperous suitor, she turned a deaf ear to the advice. "It was true," she said, "that she had never been engaged to the Prince, but nevertheless she had entertained her inclinations which still existed. It would be a crime," she added, "to desert a suitor because of his misfortunes; and, on the other hand, it was a generosity to

* Winstanley's Worthies, apud Lloyd, vol. ii. p. 86.

regard him with the same feelings as when he was in prosperity."*

The unfortunate military exertions of Prince Rupert, in favour of Charles the First, are well known. At the commencement of the civil troubles, in 1642, he hastened to England to offer his services to his uncle. He was only in his twenty-fourth year, when he joined the King at York, soon after which he was elected a Knight of the Garter, at the last feast of the order which was ever held by that unfortunate monarch. From this period until 1645, we find him engaged in all the military operations of that eventful time, including the actions of Edgehill, Marston-Moor, and Naseby. In each of these he distinguished himself by his usual want of caution, and by his unconquerable intrepidity and rash courage.

But his uncalled-for and unaccountable surrender of the city of Bristol to Fairfax, in 1645, was as fatal to his own character as a soldier, as to the cause which he had embraced. From the strength of the garrison, and from his own reputation for military experience, a vigorous and successful resistance had been anticipated by his friends. He had himself written to the King, undertaking to retain possession of the place for four months, and forces were busily being collected for its relief: the news, therefore, of its sudden capitulation was astounding to Charles. By the fall

* Collins, Memorials, vol. ii. pp. 545, 575.

of Bristol, the King not only lost his principal magazines, but South Wales and the West of England were thus opened to the enemy. Notwithstanding their near relationship, Charles, with an energy for which he has rarely received credit, instantly deprived his nephew of all his commissions. His letter to the offender is curious: —

"NEPHEW,

"Though the loss of Bristol be a great blow to me, yet your surrendering it as you did is of so much affliction to me, that it makes me not only forget the consideration of that place, but is also the greatest trial of my constancy that hath yet befallen me. For what is to be done, after one that is so near to me, both in blood and friendship, submits himself to so mean an action? I give it the easiest terms such ———. I have so much to say that I will say no more of it, only; lest rashness of judgment be laid to my charge, I must remember you of your letter of the 12th of August, whereby you assured me, that if no mutiny happened you would keep Bristol for four months. Did you keep it four days? Was there anything like a mutiny? More questions might be asked, but now, I confess, to little purpose. My conclusion is, to desire you to make your subsistence, until it shall please God to determine of my condition, somewhere beyond sea; to which end I send you herewith a pass; and I pray God to

make you sensible of your present condition, and give you means to redeem what you have lost; for I shall have no greater joy in a victory, than a just occasion, without blushing, to assure you of my being

"Your loving uncle, and most faithful friend,

"C. R."*

The Prince hastened to explain his conduct to Charles, and to recover his good opinion; but the King, though he exonerated him from all suspicion of disloyalty or treason, and even consented to a reconciliation, very properly refused to absolve him from the charge of indiscretion, and never again became a suitor for his services.

About the time that Charles fled from Oxford to the Scots army, his rash nephew had been on the point of fighting a duel with the loyal, virtuous, and high-minded Earl of Southampton,† the friend of Lord Clarendon, and afterwards his own. The latter, having made use of some expressions at the council-table, which the hot-headed prince interpreted as applying personally to himself, he instantly despatched Lord Gerard‡ to the Earl, in order to expostulate with him and extort an apology. Southampton, however, so far from retracting what

* Oldmixon, Hist. of the Stuarts, p. 293.

† Thomas Wriothesley, fourth Earl of Southampton, K.G. Lord Treasurer of England, and father of the celebrated Rachael, Lady Russell. He died 16th May 1667.

‡ Charles Gerard, fourth Baron Gerard. He died in 1667.

he had said, persisted in repeating the language which he had made use of. Accordingly, Prince Rupert, laying aside his near relationship to royalty, desired Lord Gerard to return to the Earl with a formal challenge. Southampton had the choice of weapons. He told Lord Gerard, that he was too weak to fight on foot, and expressed his certainty that he should be worsted should he close with the Prince: he added, moreover, that he had no horse fit to serve him in such an encounter, and concluded by expressing his determination not to meet the Prince, unless it were agreed that their weapons should be pistols. Prince Rupert readily conceded the point, and they were to have met the next morning; but Lord Gerard's frequent visits having excited suspicion, and the words spoken at the council-table having been called to mind, the gates of Oxford were closed to prevent their egress, and eventually a reconciliation was effected."*

Prince Rupert returned to England at the Restoration, and was shortly afterwards made a Privy Councillor, Vice-Admiral of England, Constable of Windsor Castle, and granted a pension by Charles of 4,000*l.* a-year. From the period of the surrender of Bristol, he had chiefly distinguished himself in naval warfare. In the great sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1665, he was second in command under the Duke of York; and in the doubtful naval en-

* Clarendon's Life of himself, vol. ii. p. 356.

gagements of 1673, he was admiral of the English fleet in our contests with Holland.

Later in life he became a mechanist and a philosopher, and amidst his forges and furnaces found a sufficient equivalent for the tumultuous excitement of his former career. He is well known as the inventor of mezzotinto, of which, a soldier scraping a rusty fusil, is said to have supplied him with the idea. He also invented glass drops, and a metal, known by his name, which was used for casting guns: his method of boring them was much esteemed. The angler was indebted to his contrivance for the best-tempered fish-hooks then made in England.

Prince Rupert was famous for his play at tennis, and was also an excellent shot. A particular instance of his skill is mentioned in Plot's History of Staffordshire, where he is said to have sent two balls successively, with a horse-pistol, through the weather-cock of St. Mary's steeple at Stafford. The distance was sixty yards, and the feat was performed in the presence of Charles the First.

He had always been an admirer of beauty, and at a somewhat advanced age, we find him imitating the fashionable vices of the Court of Charles the Second, and supporting Mrs. Hughes, a handsome actress belonging to the King's company, as his acknowledged mistress. As this person was on the stage in 1663, soon after female characters had ceased to be performed by men, she must have

been one of the earliest actresses who figured in public. Evelyn remarks in his Diary (18th October, 1666),—"This night was acted my Lord Broghill's tragedy, called 'Mustapha,' before their Majesties at court, at which I was present, very seldom going to the public theatres for many reasons, now as they were abused to an atheistical liberty; foul and indecent women now (and never till now) permitted to appear and act, who, inflaming several young noblemen and gallants, became their misses, and to some their wives; witness the Earl of Oxford, Sir R. Howard, Prince Rupert, the Earl of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them, who fell into their snares, to the reproach of their noble families, and ruin of both body and soul."

The Prince, soon after the commencement of their intercourse, purchased for his mistress, of Sir Nicholas Crispe, the splendid mansion at Hammersmith, since known as Brandenburgh House, the building of which had cost 25,000*l*. His connection with this lady appears to have wrought a considerable change in his character and habits. "Prince Rupert," says Count Hamilton, "found charms in the person of a player called Hughes, who brought down and greatly subdued his natural fierceness. From this time, adieu alembics, crucibles, furnaces, and all the black furniture of the forges. A complete farewell to all mathematical instruments and chemical speculations. Sweet

powders and essences were now the only ingredients that occupied any share of his attention. The impertinent gipsey chose to be attacked in form, and proudly refusing money, that, in the end, she might sell her favours at a dearer rate, she caused the poor Prince to act a part so unnatural, that he no longer appeared like the same person. The King was greatly pleased with that event, for which great rejoicings were made at Tunbridge; but nobody was bold enough to make it the subject of satire, though the same constraint was not observed respecting the follies of other personages." Mrs. Hughes is introduced by Captain Alexander Radcliffe in his "Ramble":—

> Should I be hanged I could not choose,
> But laugh at w——s that drop from stews,
> Seeing that Mistress Margaret Hughes
> So fine is.

By this person the Prince had a daughter, Ruperta, born in 1671, who became the wife of Lieutenant-General Emanuel Scroope Howe: she died at Somerset House, about 1740. Lord Lansdown celebrates her in his "Progress of Beauty:"

> Rupert, of royal blood, with modest grace,
> Blushes to hear the triumphs of her face.

Her mother, Mrs. Hughes, was still on the stage in 1676.

The Prince also left a son, Dudley Rupert, by Francisca Bard, daughter of Henry Bard, Viscount Bellomont. In his will he styles him Dudley Bard,

and leaves him a considerable property in the Palatinate.* The youth was educated at Eton, where he was remarkable for his modesty and mild disposition. He seems, however, to have inherited the intrepidity of his father, and gladly seized the earliest opportunity of presenting himself in arms. He was only nineteen when he entered as a volunteer in the Emperor's army, in a campaign against the Turks. He particularly distinguished himself by his valour at the siege of Buda, where he was killed in storming a breach, 13th July 1686.

Prince Rupert died at his house in Spring Gardens, on the 29th of November 1684, in his sixty-third year. His illness was a pleurisy and fever. He was buried privately, on the sixth of December following, on the south side of Henry the Seventh's chapel.

* Wood's Fasti, vol. i. p. 268.

GEORGE MONK,

DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.

Lineage of this Personage — cudgels the Under-Sheriffs for insulting his Father — adopts the military Profession — sides with the King in the Civil War — taken Prisoner by Fairfax — his Imprisonment in the Tower — released by Cromwell — curious Particulars relating to his Wife, Anne Clarges — her Character and Share in the Restoration. — Monk effects the Return of the King — Honours heaped upon him by Charles. — Anecdotes. — Monk's Conduct during the great Plague. — Gumble's Account of its Ravages. — Instances of Monk's Intrepidity — Summary of his Character — his last Sickness — his Death and Burial. — Notice of Christopher, the second Duke of Albemarle — extraordinary Character of his Duchess — Suitors of this Lady — her Death.

This celebrated person was a younger son of Sir Thomas Monk, of Potheridge, (or, as it was anciently styled, 'Pon-the-ridge,) in Devonshire. He was born at the manor-house of that place on the 6th of December 1608, and received his education in his native town. His family were among the most ancient in the county, having been settled at Potheridge as early as the reign of Henry the Third. The levellers in politics have generally the greatest admiration of rank: accordingly, in after times, when Monk, at the death of Crom-

well, became the first person in the Commonwealth, his flatterers put forward his claim to the crown, on the ground that he was descended from the Plantagenets.*

At the age of sixteen he acquired a local notoriety, by cudgelling an under-sheriff who had insulted his father. In consequence of this very pardonable, though irregular act of retribution, he was compelled to quit the county. The constitution both of his mind and body forming him to be a soldier. he placed himself under the standard of his kinsman, Sir Richard Grenville, who became his master in the art of war. Before he had reached the age of twenty-one, he had served in the disastrous expeditions against Cadiz and the Isle of Rhé, and also in the Low Countries, under Lords Oxford and Goring. "In this service," says his biographer Skinner, "he did not, like a young captain, retain his commission as a warrant for luxury and extravagance; but in earnest, minded the business of a soldier, informing himself duly in all the methods and arts of war, being present at most of the great actions that happened during his almost ten years continuance in that employment."

He sided with the King during the civil struggles, but being unfortunately taken prisoner by Fairfax at the siege of Nantwich, was committed to the

* See the preamble to his patent in Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, vol. ii. p. 514.

Tower of London. During the four years of his imprisonment were fought the great actions of Marston Moor, Newbury, and Naseby. To a soldier of fortune, and especially to one of Monk's ardent temperament, a confinement in such stirring times must have been almost intolerable. However, while a prisoner in the Tower, he amused himself by compiling a small folio volume, entitled, "Observations upon Military and Political Affairs." Walpole styles it a kind of "military grammar," and has included him, in consequence, among his "Noble Authors."

During his incarceration he was put to great straits for want even of the smallest sums. A letter to his elder brother, Thomas Monk, who had succeeded his father in the family property, shows the indifferent state of his circumstances at this period.

"I wrote unto you by Captain Bley, in which letter I did desire you to send me some money. I have received fifty pounds by your order long since, for which I return you many thanks. My necessities are such that they enforce me to entreat you to furnish me with fifty pounds more as soon as possible you may, and you shall very much oblige me in it. I shall entreat you to be mindful of me concerning my exchange, for, I doubt, all my friends have forgotten me. I earnestly entreat

you, therefore, if it lies in your power, to remember me concerning my liberty; and so, in haste, I rest, your faithful brother and servant,

"GEORGE MONK."*

About the same period, Charles the First, with more generosity and feeling for the sufferings of his adherents than his family have generally had the credit for, kindly sent him a present of a hundred pounds from Oxford. This was at a time when the King could ill spare even so insignificant a sum, or, as Monk's chaplain, Dr. Gumble, quaintly observes, when "Oxford and the Indies had little commerce." Monk, it is said, frequently alluded in more prosperous times to the King's kindness: possibly the recollection of this act of generosity may indirectly have influenced his subsequent exertions in favour of Charles the Second.

The high opinion which Cromwell had formed of the military genius of Monk, at length procured his enlargement. The Protector had long endeavoured to change the principles of his prisoner; and now that the royal cause appeared hopeless, he accepted a command in the Irish service: it was on the condition, however, that he should only act against the Irish rebels, and that he should on no account be required to fight against the King. While in the Tower, he had formed a strict friendship with Dr. Wren, Bishop of Ely, who is

* Skinner's Life of Monk; Webster's Preface, p. 19.

said by his conversation to have confirmed him in his principles of loyalty. When, on his release from confinement, he came to bid the venerable prelate farewell, "I am going," he said, "to do his Majesty the best service I can against the rebels in Ireland;" and he added, "I hope I shall one day do him service in England."*

During his imprisonment Monk had formed a connection with Anne Clarges, who was first his mistress and afterwards became his duchess. This singular woman was the daughter of a blacksmith, and was bred a milliner. "When Monk was a prisoner in the Tower," says Aubrey, "his sempstress, Anne Clarges, a blacksmith's daughter, was kind to him in a double capacity. It must be remembered that he was then in want, and that she assisted him. Here she was got with child. She was not at all handsome nor cleanly. Her mother was one of the five women-barbers, and a woman of ill fame. A ballad was made on her and the other four; the burden of it was,—

Did you ever hear the like,
Or ever hear the fame,
Of five women barbers,
Who lived in Drury Lane?"

In a curious memoir of one Mul-Sack, a celebrated highwayman, there is a notice of these ladies. "They were five noted amazons in Drury Lane, who were called women-shavers, and whose

* Biog. Brit. vol. vi. part ii. p. 4357; Art. Wren.

actions were then talked of much about town; till being apprehended for a riot, and one or two of them severely punished, the rest fled to Barbadoes." The writer of this memoir mentions a disgusting and brutal act of cruelty on the part of these wretches towards another woman, the particulars of which are too gross for publication.*

In an action for trespass, tried in the Court of King's Bench on the 15th of November 1700, William Sherwin being plaintiff, and Sir William Clarges, Bart. and others, defendants, there transpired some very curious particulars respecting the Duchess of Albemarle. It appeared in evidence that she was daughter of John Clarges, a resident in the Savoy, and farrier to General Monk: — that she married in 1632, one Thomas Ratford, the son of a farrier residing in the Mews; — that she had a daughter by this person, who was born in 1634 and died in 1638; — and that she resided with her husband at the "Three Spanish Gipsies" in the New Exchange, where they were venders of wash-balls, powder, gloves, and articles of a similar nature. It further appeared, that in 1647, being sempstress to Colonel Monk, she was in the habit of carrying him his linen; — that both her parents died in 1648; — that the following year she quarrelled with and separated

* Lives and Adventures of Whitney, John Cottington, alias Mul Sack, and Thomas Waters. London, 1753.

from Ratford;—that in 1652 she was married in the church of St. George, Southwark, to General George Monk, and the following year was delivered of a son (afterwards the second Duke of Albemarle) who was suckled by one Honour Mills, a vendor of apples, herbs, oysters, &c. The point at issue was the right and title to the manor of Sutton in Yorkshire, and other lands; the plaintiff claiming them as heir at law and representative to Thomas Monk, elder brother to the first Duke of Albemarle; and the defendant as devisee under the will of Christopher, the second Duke. The only material point to be decided, was whether Ratford were actually deceased at the period of the marriage of his supposed widow with Monk. On the side of the plaintiff, it was sworn by one witness that he had seen Ratford about July 1660, eight years after the second marriage. Another witness affirmed that he had seen him about 1665, and again after the Duke and Duchess of Albemarle were both dead; and thirdly, a woman swore that she saw him on the very day that his wife (then called Duchess of Albemarle) was placed in her coffin. On the side of the defendant, and in opposition to this evidence, it was alleged that during the lives of the Duke of Albemarle and his son, the matter had never been questioned, and that the defendant had already thrice obtained verdicts in his favour in the Court of King's Bench: there was also ad-

duced some other presumptive evidence, but of less weight. In summing up, the Lord Chief Justice told the Jury,—"If you are certain that Duke Christopher was born while Thomas Ratford was living, you must find for the plaintiff. If you believe he was born after Ratford was dead, or that nothing appears what became of him after Duke George married his wife, you must find for the defendant." The verdict was given in favour of the defendant.

A more vulgar, dirty, boisterous and disagreeable woman than the Duchess of Albemarle it would be difficult to conceive. According to her contemporaries, she was seldom without rage in her countenance and a curse on her lips. Her "volleys of oaths" were notorious. In the excluded passages of Lord Clarendon's History, "Monk," he says, "was cursed, after a long familiarity, to marry a woman of the lowest extraction, the least wit, and less beauty." And again, adds his lordship, — "She was a woman *nihil muliebris præter corpus gerens*," a woman with nothing feminine about her but her make. Though Lord Clarendon and the turbulent duchess were anything but friends, the satire is undoubtedly not exaggerated. Burnet calls her, "a ravenous, mean, and contemptible creature, who thought of nothing but getting and spending." According to the writer of an intercepted letter, dated 19th September 1653, — "Our Admiral,

Monk, hath lately declared a common ugly woman his wife, and legitimated three or four bastards he hath had by her, during his growth in grace and saintship."* Monk was said to be more in fear of her than of an army, and it has even been asserted that she manually chastised him.

She had, however, some merit as being a staunch royalist, and as she maintained an unbounded influence over her husband, had probably no inconsiderable share in the Restoration. Monk, indeed, had a high opinion of her mental powers, and frequently consulted her in times of difficulty. Mr. D'Israeli, in his ingenious Curiosities of Literature, has quoted a passage from a MS. of Sir Thomas Browne, which places Monk's conduct previous to the Restoration, and his wife's share in effecting it, in rather a curious light. "Monk," says the writer, "gave fair promises to the Rump; but at last agreed with the French ambassador to take the government on himself; by whom he had a promise from Mazarine of assistance from France. This bargain was struck late at night: but not so secretly but that Monk's wife, who had posted herself conveniently behind the hangings, finding what was resolved upon, sent her brother Clarges away immediately with notice of it to Sir A. A.† She had promised to watch her

* Thurloe, vol. i. p. 470.

† Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards first Earl of Shaftesbury. Mr. D'Israeli's story is evidently the same as that

husband, and inform Sir A. how matters stood. Sir A. caused the Council of State, whereof he was a member, to be summoned, and charged Monk that he was playing false. The general insisted that he was true to his principles, and firm to what he had promised, and that he was ready to give them all satisfaction. Sir A. told him if he were sincere he would remove all scruples, and would instantly take away their commissions from such and such men in the army, and appoint others, and that before he left the room. Monk consented: a great part of the commissions of his officers were changed, and Sir Edward Harley, a member of the council, and then present, was made Governor of Dunkirk, in the room of Sir William Lockhart: the army ceased to be at Monk's devotion: the ambassador was recalled, and broke his heart."

Dr. Price, one of Monk's chaplains, has bequeathed us some curious notices respecting the general's wife. "His wife had in some degree prepared him to appear, when the first opportunity should be offered. For her custom was (when the general's and her own work, and the day were ended) to come into the dining-room in her *treason-gown*, as I called it, I telling him that when she had that gown on, he should allow

related by Locke among other anecdotes of Lord Shaftesbury. The account was given to the philosopher by the Earl himself, who was probably also the informant of Sir Thomas Browne.

her to say anything. And, indeed, her tongue was her own then, and she would not spare it; insomuch that I, who still chose to give my attendance at those hours, have often shut the dining-room doors, and charged the servants to stand without till they were called in."

The chaplain also relates a remarkable dream of this lady, in which, according to the zealous divine, the approaching Restoration was supernaturally revealed to her. "She saw," says Dr. Price, "a great crown of gold on the top of a dunghill, which a numerous company of brave men encompassed, but for a great while none would break the ring. At last there came a tall black man up to the dunghill, took up the crown, and put it upon his head. Upon the relating of this, she asked what manner of man the King was. I told her, that when I was an Eton Scholar, I saw at Windsor, sometimes, the Prince of Wales, at the head of a company of boys; that himself was a very lovely black boy, and that I heard that, since, he was grown very tall."* Great events often owe their birth to trifles, and fantastic, to all appearance, as is the theory, the fact is not impossible that England owes the restoration of royalty to this otherwise trifling circumstance. Nothing appears more natural, than that an ignorant and uneducated woman should have attached an undue degree of importance to a rather remark-

* Maseres's Tracts, Part ii. p. 730.

able dream. The lady, moreover, is known to have maintained an extraordinary influence over her husband, and to have urged him to follow that line of policy which he afterwards adopted.

At the Restoration, the Duchess of Albemarle divested herself of none of the coarseness or vulgarity of Anne Clarges. Pepys speaks of her on different occasions as a "plain, homely, and ill-looked dowdy," and even seems to have conceived a personal dislike to her. Speaking of an occasion of his dining at her husband's table; — "The Duke," he says, "has sorry company, dirty dishes, bad meat, and a nasty wife at table." Monk was once drinking with one Troutbecke, a drunken sot, when he happened to express his surprise that Nan Hyde, as he styled the Chancellor's daughter, should have become Duchess of York. "If you will give me another bottle," said Troutbecke, "I will tell you as great, if not a greater miracle; and that is that our dirty Bess should come to be Duchess of Albemarle."* To gloss over as much as possible the meanness of her birth, her father, Thomas Clarges, was knighted, and her brother, William Clarges, created a baronet. She probably gave its name to the present Clarges Street, Piccadilly; her husband having a house where the present Albemarle Street now stands, on which street he undoubtedly conferred his name.

* Pepys, vol. i. p. 476.

The military services of Monk, especially at the battle of Dunbar, and in the subsequent naval engagements with the Dutch, are sufficiently well known. His administration in Scotland, after the reduction of that country, has received high praise. His power and popularity were naturally dreaded by an unsettled government, and long before he declared for the King, we find his fidelity suspected by his employers. In a letter to him from the Protector, the latter adds in a postscript,—"There be that tell me, that there is a certain cunning fellow in Scotland, called George Monk, who is said to lie in wait there to introduce Charles Stuart: I pray you use your diligence to apprehend him, and send him to me." The real jealousy, concealed beneath this playful language, is evident enough.

Whether in restoring Charles, and rejecting the supreme authority himself, Monk acted from the pure dictates of conscience; or whether he considered it the most certain method of advancing his own interests and fortunes, it would not be easy to determine. The question might be argued at great length, and, in the issue, might probably prove unfavourable to the reputation of *honest* George. Undoubtedly his principles were all along strictly monarchical, a fact of which Charles the Second was of course aware: indeed, that his loyalty might not grow cold, the young King, during his exile, more than once sent reminders

to his future benefactor. The following curious letter was communicated to Dr. Barwick by Christopher, the second Duke of Albemarle:—

"Cologne, August 12th 1655. [N.S.]

"One who believes he knows your nature and inclinations very well, assures me that notwithstanding all ill accidents and misfortunes, you retain still your old affection for me, and resolve to express it upon reasonable opportunity, which is as much as I look for from you. We must all wait patiently for that opportunity, which may be offered sooner than you expect; when it is, let it find you ready: and in the mean time have a care to keep yourself out of their hands, who know the part you can do them in a good conjuncture, and can never but suspect your affection to be, as I am confident it is, towards your very affectionate friend,

"CHARLES REX."*

Monk very wisely transmitted this letter, or, as it would appear, a copy of it, to Cromwell. The number of the Protector's spies would have rendered concealment dangerous; besides, its transmission could little injure the cause of the exiled King, and would, on the other hand, naturally impress Cromwell with a favourable notion of Monk's integrity.

The manner in which, by his wily conduct and

* Life of Dr. Barwick. Appendix.

pardonable dissimulation, the Restoration was effected by Monk, is, perhaps, more familiar to the reader than any other event in our annals. "Truly," says Hobbes of Malmesbury, in his Behemoth, "I think the bringing up of his little army entirely out of Scotland up to London, was the best stratagem that is extant in history."*

A greater obligation was never laid by a subject on his sovereign, nor was it meagerly or coldly repaid. Monk was on the sea-shore when Charles landed at Dover, and falling on one knee, congratulated his Majesty on his happy return. During the royal progress to London, he either sat in the same coach with the King, or rode on one side of him on horseback, according to the manner in which they travelled. At Canterbury he had the Garter conferred on him, the Dukes of York and Gloucester investing him with the insignia. Shortly afterwards, he was sworn of the Privy Council, appointed Master of the Horse, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, first Lord of the Treasury, and had apartments awarded him in the Cock-pit at Whitehall. Within a few weeks he was also created Baron Monk of Potheridge, Beauchamp, and Tees, Earl of Torrington, and Duke of Albemarle. To all these was added a grant of seven thousand pounds a-year, besides other valuable pensions and immunities. In eight years he is reported to have amassed a fortune

* Maseres's Tracts, p. 653.

of four hundred thousand pounds either in lands or money.

Shortly after the Restoration, Monk happened to attend the church of the famous Edmund Calamy, the nonconformist minister. Calamy, in his discourse, had occasion to deprecate the debasing influence of riches. "Some men," he said "will even betray three kingdoms for filthy lucre's sake." At the same time, in order to give point to his denunciation, he threw his handkerchief, which he usually waved up and down while he was preaching, towards the general's pew.*

Monk never presumed on his important services, but after the Restoration was remarkable for the same taciturnity and apparent meekness which had ever distinguished him. Charles styled him his "political father," and said of him that the Duke of Albemarle overvalued not the services of General Monk.

But prouder than his restoration of an ancient monarchy — prouder than all his victories — was his conduct during the raging of the great plague. Instead of flying, as did others, to a distant and uninfected country—instead of mixing, as he might have done, in the ill-timed pleasures of the court at Oxford—he remained in London in the midst of death and danger; visiting the pest-houses himself; guarding the property of the citizens; comforting the sick, and administering to their wants

* Calamy's Abridgment of the Life and Times of Baxter.

from his own private resources. His chaplain, Dr. Gumble, was in the metropolis during this awful period, and thus describes the scenes of which he was a witness: "Death," he says, "rode triumphant through every street, as if it would have given no quarter to any of mankind; and ravaged as if it would have swallowed all mortality. It was a grievous sight to see in that great emporium nothing vendible or merchantable but coffins. You should see no faces but such as were covered with terrors and horrors, many walking the streets with their sores running, and many dropping down dead at your very feet, while discoursing with them. All the music in the night was the sad sound, '*Bring out your dead,*' which, like dung, were thrown out into a cart, and tumbled into a pit, without numbering. The day was always summoning to our grave with knells and tolling of bells; and if we looked abroad, there was nothing but cries out of houses to pray for them. It was their last request, every house marked with a *Lord have mercy on us!* I cannot write this without tears, much less could I see it, as I did all the time, without the greatest grief and horror: seldom did we meet friends, but it was, as it were, the last parting in this world."

The moral effect, this gigantic disorder produced on the minds of men, is not its least extraordinary feature. "In one house," says the same eye-witness, "you might hear them roaring under the

pangs of death; in the next, tippling, whoring, and belching out blasphemies against God; one house shut up with a red-cross, and *Lord have mercy on us!* the next open to all uncleanness and impiety, being senseless of the anger of God: in the very pest-houses such wickednesses committed as is not to be named." And yet, in order that he might be of service to his fellow-creatures, such scenes as these were preferred by this truly great man, to the security and splendour of a court. It may be remarked, that Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Craven, the old courtier of the reign of Charles the First, and the supposed husband of the Queen of Bohemia, were his voluntary companions in the hour of danger.

In one who displayed such high moral courage, it would be idle to dwell on the more ordinary valour of the field of battle. But Monk, under whatever circumstances, had no notion of fear. During the Protectorate, — at the time that the sailors were most importunate for the payment of their prize-money,— Monk suddenly appeared among them, and explaining the reason of the delay, passed his word for the almost immediate settlement of their claims. But neither his remonstrances nor his promises had the desired effect in pacifying the rioters: indeed, shortly afterwards, a formidable body of them, to the number of about five thousand, came threatening, and in arms, to Whitehall. Cromwell and Monk went out to meet

them, and the latter addressed them in a fair speech, in which he reproached them warmly for distrusting his word, and renewed his promises of a speedy settlement. His words, however, proving of no avail, and the men still maintaining their threatening attitude, Monk suddenly drew his sword, and violently attacking those in the foremost ranks, the prompt act of gallantry had the effect of frightening the rest, who immediately fled and dispersed to their own homes.*

His conduct on the occasion of Chatham being attacked by the Dutch, affords another instance of his intrepidity. Such was the reckless temerity with which he exposed himself to the thickest of the fire, that his friends were compelled to remonstrate with him on his rashness. But all their entreaties were to no purpose:—"If I had been afraid of bullets," he said, "I should have quitted the trade of a soldier long ago." On another occasion, during the famous naval engagement with the Dutch, on the 1st of June 1666, "I am sure of one thing," he said, "that I shall not be taken." While the decks were clearing for action, he had been seen to charge a pistol with powder, which it was supposed, had he been overpowered, he would have fired into

* As this story has been differently related, probably Monk's panegyrists have exaggerated his conduct on this occasion. According to Whitelock, it was by the Protector's guards that the rioters were dispersed.

the magazine, and thus have blown up himself and the ship together. This story is corroborated by the account of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who was by his side during the action. "Mr. Saville and I," writes the Duke, in a laughing way, "most mutinously resolved to throw him over-board, in case we should ever catch him going down to the powder-room."*

Party prejudice has even mystified the plain character of Monk, and his virtues or his vices have been swamped in a mass of overstrained praise or illiberal abuse. He had certainly many valuable qualities both of the head and heart. His temper was seldom ruffled, and he had a great command over his passions. He was a rigid disciplinarian; exacted from every man the duty of his station; and was a strict observer of his word. Though brave as a lion, he was extremely cautious in his undertakings, and was sparing of the blood of his followers. He was, however, too homely in his person and manners, and too cold and deliberate in his actions, to render him a popular or an interesting hero. Still, if there was nothing of romance in his disposition, there was, at least, nothing of the fanatic in his heart. As regards the great action of his life,— the restoration of monarchy,— the means which he resorted to, questionable as would have been their propriety under other circumstances, were rendered imperative by the

* Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham's Works, vol. ii. p. 6.

exigencies of the event. It must be admitted, however, that, astonishing as were his dexterity and circumspection, cunning and dissimulation are unenviable qualities.

The capacity of Monk was certainly far from brilliant, and by his contemporaries was even regarded as contemptible. Burnet saddles him with positive "stupidity;" and Pepys, who was personally acquainted with him, styles him unequivocally a "blockhead."—"Though stout," he adds, "and honest to his country, he is the heaviest man in the world." Undoubtedly he is indebted for his exalted position in the annals of his country, rather to his good fortune, and to the situation in which accident placed him, than to any eminent qualities of his own. However, he disliked pomp, was a kind father, but a weak and too indulgent husband. He has been accused of avarice; but he had been accustomed to poverty in early life, and subsequently lived at a prodigal period, when frugality was easily construed into a crime. Temperance has generally been numbered among his virtues, but Ludlow has thrown a doubt over his abstemiousness. "The Companies of London," he says, "made a great entertainment for Monk, where the bargain they had driven with him was ratified and confirmed by dissolute and unbecoming debauchery; for it was his custom not to depart from those public meetings till he was as drunk as a beast." As Ludlow was

unlikely to speak well of him, the assertion is probably exaggerated; but on the other hand must be mentioned a hearsay of Pepys in 1666, that Monk had latterly become "a drunken sot." If the scandal be at all just, the vice was probably a failing of his later years.

In person, Monk was of the middle stature, perfectly well made, and formed for the endurance of great fatigue. His countenance was not undignified, and chiefly wore the expression of good-humour. He was short-sighted, but possessed an acuteness of hearing that rendered even the softest whisper dangerous in his presence: it was a valuable qualification when all around him was intrigue and false dealing. His manners are said to have been as ungraceful in a drawing-room, as his genius was commanding in a camp: his bluntness, however, and especially his familiarity and good-nature, endeared him with the sailors, who originally gave him the name of honest George Monk. With the soldiers he was no less popular. When the accession of Richard Cromwell was proclaimed at Edinburgh, "Why not," they said, "rather old George? he would be fitter for a Protector than Dick Cromwell."

On the death of the Earl of Southampton, on the 16th of May, 1667, the Treasury was put in commission by Charles, and the Duke of Albemarle placed at the head of it, as First Lord. But his constitution had been undermined by the fatigues

and hardships of early life, and it was evident that his state of health was precarious, and that he was incapable of performing the duties of the office.

His last illness commenced with a dropsy, which being neglected in the first instance, and afterwards aggravated by his aversion to take physic, before long excited the most serious apprehensions of his friends. Finding his health declining, he retired for change of air, to his seat at New-Hall, in Essex. Here he was induced to make trial of a fashionable pill, which had been invented by a Dr. Sermon, of Bristol, who had served under him as a common soldier when in Scotland. The remedy apparently produced the desired effect, and he returned, with strong hopes of recovery, to his apartments at Whitehall.

These favourable symptoms, however, were of short duration. After a brief respite from suffering, he relapsed into his former state, and it was evident that his dissolution was approaching. During his illness he was constantly visited by the King and the Duke of York, who showed him the kindest and most flattering attentions.

Monk prepared himself for his end with the calmness and resignation which might have been expected from such a man. The completion of a marriage between his only son Christopher, and Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Ogle,* seemed

* Henry Earl of Ogle, son of William Cavendish, first Duke

alone to bind his affections to the world, and this favourite scheme he was happily enabled to effect. Finding himself daily growing more feeble, he expressed a wish to see them united before he died, and accordingly the nuptials were performed in the chamber of the dying man, on the 30th of December 1669, only four days before he breathed his last.

In his sickness he was attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and an old friend, Dr. Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, who joined him in his devotions and comforted him with spiritual consolation; the latter prelate had received many kindnesses from Monk in former days, and now, we are told, "he was never absent from him in his sickness; was with him in the last moments of his life; gave him the Holy Sacrament, closed his eyes, and preached his funeral sermon."*

Latterly the Duke's sufferings had been increased by an asthmatic affection, which rendered the act of breathing extremely difficult. So painful, indeed, was this last symptom, that he was unable even to lie down on his bed, and could only enjoy occasional and broken slumbers in his chair.

of Newcastle, whom he afterwards succeeded as second Duke. He married Frances, daughter of William, second son of Robert Pierpoint, Earl of Kingston. He died without leaving male issue, in 1691, when the dukedom became extinct.

* Life of Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, by Dr. Walter Pope, p. 86.

His death is said to have been foretold by "a great meteor, as big as the moon." His chaplain, Dr. Gumble, mentions this prodigy as having been seen at Chelsea, by some friends of his: so absurd was superstition even at the conclusion of the seventeenth century. Dr. Gumble attended his patron to the end. "I discoursed with him," he says, "about his approaching death, and put him in mind of his duty: he related to me the great suppression of his spirits by a violent obstruction; but assured me that through the mercy of God he hoped he was as fit to die as others, that might make more professions than his weak condition would suffer him."

Some other, and not uninteresting particulars, follow:—"On Friday evening, the last of December, he was very uneasy in his chamber, where he used to lodge; for though he could not endure his bed, yet about ten of the clock he retired, according to his custom, and would that morning, before four of the clock, (his accustomed hour being about nine in this time of sickness,) return to his chamber, where he used to spend his time in the day, before any fire could be gotten there. The gentleman that then attended, came and called me out of bed, and told me in what a condition the general was. I hastened to him and found his countenance much changed; but his understanding very firm, full of smiles. He asked me what I had to do to be up so early. I informed him that

I thought his time was not long in this world, and that I was come to pray with him, with which he was well pleased. I performed the office appointed by the Church for the visitation of the sick, and he made profession of his faith, and of charity to all men. And being asked if he had settled his estate, he told me in that he had formerly given me satisfaction. He then received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper about seven of the clock, which was on New Year's Day, the 1st of January 1670."

He lingered two days after having received the Sacrament, dying in his chair, placidly, and without a groan, on the third of January, 1670, in his sixty-second year. The fanatics had long before predicted that he would not die in his bed. The fact of his departing in his chair appeared to them a sufficient, if not a triumphant fulfilment of the prophecy.

Although the family of the deceased Duke were well able to defray the expenses even of the most sumptuous funeral, Charles, from a grateful remembrance of his services, expressed his determination to honour the memory of his benefactor by a public interment, and at his own charge. The body was conveyed to Somerset House, where it lay in state several weeks, and on the fourth of April was interred, with great magnificence, on the north side of Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster, the King following the

procession in person. His Duchess survived him but a few days.

The Duke left but one son, Christopher, born in 1653, who succeeded him in his title and vast fortune. When, according to custom, he delivered to the King the insignia of the order of the Garter, which had been worn by his late father, Charles instantly returned them to be worn by himself. The second Duke was an easy good-natured person, as indolent in his habits as his father was the reverse; he exerted himself, however, during Monmouth's rebellion, and was active in raising troops against that unfortunate nobleman. He was Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, a member of the privy-council, and latterly Governor of Jamaica, where he died in 1688, without leaving an heir. We have seen him married to Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Ogle, afterwards Duke of Newcastle. He was only sixteen at the time. The lady was a considerable heiress, but so peevish and ill-tempered that their union embittered his existence. In order to escape from domestic annoyance, he is said to have resorted to the bottle, as his last resource. After his death his Duchess publicly announced her determination to marry none but a sovereign prince. Among her suitors were the reprobate Lord Rosse, and Ralph Lord Montagu,* of whom the latter

* Ralph Montagu, third Baron Montagu, ambassador to France in 1669. For his share in promoting the Revolution

proved the successful candidate. In order to flatter her insane fancies he had courted her as Emperor of China; a circumstance which produced the following lines from his angry competitor:—

Insulting rival never boast,
Thy conquest lately won;
No wonder if her heart was lost,
Her senses first were gone.

From one that 's under Bedlam's laws
What glory can be had?
For love of thee was not the cause,
It proves that she was mad.

Of her insanity there can be no doubt. Indeed her second husband placed her in confinement with an allowance of 3000*l.* a-year. She was indulged in her phantasies, and, to the last, was served on the knee as a sovereign princess. Her residence was in the ground apartments of Montagu House, now the British Museum. She died at Newcastle house, Clerkenwell, her paternal property, on the 28th of August 1734, at a very advanced age.

of 1688, he was created by King William, on the 9th of April 1689, Viscount Monthermer and Earl of Montagu. In 1705, Queen Anne advanced him to be Marquis of Monthermer and Duke of Montagu. He died in 1709.

GEORGE VILLIERS,

SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

CHAPTER I.

Character of this Nobleman — his Education with the Children of Charles I. — present at the Storming of Lichfield — his Estates confiscated by the Parliament — his Defeat under the Earl of Holland at Nonsuch — Melancholy Death of his younger Brother, Lord Francis Villiers. — The Duke escapes to St. Neot's — present with Charles II. in Scotland — escapes from the Battle of Worcester — his subsequent Adventures — performs the Character of a Mountebank in the Streets of London — escapes to France — returns privately and marries Fairfax's Daughter. — Anger of Cromwell, who commits the Duke to the Tower — released by Richard Cromwell. — Honours conferred on Buckingham at the Restoration — his Wit and conversational Talents. — Anecdotes. — Instances of his whimsical Caprice.

A MAN so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.

So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, who still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court: then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Ahithophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

This fine poetical portrait is familiar with every one. Sketched by the hand of a great master,—one who was intimately acquainted with the features he drew, — it contains, in the most admirable verse, the nicest perception of character, the truest living resemblance, of the wild, witty, and fantastical Buckingham. The portrait of the profligate visionary has been drawn by others with less beauty, but with equal truth, and even with greater severity. Destitute of all qualities which could have procured him a friend in his life-time, he left the memory of no virtues to insure a eulogist when he was dead. Gifted eminently beyond the common lot with genius, beauty, and wit — possessed of the noblest fortune and the most exalted rank,—we mourn over the rank weeds which entangle his grave. We turn with a melancholy feeling to the unprofitable career of an extraordinary man;—to a long life of libertinism and caprice; — to the tale of extrava-

gant frolic and unmanageable wit;—of time misapplied and talents misemployed;—the story of one who suffered adversity without profiting by it;—who laughed at fools, yet was himself their dupe;—who ruined himself for his sovereign at one time, and plotted against him at another;—who inherited wealth and died a beggar;—who laughed at Christianity, and yet died in its tenets. Posterity has the advantage of the moral. We learn that without virtue or principle even the most brilliant advantages cannot confer happiness,—that the courted and dazzling George Villiers—

That life of pleasure and that soul of whim,—

with all his splendid fortunes and envied accomplishments, died friendless, miserable, and despised.

George Villiers, the son of the great favourite, was born at Wallingford House, the site of the present Admiralty, 30th January 1627. His mother was Lady Catherine Manners, sole daughter and heiress of Francis Earl of Rutland. "He inherited," says his biographer Fairfax, "from his father the greatest title, and from his mother the greatest estate, of any subject in England." He was only a year old at the assassination of his father; his younger brother, "the beautiful Francis Villiers," being born subsequently to that event. They were educated with the children of Charles the First; received instruction from the same tu-

tors and attendants; and at an early age were entered at Trinity College, Cambridge.

The conduct of Buckingham in early life exhibits a strong contrast to his subsequent career. Animated with the freshest feelings of loyalty, and a desire of renown, he hastened from Cambridge; and, in the height of the civil troubles, presented himself, with his young brother, at the storming of the Close of Litchfield. For this loyal and praiseworthy act the Parliament confiscated their estates, though afterwards, with an unusual liberality, they were restored to them, in consideration of their being under age. Their mother was extremely indignant with their governor, Lord Gerard, for exposing them to such dangers; in common, however, with the rest of the world, he could not but admire their gallantry: he told her it was their own choice; and that the greater the danger, the greater was the honour.

Shortly after this period they were placed under the guardianship of the Earl of Northumberland, who allowed them to proceed to France and Italy, where they are said to have rivalled the sovereign princes in magnificence. They principally resided either at Rome or Florence. While at Rome, the Duke made acquaintance with Abraham Woodhead, the well-known controversialist and champion of Popery, who became his instructor in mathematics. At a later period their former

intimacy was not forgotten, and when Woodhead was deprived of his fellowship in University College, Oxford, the Duke received and maintained him at York House.

On the return of the brothers to England in 1648, their zeal for the royal cause was in no way abated. Charles was then a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, and the last dying struggle of his few remaining followers must have appeared almost hopeless even to themselves. However, they did not hesitate a moment, but joining the standard of the unfortunate Earl of Holland, were the first who took the field near Ryegate in Surrey. The result is well known. The Earl was defeated near Nonsuch, on his retreat to Kingston; about two miles from which place the young and gallant Francis Villiers was unfortunately slain.

The fate of one so promising and so lamented demands a few words. Francis Villiers was but nineteen at the time of his death. His contemporaries describe him as pre-eminently handsome, even more strikingly so than his surviving brother. Having had his horse killed under him, he made his way to an oak tree near the highway, and placing his back against the tree, and disdaining, or, as it has been asserted, refusing quarter, he defended himself to the last with a surprising gallantry, — "till," says Fairfax, "with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain: the oak tree is his monument, and has the first two

letters of his name F. V. cut in it to this day."— "A few days before his death," adds Fairfax, "he ordered his steward, Mr. John May, to bring him in a list of his debts, and so charged his estate with them, that the Parliament, who seized on the estate, paid his debts."

In the British Museum is preserved a curious single folio sheet, entitled "An Elegie on the untimely death of the incomparably valiant and noble Francis Lord Villiers, brother to the Duke of Buckingham, slaine by the rebells neere Kingstone upon Thames, July the 7th 1648." It concludes,—

Hark! from his grave his martial sprite
Your loyal valours doth excite.
On! till a death like that I found,
Each of your conquering swords hath crown'd;
And my glad ashes then shall rise,
And triumph in your victories.
There is no salve can cure again
Your honour's wounds: think not you then
Gain life, when you, by flying, yield;
But when you, dying, win the field.
This unto future times make good,
Or bear the guilt of his lost blood.

In the same depository, we find another sheet, about the size of a modern play-bill, containing,— "by an affectionate servant to his family, and kinsman to his person,"—some other indifferent verses. They are surmounted by a wood-cut of a skeleton in a recumbent posture, with various skulls and cross-bones scattered about it. His

body was conveyed by water to York House in the Strand. Walker, in his History of Independency, speaks of the "enemies' beastly usage of him, not fit to be mentioned." Having been embalmed, his remains were interred in the same vault with his father, in Henry the Seventh's chapel.

In the mean time, the Duke having escaped his brother's fate, fled towards St. Neot's. During his flight he nearly lost his life by an apparently trifling accident; the circumstances of which are related by Dr. Thomas Tanner, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, in an account of Tobias Rustat. "He [Rustat]," says the Bishop, "attended the Duke of Buckingham; and was with him in the rising in Kent, for King Charles the First, wherein the Duke was engaged; and they, being put to the flight, the Duke's helmet, by a brush under a tree, was turned upon his back, and tied so fast with a string under his throat, that without the present help of T. R., it had undoubtedly choked him, as I have credibly heard."* The Duke's retreat at St. Neot's was soon discovered, and on a sudden, the house in which he had sought shelter was discovered to be surrounded by soldiers. To fight his way through the midst of them appeared his only chance of escape, and accordingly, ordering the gate to be suddenly opened, he rushed impetu-

* Peck's Collection of Divers Curious Historical Pieces in Appendix to Life of Oliver Cromwell.

ously forward, and killing the officer who commanded the party, and, fighting his way through the rest, galloped uninjured to a place of safety. Eventually he had the good fortune to join his master, Prince Charles, who was then, with the few ships under his command, cruising in the Downs. The Parliament offered him forty days to surrender, but he preferred following the fortunes of Charles, and his estates were once more confiscated. Their yearly value is said to have amounted to twenty-five thousand pounds, an enormous income at the period.

Such was George Villiers at twenty-one! Had his career terminated at this period, or had his future life in any degree corresponded with his early excellency, he would have bequeathed a proud name to posterity. His valour and fidelity to his sovereign established beyond doubt — relinquishing, on account of his principles, unbounded wealth and an enviable position in society — self-exiled, impoverished, and alike deaf to the dictates of interest and ambition — we find him cheerfully prepared to follow his master's fortunes, in a foreign and inhospitable land.

The Duke had still one friend remaining in his native country. This was John Traylman, probably an old retainer of his father's, who, after the Duke's flight, was permitted to remain unmolested at York House. The faithful old man not only found means to secure the splendid collection of

pictures, which had been purchased by the late Duke in Italy, but contrived to forward them to his young master at Antwerp. For some time, the produce of this collection was all that Buckingham had left to maintain himself.

When Charles the Second was invited to Scotland by his northern subjects, the Duke was the only personal friend who was allowed to accompany him. Wearied by long sermons, and surrounded by sour faces, the gay monarch and his reckless friend are said, by their hearty laughter and merry ridicule of their puritanical friends, to have amply repaid themselves at night, for the dulness and restraint to which they had been exposed during the day. About this period Buckingham had the offer of compounding his vast estates for 20,000*l*; a compromise, however, which he unhesitatingly declined.

The young Duke was present at the battle of Worcester, where he fought by the side of the King. After the loss of that famous engagement he became a fugitive like his master, and encountered almost as many straits as Charles himself. Leaving the King at Boscobel, he accompanied the Earls of Derby, Lauderdale, and Lord Talbot, (in hopes of overtaking General Lesley and the Scotch horse,) in their way towards the North. No sooner, however, had the fugitives reached the high road than their perils commenced; for scarcely had they succeeded in defeating a body of the rebels under

Colonel Blundel, when they were encountered by an overwhelming force, under the command of Colonel Lilburn. Buckingham, Lord Leviston, and a few others, by abandoning their horses, and quitting the high road, contrived to make their escape, and arrived in safety at a place called Bloore Park, about five miles from Newport. Here, in an obscure house belonging to a Mr. George Barlow, the Duke fortunately obtained refreshment and a hiding-place. His stay, however, was necessarily brief, and accordingly, after remaining a few days with his kind host, (leaving his George, the gift of Henrietta Maria, in charge of a companion,) he disguised himself in a labourer's attire, and under the conduct of one Nicholas Matthews, a carpenter, departed for Bilstrop, in Nottinghamshire, where he was heartily welcomed by one Mr. Hawley, a staunch cavalier. From hence he proceeded to the house of his relative, Lady Villiers, at Brooksby, in Leicestershire, and after encountering numerous hardships, eventually arrived in safety at London.

Any other but this whimsical nobleman, under circumstances of difficulty and danger, and with the prospect of a death on a scaffold, would have contented himself with a garret till the storm had blown over, and the means of escape presented themselves. But solitude and confinement were but ill-suited to the mercurial Buckingham. He actually assumed the dress of a mountebank, and

in this character daily performed his antics in the public streets, constantly meeting his enemies face to face, and agreeably amusing the citizens of London by his drollery and wit. The account of Madame Dunois is curious. "He caused himself," she says, "to be made a Jack-Pudding's coat, a little hat, with a fox's tail in it, and adorned with cock's feathers. Sometimes he appeared in a wizard's mask; sometimes he had his face bedaubed with flour, sometimes with lamp-black, as the fancy took him. He had a stage erected at Charing Cross, where he was attended by violins, and puppet-players. Every day he produced ballads of his own composition upon what passed in town, wherein he himself often had a share. These he sung before several thousands of spectators, who every day came to see and hear him. He also sold mithridate and his Galbanum plaister in this great city, in the midst of his enemies, whilst we were obliged to fly, and to conceal ourselves in some hole or other.

"The Duchess of Richmond, his sister, was narrowly guarded at Whitehall, her husband being then kept a prisoner at Windsor. The Duke of Buckingham, having got notice when she was to be carried thither, set up his stage that day at a place which she must of necessity pass by; he having something to say to her which concerned their mutual interest. When she came near, he cried out to the mob that he intended to give them

a song composed on her and the Duke of Buckingham. The mob stopped the coach and the Duchess; the guards being willing enough to comply, because they were glad to see her affronted. Nay, so outrageous were the mob, that they forced the Duchess, who was then the handsomest woman in England, to sit in the boot of the coach, and to hear him sing all his impertinent songs. Having left off singing, he told them it was no more than reason that he should present the Duchess with some of the songs of which she was the principal subject. So he alighted from his stage, covered all over with papers and ridiculous little pictures. Having come to the coach, he took off a black piece of taffeta, which he always wore over one of his eyes, when his sister discovered immediately who he was, yet had so much presence of mind as not to give the least sign of mistrust; nay, she gave him some opprobrious language, but was very eager at snatching the papers he threw into her coach. Among them was a packet of letters, which she had no sooner got but she went forward, the Duke at the head of the mob, attending and hallooing her a good way out of the town."

In one of his masquerading dresses, Buckingham is said to have caught the affections of Cromwell's eldest daughter, the puritanical Mrs. Ireton. Eventually he reached France in safety, and entering the service of the French monarch, added not

a little to his character for gallantry, at the sieges of Arras and Valenciennes.

During his exile, Buckingham entertained the romantic project of winning the hand of the only daughter of the parliamentary general, Lord Fairfax; trusting by this means to recover a portion of his hereditary estates, a considerable part of which had been ceded to that nobleman.* The task was by no means either safe or easy to perform. In addition to the ordinary difficulties of espousing a young lady whom he had never seen, his life, or most certainly his liberty, would have been sacrificed, had he fallen into the hands of Cromwell. Despising, however, the many dangers and obstacles which presented themselves, Buckingham wanted even the common prudence to confine the secret within proper bounds, and, consequently, his project seems to have transpired, even before he had set foot in England. Colonel Wogan writes to Major General Massey, 19th June, 1653, —"The Duke of Buckingham is gone for Calais, and it is thought he will go for England:" and, again, in an intercepted letter, dated the following day, we find,—"I am credibly informed that the Duke of Buckingham hath been sent for to come over, and is to marry Sir Thomas Fairfax's

* According to Heath, the share which was awarded to Fairfax out of the Duke's estates, was as much as four thousand a-year.—*Chronicle of the Civil Wars.*

daughter."* As Cromwell could scarcely have been ignorant of Buckingham's visit to England, and, indeed, as the marriage did not take place till three months after his arrival, the fact of his not having been arrested appears altogether unaccountable.

The Protector's, indeed, was a vigilance by no means easy to be eluded; but to a mind like Buckingham's, warmed by the romance of six-and-twenty, the task had only to appear difficult to be undertaken. An additional inducement was the fact of Fairfax having handed over to the celebrated Countess of Derby the rents of the Isle of Man, which had been recently wrested from the Stanleys, and conferred by the Parliament on their general.

Probably, the heart of the gallant Puritan had already warmed towards the young Duke. Fairfax, indeed, was a man who had many of the prejudices of the aristocracy, of which he was by birth a member: he was descended, as was also Buckingham, by the female line from the Rutland family, and was, perhaps, not a little gratified at the prospect of so brilliant an alliance. Among other property of the Villiers' which had been assigned to him was York House, in the Strand. In this noble mansion, every chamber, we are told, was "adorned with the arms of Villiers and

* Thurloe, vol. i. p. 306.

Manners, lions and peacocks." In addition to these circumstances, Fairfax was by no means an avaricious man, and, by his behaviour to Lady Derby, appears to have entertained some conscientious doubts as to the legality of his enjoying the property of another. At all events the project appeared feasible to Buckingham;—the lady was not without personal advantages, and he was certain to find a liberal father-in-law.

Whether the Duke and Fairfax had been hitherto acquainted, (a fact which appears highly improbable,) or in what manner Buckingham managed to obtain an introduction, it is now impossible to ascertain. Fairfax, however, appears to have listened eagerly to his proposals, and the lady, we are informed, could not resist his charms, "being the most graceful and beautiful person that any court in Europe ever saw." They were married, on the 7th of September 1657, at Nun Appleton, near York, a seat of Lord Fairfax.

Cromwell, who, it was supposed, had intended Buckingham for one of his own daughters, was greatly enraged when informed of the match, and committed Buckingham to the Tower. Fairfax demanded his release, but the Protector angrily and obstinately refused it, and a quarrel was the consequence.

The following is the entry in the Council Books, on the receipt of Fairfax's Memorial in favour of his son-in-law:—

"AT THE COUNCIL AT WHITEHALL.

"Tuesday, 17th November 1657.

"His Highness having communicated to the Council that the Lord Fairfax made address to him, with some desires on behalf of the Duke of Buckingham: Ordered, that the resolves and Act of Parliament, in the case of the said Duke, be communicated to the Lord Fairfax, as the grounds of the Council's proceedings touching the said Duke; and that there be withal signified to the Lord Fairfax, the Council's civil respects to his Lordship's own person. That the Earl of Mulgrave, the Lord Deputy Fleetwood, and the Lord Strickland, be desired to deliver a message from the Council to the Lord Fairfax, to the effect aforesaid.

"HENRY SCOBELL, Clerk of the Council."*

On the accession of Richard Cromwell, Buckingham was allowed to remove to Windsor Castle, where Cowley the poet, with whom he had formerly been acquainted at Cambridge, became his constant companion.

The only other notice we find of Buckingham at this period, is in a letter from a Mr. Corker to Secretary Thurloe:—"This last week," writes the former, "Padden and another was with the Duke of Buckingham at Windsor, who told them there was a petition presented unto the Council

* Thurloe, vol. vi. p. 616.

about his release: he hoped it might take effect, but if not, he would endeavour his escape. He acquainted them with the manner of it, and they are desiring my assistance in it, and alleging how beneficial it would be to me. And truly the design is so well laid, that in my judgment it cannot well miscarry. I cannot conveniently make known to you the particulars in writing, but shall do either to yourself or Mr. Morland, as soon as I am able to stir out of my chamber."*

Previous to Richard's abdication Buckingham was finally released; an event which is thus announced in the "Mercurius Politicus:"—

"February 21, 1658-9.—The humble petition of George Duke of Buckingham was this day read. Resolved, that George Duke of Buckingham, now prisoner at Windsor Castle, upon his engagement upon his honour at the bar of this House, and upon the engagement of Lord Fairfax, in twenty thousand pounds, that the said Duke shall peaceably demean himself for the future, and shall not join with, or abet, or have any correspondence with, any of the enemies of the Lord Protector, and of this Commonwealth, in any of the parts beyond the sea, or within this Commonwealth, shall be discharged of his imprisonment and restraint; and that the Governor of Windsor Castle be required to bring the Duke of Buckingham to the bar of this house on Wednesday next, to engage his ho-

* Thurloe, vol. i. p. 714.

nour accordingly. Ordered, that the security of twenty thousand pounds to be given by the Lord Fairfax, on the behalf of the Duke of Buckingham, be taken in the name of his Highness the Lord Protector."

One of the most singular traits in Buckingham's character, was a happy art of accommodating his habits and powers of conversation to the society of others. During his sojourn with his Presbyterian father-in-law at Nun Appleton, — whither he returned after his discharge from Windsor, — he appears to have conformed to the regular habits of Fairfax; to have "lived orderly and soberly with his wife;" and, indeed, to have subsided into the quiet character of a country gentleman. In a few short months, he became the most reckless, the most unprincipled, the most irregular character in the court of Charles.

At the Restoration Buckingham recovered his property, besides receiving other proofs of the royal favour. He was made a Lord of the Bed-chamber, a member of the Privy Council, and afterwards Master of the Horse, and Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire. For some time he lived in considerable splendour at Wallingford House, but falling into the hands of gamesters and usurers, his estate, within a few years, suffered as miserably as his reputation.

No one, however, shone with greater advantage at the court of Charles. Besides his wit and per-

sonal beauty, he was considered in riding, dancing, and fencing, the most accomplished man of his age. "When he came into the presence chamber," we are told, "he moved so gracefully that it was impossible not to follow him with your eye as he went along."*—"I think," says Sir John Reresby, "that both for person and wit the Duke was the finest gentleman I ever saw." The praise of Madame Dunois is still warmer. "No man," she says, "was ever handsomer, or more nicely made, and there was something so engaging in his conversation, as made him more pleasing by his wit than by his person. His words pierced the heart, and he was born for gallantry and magnificence, in both which he surpassed all the lords of the English court." De Grammont alludes to Buckingham's accomplishments in more measured language. "He was extremely handsome," he says, "but thought himself much more so than he really was."

Although the wit of Buckingham will, probably, live for ever in the pages of "The Rehearsal," of his conversational humour, once so famous, we find but scattered instances. The following, however, affords no indifferent specimen of the quick turn of his fancy. In a play of Dryden's, there was a line which the actress endeavoured to pronounce in as moving and affecting a manner as possible:—

"My wound is great because it is so small—"

* Spence.

She then paused and looked much distressed: Buckingham, whose person was of course well-known to the house, happened to be in one of the boxes, and rising from his seat, added in a ridiculing tone,—

"Then 'twould be greater were it none at all."

This ludicrous completion of the couplet produced such an effect on the audience, that they hissed the poor woman off the stage, and refused to permit her re-appearance during the remainder of the performance.*

Wherever Buckingham presented himself, wit, frolic, and buffoonery, were sure to have the ascendant. The more exalted the personage, the more serious the subject, and the more solemn the occasion, the more certain was it to provoke his merriment and ridicule. The King himself was as much exposed to his jests as was his humblest courtier: they certainly ruined the fortunes of Clarendon, and helped to destroy the character of Charles. His ridicule of the Chancellor is well-known. His mimicry was irresistible, and when he imitated the stately walk of that solemn personage, — a pair of bellows hanging before him for the purse, and Colonel Titus preceding him with a fire-shovel on his shoulders, by way of a mace,—the King and his courtiers are described as convulsed with laughter. Buckingham's example was, of course, followed by others, and when the

* Spence.

Chancellor passed by, the ladies of the Court used to touch the King:— "There," they said, "goes your schoolmaster." Clarendon himself alludes with bitterness to this unlicensed buffoonery.

A scene of irreverent gaiety, of which Buckingham was the promoter, is described as taking place in the Chapel Royal. The preacher was a young man, with modesty enough to feel nervous at his situation; indeed, so overpowering was his bashfulness, as to produce an unpleasant flow of perspiration, to relieve himself from which he kept constantly wiping his face with his hand. This was just before he had commenced his sermon, and as he unfortunately wore a pair of black gloves, the dye of them was communicated to his face. His text was still more unlucky. He had selected the 14th verse of the 139th Psalm, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." The contrast between the preacher's appearance and his words was too ludicrous not to strike Buckingham, who burst into a fit of laughter, in which he was joined by Sir Henry Bennet, and those who were near him. At last the contagion reached the King himself, who, unable to keep his countenance, shared the laugh with the rest.*

The description which Buckingham gave of Ipswich to the King is amusing enough. "It was a town," he said, "without inhabitants, a river without water, streets without names, and where the

* Granger, vol. iv. p. 148.

asses wore boots." He alluded, in the two last instances, to the town being divided into parishes instead of streets, and to the asses, employed in rolling Lord Hereford's bowling-green, having boots on their feet, to prevent their injuring the turf.

Of his whimsical caprice, so happily satirized by Dryden;—of the thousand fancies, intended as sources either of profit or pleasure, which he daily fostered in his vacillating mind, it would not be difficult to afford an illustration. A taste for chemistry appears to have continued the longest, but it was connected, it seems, with some idle anticipations of discovering the philosopher's stone.

Another of his extravagances was a love of building; and when his friends endeavoured to dissuade him from so expensive an amusement, he persisted in calling it his "folly."* To the puritanical party, which was still numerous in England, he even gave hopes of becoming a devotee. Lady Sunderland writes to Lord Halifax, 8th July 1680: — "The Duke of Buckingham very lately pretended to have some trouble of conscience, and talked of it to some fanatics; and they said he appeared to be in a good mind, and they were to come to him again to finish the work: at the time appointed he could not be

* The Duke probably alluded to a gay and fantastical looking vessel called the "Folly,"—the resort of the fashionable idlers in the reign of Charles II,—which was formerly moored opposite the royal palace at Whitehall.

found; and afterwards they heard he was with a wench all that day."

In 1676, among other projects of repairing his ruined fortunes, we find him establishing a glass manufactory at Lambeth. Evelyn paid it a visit, and remarks, "that the mirrors were far larger and better than those brought from Venice." He mentions also "huge vases of metal, as clear, ponderous, and thick as crystal." Another of the Duke's fancies was to obtain a military command:—"Charles," says Dalrymple, in his Memoirs "duped Buckingham of his expectation of commanding six thousand English forces against Holland, by prevailing upon France not to ask them;" and Colbert writes, 4th November 1671, that "on this account Buckingham refused to go to court when sent for." However, in 1672, previous to the arrival of the Duke of Schomberg in England, we find him actually in command of the new-raised forces encamped on Blackheath. For some reason his military employment was extremely brief, and, on the arrival of Schomberg, he quitted the service.*

At the breaking out of the Dutch war, in 1665, Buckingham gave another instance of his restless and versatile disposition, by applying for the command of a ship. As it was his first voyage at sea, and as he was wholly ignorant of naval tactics, the application met with anything but cordiality.

* Sheffield Duke of Buckingham's Works, vol. ii. p. 6.

With a large ship it was thought unadvisable to trust him, and to command a mere sloop or gun-brig, would have been derogatory to his rank and station. Accordingly, he embarked as a volunteer on board the Flag Ship, the captain of which happened to be his acquaintance. But here a new difficulty arose. In his capacity of a Privy Councillor he demanded to be present during all councils of war, a claim which the Duke of York, then Admiral of the Fleet, partly from personal dislike, and partly from an unwillingness to establish an inconvenient precedent, positively refused to admit. Buckingham, either offended at the denial, or glad of a plausible excuse for quitting a hazardous service, left the fleet in disgust and returned to court.*

* Clarendon's Life of himself, vol. ii. p. 256.

CHAPTER II.

Buckingham's Conspiracy against Charles II. — Proclamation issue dfor his Apprehension — conceals himself in London — surrenders himself to the Lieutenant of the Tower — his Conduct at his Examination — pardoned by Charles. — Buckingham's Quarrel with Lord Ossory — his late Hours — his Fray with Lord Dorchester — kills the Earl of Shrewsbury in a Duel — his Intrigue with the Countess of Shrewsbury — the Duke's Seat at Cliveden — sent on a Mission to France — Anecdote — again in Disgrace at Court — sent to the Tower — witty Reply to Lord Shaftesbury — retires from Court at the Death of Charles II. — his vast Debts — amusing Controversy with Father Petre — his last Moments and Death. — Character of Buckingham.

Most men have some particular aim, some settled object in existence, which is expected to confer happiness in the end. But the mind of Buckingham shifted with every breath, and every change pointed to gratification and applause. His imagination was a harlequinade of tinsel fancies; and whether as the adviser of his sovereign, or whether leagued with levellers and fanatics; whether as the philosopher or the rake; as the man of pleasure, the man of business, or the man of science, we find him equally versatile, capricious, and unprincipled to the last.

On a mind so constituted, not all the smiles of

fortune or of his sovereign were sufficient to confer happiness, and, consequently, in March 1667, we are the less surprised to find him engaged in his well-known conspiracy against the person and government of Charles. Singular as it may appear, we cannot doubt but he was influenced in his shameful conduct, by the idle predictions of a mountebank astrologer—"a poor fellow," says Clarendon, "who had a poorer lodging somewhere about Tower Hill, and who professed knowledge in horoscopes or judicial astrology, and had, from a calculation of the Duke's nativity, foretold him that he would be king." Thus can the finest mind be perverted! Rochester practised astrology to support his well-known mountebank jest — it was a feat unworthy of his genius,—but Buckingham believed in its absurdities, and his credulity nearly led him to the block.

Even Charles himself with all his good-nature, his love of Buckingham, who had been the companion of his childhood, and the natural forgivingness of his disposition, could not have failed being hurt and exasperated, when the Duke's defalcation was announced to him. In one of the earliest numbers of the London Gazette* we find a curious and interesting document, — the proclamation issued for Buckingham's apprehension. After the usual preamble, it sets forth, — "that forasmuch as the said Duke, who was of H. M.

* 7th March 1666-7. No. 138.

Privy Council, and otherwise employed in great trust relating to H. M. person and the public, and not only bound by common duty and allegiance, but further obliged by especial and extraordinary ties of gratitude and fidelity to the Crown, hath, notwithstanding, held and maintained secret correspondence by letters and other transactions, tending to raise mutinies in some of H. M. Forces, and stir up sedition among his people, and other traitorous designs and practices; and whereas for the prevention of the mischievous consequences that might thereupon ensue, especially as the present state of affairs now are, and intending the matter be examined, and the said Duke brought to answer what should be objected against him, His Majesty gave orders to one of H. M. Serjeants-at-Arms to use all diligence to apprehend him: in execution of which command, H. M. minister was ill-treated and contemptuously resisted, not without the knowledge of the said Duke himself, as H. M. has just cause to believe, and he, as conscious of his demerits, secretly escaped." The proclamation then gives the usual directions to all "Justices of the Peace, Mayors, Sheriffs, &c. to use their best endeavours to apprehend the said Duke;"—declaring that "if any person or persons, after the publication thereof, shall directly or indirectly conceal the said Duke, or shall not use their best endeavours for his discovery and apprehension, they shall be proceeded against with all severity."

Buckingham, it would seem, on his iniquitous designs being discovered, concealed himself, in the first instance, in his house at Westhorp. Sir John Reresby was Sheriff of Yorkshire at the time, and as the Duke was an influential person, and had formerly shown him some civility, he was placed in a disagreeable dilemma. "I confess," he says, "I was at a loss to know how to act in this matter, between the obligation of my office as sheriff, and the respect I had for the Duke: but the judges coming down to the assizes, advised me by all means to proclaim the order for his apprehension, which I did, and it for ever after lessened me in the esteem of that lord." One Serjeant Bearcroft was sent to Westhorp to arrest him. Pepys was informed by this person, that a few miles from the place he was "overtaken and out-rid" by the Duchess of Buckingham, who he imagined to have arrived at Westhorp about a quarter of an hour before him. On reaching the house he found the doors closed against him; but the next day, having re-inforced himself with the officers of the neighbouring town, he paid a second visit. On this occasion he was permitted to search the house, but the Duke had probably fled during the night.

For some time Buckingham was supposed to be in France; it seems, however, that from the period of his flight to the day of his surrender, — from the beginning of March to the end of June, — he was concealed principally in London. He was so ad-

mirably disguised, that although taken into custody two or three times by the watch, for being in the streets at unseasonable hours, they had no conception of his identity. Eventually, having made up his mind to surrender himself, — probably not without having received some well-grounded expectations of leniency, from his friends at Court, — he sent to the Lieutenant of the Tower, intimating that he would come to him when he had dined. The evening of his surrender was spent at a tavern, where he is described as being "mighty merry," notwithstanding his misfortunes.*

After a detention of a few days, Buckingham was brought before the Council, where he was examined in the presence of the King. His manner, during the investigation, though submissive and personally gratifying to Charles, was sufficiently haughty both to the Chancellor and Lord Arlington, the latter of whom conducted the prosecution. One of the charges which had been preferred against him was an undue attempt to obtain the favour of the people. "A person," said Buckingham with his usual wit, "has only to be committed to prison by my Lord Chancellor or my Lord Arlington, and there is little doubt of his becoming popular."

Though remanded to the Tower, the good-natured monarch was too fond of ease and of the society of Buckingham, not to relent as soon as forgiveness appeared decent. Accordingly, in the Gazette for September following, we find

* Pepys, vol. ii. p. 85.

another and very different proclamation: — "His Majesty was graciously pleased to declare in Council, that upon the humble submission of the Duke of Buckingham, His Majesty had received him into his favour, and it was H. M. pleasure he should be restored to his place in the Council and in the Bed-chamber: Whereupon His Grace was immediately called in, and having kissed H. M. hand, took his place at the Board accordingly." In a few days, the affair, for less than which Russell and Sidney lost their heads, was in all probability made a jest of,—

> ——————in the ring
> Of mimic statesmen and their merry King.

That Charles, however, was at first highly enraged with Buckingham, there can be no doubt; indeed, Clarendon, with his knowledge of the King's easy disposition, would scarcely have risked irrecoverably exasperating the implacable Duke, had he not been firmly persuaded that his utter ruin was about to follow. Buckingham's release from the Tower had at first been refused by Charles even to the tears of the Duchess of Cleveland. They parted with words which might astonish the uninitiated, the King calling her Grace a jade who meddled with affairs with which she had nothing to do, and she calling the King a fool for not knowing who were his real friends. An estrangement of two or three days was the consequence of this *fracas.* Pepys tells us that the

King did not "come near her" at this period; but it is far more likely that the lady affected to be the party aggrieved, and refused to admit the visits of her royal lover. It was a stratagem which she not unfrequently practised, in order to obtain a compliance with her unreasonable demands; and it is not improbable that, on this occasion, the price of reconciliation, insisted upon by the imperious beauty, was Buckingham's release.

Buckingham had scarcely been released from prison more than two or three days, when we find him at the Duke's theatre taking away the sword of Henry Killegrew, and giving him so sound a beating that he shouted for his life. The punishment was probably deserved: Pepys says, that in this case the Duke carried himself "very innocently and well." He remarks, too,—"how pretty it was to hear how people do speak kindly of the Duke of Buckingham, as one that will inquire into faults."

"Continual wine, women, and music," says Butler, "had debauched the Duke's understanding;" but whether or not this were the case, they certainly seem to have affected his courage. That he was naturally brave his behaviour in early life affords sufficient evidence; but with the return of prosperity he became one of the worst description of quarrelsome characters, a man who will insult another with the predetermination to deny him satisfaction. On the 3rd of March 1669, we find

Sir William Coventry turned out of all his employments for challenging him; but his conduct to Lord Ossory, the eldest son of the Duke of Ormond, was neither that of a brave nor of an honourable man. The dispute arose in the House of Lords, on the question of prohibiting the importation of Irish cattle into England. Alluding to the likelihood of the bill being thrown out from motives of self-interest, it was remarked by Buckingham with great severity, that "whoever should vote against it must either have an Irish heart or an Irish understanding." Lord Ossory, who seems on other occasions to have been a sufferer from the Duke's unsparing wit, took the affront as personal to himself, and at a proper opportunity, desiring Buckingham to accompany him into another room, he peremptorily demanded a meeting. Buckingham at first endeavoured to turn the matter into a joke: but Ossory persisting in bringing him to the point, the Duke was at length constrained to seriousness, and eventually named a well-known spot in Chelsea fields. Thither his adversary hastened, but Buckingham not making his appearance, and a party turning off the high-road, (for the purpose, as Ossory supposed, of preventing the encounter,) he returned disappointed to London. The Duke all this time was stationed on the opposite side of the river, which he afterwards pretended to have understood as the place fixed upon for the meeting.

The party which had disturbed Lord Ossory were believed to have been sent by Buckingham to arrest him; however, as this plan miscarried, and as the Duke calculated he should be immediately called upon to name another time and place, he adopted an extraordinary expedient to preclude the possibility of further hostilities. Rising the next morning from his seat in the House of Lords, — with the most admirable nonchalance, and that easy matter-of-course style, so peculiarly his own, — to the astonishment of Lord Ossory, he detailed the whole of the circumstances to the House. Expressing his conviction that sooner or later their lordships must have been made aware of the facts, he professed, as if in candour, his intention to have met Ossory, had not a misunderstanding, — the circumstances of which he detailed, — arisen to prevent their encounter. He added, that, as the expressions complained of had been used in the course of debate, he might honourably have declined to give the meeting required; and concluded, in the same off-hand manner, by speaking of his reputation for personal courage as being placed beyond question, and of duelling itself, as a pastime he rather courted for its amusement, than shunned for the danger it entailed.

Lord Ossory, in reply, admitted the principal facts of the case. He expressed his surprise, however, at the statement of his adversary that the chal-

lenge had originated in words spoken in the house; adding that he had explicitly declared to him "that he did not question him for words spoken in Parliament, but for words spoken in other places, which he had at other times chosen to hear, rather than disturb the company."

As soon as the two lords had concluded their several statements, and, according to custom, had been directed to withdraw, the peers entered upon the merits of the case. Whoever might have been in the wrong, the majority were evidently prejudiced in favour of Buckingham. Much was said respecting the freedom of debate, and it was insisted that, if that freedom was proved to have been infringed, it was the duty of the House to restrain and punish the offenders. Unfortunately for Lord Ossory, it was remembered that he had recently reproached Lord Ashley, in no measured terms, for having been a counsellor of Cromwell, and in consequence had narrowly escaped the censure of the House. This new offence, therefore, was declared to be "notorious and monstrous;" while the Duke of Buckingham,—who was said on all occasions, to have paid every possible respect and reverence to the House,—was complimented as having "carried himself as well as the ill-custom and iniquity of the age would admit."

It was discovered, however, by the Duke's friends, —that if all the censure and punishment fell on his adversary, it would be a tacit acknowledgment that,

however meritoriously Buckingham had conducted himself as a peacemaker, his character for courage had equally sunk in the scale: on the contrary, the Duke's enemies insisted that, as he had been guilty of no offence, he should receive no punishment. The debate eventually terminated by the offenders being both sent to the Tower.

It was no slight compliment to Buckingham's eloquence, that the Irish bill was allowed to remain in suspense during his imprisonment: its advocates would not risk the chance of defeat, while his oratorical powers were not present to throw their weight in the scale. There can be no question, indeed, that had Buckingham possessed half as much stability and application as genius, he might have been the first statesman in the country. Even his enemy, Lord Clarendon, does justice to his capacity. Of the Duke's interest with Parliament he says,—"It cannot be imagined, considering the loose life he led, which was a life more by night than by day, in all the liberties that nature could devise or wit invent, how great an interest he had in both Houses of Parliament; that is, how many in both would follow his advice, and concur in what he proposed. His quality and condescensions, the pleasantness of his humour and conversation, the extravagance and sharpness of his wit, unrestrained by any modesty or religion, drew persons of all affections and inclinations to like his company; and to believe that the levities and the vanities would be wrought

off by age, and there would enough of good be left to become a great man." The bench of Bishops appear to have been frequent sufferers from his wit. Andrew Marvell writes, in a letter dated 24th July, 1675,—"Never were poor men exposed and abused all the session, as the Bishops were by the Duke of Buckingham upon the Test; never the like, nor so infinitely pleasant; and no men were ever grown so odiously ridiculous." Marvell entirely forgets his dislike of Buckingham's character, in his delight at the Bishops' discomfiture.

His habit of keeping late hours, alluded to by Lord Clarendon, were pretty notorious at the time. In a lampoon of the period, entitled the "Queries and Answers from Garraway's Coffee-house," we find,—

Q.—When shall Don Carlos be made a lord?

A.—About two o'clock in the morning, when the Duke of Buckingham has dined.

Reresby also says, that he used to turn day into night and night into day, and Butler attacks his irregularities with his usual severity. "He rises," he says, "eats, and goes to bed by the Julian account, long after all others that go by the New Style, and keeps the same hours with owls and the antipodes."*

Not long after his affair with Lord Ossory, we find Buckingham engaged in a still more disgraceful quarrel with Lord Dorchester. The circum-

* Character of a Duke of Bucks. *Butler's Genuine Remains*, vol. ii. p. 72.

stances of the squabble, which took place in a conference between the two Houses on the Canary question, are amusingly described in the quaint language of Pepys. "My Lord Buckingham," he says, "leaning rudely over my Lord Marquis Dorchester, my Lord Dorchester removed his elbow. Duke of Buckingham asked whether he was uneasy; Dorchester replied, yes, and that he durst not do this were he anywhere else. Buckingham replied, yes he would, and that he was a better man than himself. Dorchester said that he lied. With this Buckingham struck off his hat, and took him by his periwig and pulled it aside, and held him. My Lord Chamberlain and others interfered, and upon coming into the House of Lords did order them both to the Tower, whither they are to go this afternoon." These visits to the Tower must have been rather expensive to Buckingham, as the Lieutenant told Pepys that the day's work would be worth as much as three hundred and fifty pounds to him. Buckingham, owing to his well-known hostility to Lord Clarendon, was at this time extremely popular with the citizens, and, consequently, as he passed through the streets to the Tower, he was loudly cheered by the rabble. Both he and Lord Dorchester were released after a few days. Clarendon says,—"the Marquis had much of the Duke's hair in his hands to recompense for his pulling off his periwig, which he could not reach high enough to do to the other."

About a year after this event, Buckingham's intimacy with the Countess of Shrewsbury* led to his famous duel with her husband,† which was fought in a close near Barn-Elms, on the 17th of January 1668. On one side were the Duke of Buckingham, and two persons named Holmes and Jenkins, probably two of his creatures. On the other were the Earl of Shrewsbury; a gentleman of the privy chamber, Sir John Talbot; and Bernard Howard, a son of the Earl of Arundel. In the encounter, in which the whole of the six engaged, not one escaped unhurt; Jenkins was killed on the spot; Sir John Talbot received a severe wound in his

* Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Robert Brudinel, Earl of Cardigan. She married first, Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury, by whom she had two surviving sons, Charles, afterwards Duke of Shrewsbury, and John, killed in a duel, in 1686, by Henry Duke of Grafton. Some years after the death of the Earl, she married George Rodney Bridges, Esq. of Hampshire, by whom also she left one son, who bore the names of his father, and died in 1751. The Countess herself died on the 20th of April, 1702.

† Francis Talbot, eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury. His first wife, by whom he had one daughter, was Anne, daughter of Sir John Conyers, of the county of Durham, Knight. He died on the 16th of March 1668. Charles, his successor to the title, appears to have been little affected either by the death of his father, or the profligacy of his mother.

In Shrewsbury we find
A generous mind,
So kindly to live with his mother;
And never try yet
To avenge the sad fate
Of his father and only brother.

State Poems, vol. iii. p. 224.

arm, and Shrewsbury was run through the body from the right breast to the shoulder. He died of his wounds on the 16th of March following. Spence relates, on the authority of Pope, that the whole of the morning the Countess was trembling for her gallant, and that afterwards "the Duke slept with her in his bloody shirt." It has even been asserted, that during the encounter she held the Duke's horse in the dress of a page.

Her husband had scarcely been dead two months when Buckingham carried his worthless paramour to his own home. His Duchess was naturally enough indignant, and observed that herself and her rival could not possibly live together. "So I thought, Madam," was the bitter reply, "and have therefore ordered your coach to convey you to your father."* It seems that the Duke's chaplain, Dr. Sprat, was actually induced to marry him to the Countess; an absurd and useless ceremony, considering that Buckingham's lawful wife was still alive. The latter was afterwards styled by the courtiers, the Duchess Dowager.†

In a letter from Mr. Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, dated 15th October 1670, the Countess is reported to be with child by her paramour, and in a letter of Andrew Marvell's, dated 9th August 1671, we find the rumour not only corroborated, but illustrated by some curious matter. "Buck-

* Pepys, vol. ii. p. 230.

† Macpherson's Orig. Papers, vol. i. p. 60.

ingham," he writes, "runs out of all with the Lady Shrewsbury, by whom he believes he had a son, to whom the King stood godfather: it died young Earl of Coventry, and was buried in the sepulchre of his fathers." It is equally as remarkable, that Charles should have been godfather to the child, as that Buckingham should have conferred on it his second title.

As Colbert, the French ambassador, thought it worth his while to make Lady Shrewsbury his friend, she had, probably, considerable influence over her profligate lover. There is evidence, indeed, in the Frenchman's despatches, that Lord Arlington not only proposed to the French Court that they should confer a pension on Lady Shrewsbury, in order to fix Buckingham in their interests; but, on the 1st January 1671, Colbert writes, that he has presented Lady Shrewsbury with 10,000 livres. He adds, on the 9th of November following, that on Lady Shrewsbury receiving the French pension, she said, "she would make Buckingham comply with King Charles in all things."

In the early years of their intercourse Buckingham and his mistress passed much of their time in retirement at Cliveden:—

> "Gallant and gay in Cliveden's proud alcove,
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love."

As this place has become as celebrated from the poetry of Pope, as from having been the retreat of Buckingham, an extract from a scarce work,

describing it as it appeared to a traveller at the commencement of the last century, may not be unacceptable. "This palace," says the writer, "is situated on the top of a hill, washed with the Thames, five miles west from Windsor, and overlooks all the country around it. It is a noble building *à la moderne.* The great terrace, which fronts the garden, with the parterre, are well disposed. Under the terrace are twenty-six niches, in which the Duke of Buckingham designed to place statues bigger than the life; and in the middle a pretty *alcove,* with stone stairs, which ascends to the apartments."

The circumstance is undoubtedly to the credit of the times, that the Duke's disreputable intercourse with Lady Shrewsbury was publicly taken notice of in Parliament. "His Grace," says Reresby, "was called to the bar of the House of Peers, for scandalously living with Lady Shrewsbury as man and wife, he being a married man; and for having killed my Lord Shrewsbury, after he had debauched his wife." Reresby unfortunately neglects to inform us of the result.

In 1670, the Duke became one of that celebrated council of state, known under the name of the Cabal, and the same year was sent ambassador to France,—ostensibly to condole with the French Court on the death of the Duchess of Orleans,—but in reality to concert secret measures for breaking the Triple League. At Paris he was received

with great ceremony and splendour. His wit and fine person elicited general admiration, and Louis XIV. observed that he was almost the only English gentleman he had ever seen. The French troops were exercised in his presence; and, in addition to masques and balls, operas, comedies, and sham sea-fights were daily planned for his amusement. The King, on St. Louis's day, gave a public feast in his honour, besides bestowing on him several valuable presents, among which was a sword and belt set with pearls and diamonds, valued at forty thousand pistoles.

In 1672 Buckingham was again despatched to the French King at Utrecht, on matters connected with the Dutch war; on which occasion, in passing through the Hague, he stopped to pay his respects to the Princess of Orange. During their interview he spoke warmly of the Dutch, and, in order to please her, dwelt on the affection which he affirmed England bore to the States. "We do not," he said, "use Holland like a mistress, we love her like a wife."—"*Vraiment je crois que vous nous aimez comme vous aimez la vôtre,*" was the answer of the Princess. "Verily, I believe you love us as you love your own."

In 1674 he was again in disgrace at Court; and, moreover, had become so unpopular with the University of Cambridge, as to be compelled to resign the Chancellorship, which they had conferred on him about three years before.

On an important question, which originated in 1677, whether a Parliament that had been prorogued more than a year, were not, by an old law, virtually dissolved, and its acts annulled, Buckingham, together with the Lords Shaftesbury, Salisbury, and Wharton,—for supporting so dangerous a position and arguing its merits too warmly,—were ordered to be committed to the Tower. But while the Lords were still debating on the question of their committal, Buckingham ingeniously contrived to withdraw. The House was extremely angry, and designed to address the King to issue a proclamation for his arrest; the next morning, however, he appeared in his usual place, where he was no sooner perceived than there were loud cries, "To the bar." But he rose with his customary ease, and treated the whole matter as a jest. "He begged their Lordships' pardon," he said, "for retiring the night before: they very well knew the exact economy he kept in his family, and perceiving their Lordships intended he should be some time in another place, he only went home to set his house in order, and was now come to submit to their Lordships' pleasure." The Duke, of course, followed his friends to the Tower. After a few days, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Wharton, were discharged on submission; but Shaftesbury, desirous of being regarded as a popular martyr, continued to glory in his opposition, and, consequently, remained in confinement. As the gay Duke, on

being liberated from his disagreeable lodgings, was passing the windows of Shaftesbury's apartments, the stubborn Earl looked out wistfully:—"What," he said, "are you going to leave us?"—"Why, yes," replied Buckingham, "such giddy-headed fellows as I can never stay long in one place." Shaftesbury remained in the Tower nearly a year, and having vainly attempted to find redress by law, was compelled to make the required submission.

Buckingham, at the death of his old master, Charles the Second, in 1685, retired to what remained of his vast property in Yorkshire. Even as early as 1667 he had been looked upon as an impoverished man, and at a later period, both Marvell (in a letter written in 1671), and Musgrave, in his MS. notes to De Grammont, estimate his debts at 140,000*l.* sterling. It must, however, be placed to Buckingham's credit, that, notwithstanding his influence at Court, he enjoyed but little of the public money:—"If I am a grievance," he said, in his defence to the House of Commons, "I am, at least, the cheapest you have ever had. I have lost as much estate as most men have got, and that is a big word: I am honest, and when I appear otherwise, I desire to die." Probably his expenses had latterly abated; as, after his death, the money produced by the sale of his estates was found sufficient for the liquidation of his debts.

After his retirement from the Court, his time

appears to have been passed in the usual amusements of the country, hospitality and fox-hunting. His addiction to the pursuits of a country life,—the latest fancy of his versatile mind,—excited the amusement and curiosity of his friends, and in a letter, dated Ratisbon, 21st October 1686, we find his former wild companion, Sir George Etherege, bantering him with considerable humour on the change in his habits:—"I have heard the news," he says, "with no less astonishment than if I had been told the Pope had begun to wear a periwig, and had turned beau in the seventy-fourth year of his age." —"Is it possible," he proceeds, "that your Grace, who has seen ten times more luxury than the Emperor* ever knew, conversed with finer women, kept politer company, possessed as much too of the true real greatness of the world as ever he enjoyed, should in an age still capable of pleasure, and under a fortune whose very ruins would make up a comfortable Electorate here in Germany;—is it possible, I say, that your Grace should leave the play at the beginning of the fourth act, when all the spectators are in pain to know what will become of the hero, and what mighty matters he is reserved for, that set out so advantageously in the first! That a person of your exquisite taste, that has breathed the air of courts even from your in-

* Charles the Fifth, to whom Etherege had commenced by comparing Buckingham, a parallel not very easy to sustain in most of its points.

fancy, should be content, in that part of your life which is most difficult to be pleased, and most easy to be disgusted, to take up with the conversation of country parsons, a sort of people whom to my knowledge your Grace never much admired, and do penance in the nauseous company of lawyers, whom I am certain you abominate!" — "Who could ever have prophesied," proceeds the gay writer, "that the Duke of Buckingham, who never vouchsafed his embraces to any ordinary beauty, would ever condescend to sigh and languish for the heiress apparent of a thatched cottage, in a straw hat, flannel petticoat, stockings of as gross a thrum as the blue-coat boys' caps at the hospital, and a smock, — the Lord defend me from the wicked idea of it,—of as coarse a canvass as ever served an apprenticeship to a mackerel-boat!"

King James the Second took considerable interest in Buckingham's spiritual welfare, and by means of Fathers Petre and Fitzgerald endeavoured to convert him to Popery. There is extant an account of his conference with the former divine, which affords an agreeable instance of Buckingham's wit. "Father Petre," says the relater of the anecdote, "undertook to convert the Duke of Buckingham to Popery, and, among other arguments that he was prepared with, set out with this, which these casuists commonly urge, and which, attacking the imagination in its weakest

point, fear, draws in many silly people :— 'We,' said the good Jesuit, 'deny that any one can possibly be saved out of our church: your Grace allows that our people may be saved.' — 'No, curse ye,' said the Duke, 'I make no doubt but you will be all damned to a man.' The reverend father started, and said gravely,—'Sir, I cannot argue with a person so void of all charity.' — 'I did not expect, my reverend father,' said the Duke calmly, 'such a reproach from you, whose whole reasoning with me was founded on the very same instance of want of charity in yourself.'"* The manner in which he foiled the arguments of his other opponent, Father Fitzgerald, is described by the Duke himself, in one of the most amusing productions of his versatile mind.

By this time Buckingham had passed the meridian of life, and the career of profligacy which he had long courted had begun to make its inroads on his constitution. It is impossible, however, to refer to the painful circumstances connected with his last illness and death, without the beautiful episode of Pope recurring forcibly to our minds :—

> In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
> The floor of plaster, and the walls of dung;
> On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
> With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw;
> The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
> Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red;

* Richardsoniana.

Great Villiers lies—alas, how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry King.
No wit to flatter left, of all his store;
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more;
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

The fine effect of these verses consists so much in the striking antithesis,—in the moral and melancholy contrast, — in the circumstance of the once magnificent George Villiers breathing his last in a wretched inn—that without further evidence we should have treated it rather as a brilliant poetical picture, than as strictly and historically true. But Pope, in the course of conversation, gave the same account of the circumstances attending Buckingham's end to his friend Spence, illustrated, moreover, by a remarkable addition:— "He got the better," he said, "of his vast estate, and died between two common girls at a little alehouse in Yorkshire." Echard also, who lived some years nearer to the time of Buckingham, places the scene at a "public-house;"—Bishop Kennet, who may almost be looked upon as his contemporary, calls it a mean house; and in a letter of the period we find,— "The Duke of Bucks, who hath some time supported himself with artificial spirits, on Friday fell to a more manifest decay, and on Sunday yielded up the ghost at Helmsley,

in Yorkshire,* in *a little ale-house,* where these eight months he hath been without meat or money, deserted of all his servants almost."† His death certainly took place on his own property at Kirby Moorside, in the residence of one of his tenants; but whether that residence were a public-house, or merely an obscure cottage, only the poetry of Pope can render of much importance. His illness, which lasted three days, commenced with an ague and fever. He had heated himself in fox-hunting, and having inconsiderately sat down on the wet grass, was seized by the malady that carried him off.

An incident is related of Buckingham during his last illness, which, both as a death-bed anecdote, and as affording a last specimen of his peculiar humour, will be read with interest. The circumstance in question is related by the younger Richardson, who, however, unfortunately omits mentioning his authority, "As George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was dying, *which he did at an inn,* the Duke of Queensberry going down to Scotland heard of it when he was within a few miles of the place, and went to make him a visit. Seeing him in this condition, he asked him if he would not have a clergyman? 'I look upon them,' said the Duke, 'to be a parcel of very

* ——Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Yields to a scrivener and a city knight.

† Ellis's Correspondence, vol. i. p. 275.

silly fellows, who don't trouble themselves about what they teach.' So Queensberry asked him if he would have his chaplain, for he was a dissenter? 'No,' says Buckingham, 'those fellows always make me sick with their whine and cant.' The Duke of Queensberry taking it for granted he must be of some religion or other, then supposed undoubtedly it must be the Catholic; and told him there was a Popish lord in the neighbourhood, named him, and asked if he should not send for his priest? 'No,' says he, 'those rascals eat God, but if you know any set of fellows that eat the devil, I should be obliged to you if you would send for one of them.' So ended

That life of pleasure and that soul of whim."

If this story be true, it occurred probably before the Duke believed himself to be in real danger. According to Echard he was visited in his last hours by his relation, Lord Irwin, who persuaded him to send for a clergyman. When the minister came, he says, he made inquiries of the Duke as to the religion which he professed. "It is an insignificant question," said the dying man, "for I have been a shame and a disgrace to all religions: if you can do me any good, do."

But the account of his faithful adherent, Brian Fairfax, who really appears to have loved him for his own sake, can alone be implicitly relied upon. The night before the Duke died, Fairfax

received a message from him, desiring him to provide a bed for him, in his house at Bishop-hill in York. But the next morning the same messenger returned, with the news that his master was dying, and when Fairfax arrived on the spot, Buckingham was already speechless. He knew him, however, and gave an earnest look of recognition. There were present in the chamber, the Earl of Arran, son of the Duke of Hamilton,—who hearing of his illness had visited him on his way to Scotland,—and a gentleman of the neighbourhood, a justice of the peace. From the latter Fairfax elicited a few particulars. Before the Duke had become speechless, he had been pressed respecting the disposal of his estate, but returned no answer. It was then thought necessary to advertise him of his imminent danger, and he was asked if the clergyman of the parish should be sent for, but he still continued silent. A Popish priest was then mentioned, to which he exclaimed vehemently, "No, no," adding that he would have nothing to do with them. The propriety of summoning a clergyman of the established Church was once more pressed upon him; and on this occasion he answered calmly, "Yes, pray send for him." This was on the morning of the day on which he died. The minister, on his arrival, performed the usual offices for the sick, to which the Duke paid devout attention, and afterwards received the Sacrament.

Since the above was written, the author has met with the following very interesting letter, the contents of which are in singular corroboration of Fairfax's narrative. It is written by no less a person than Lord Arran himself, one of the principal actors in the melancholy scene, and is addressed to Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, who had formerly been chaplain to Buckingham:—

"My Lord, . . "Kirby Moor-side, April 17, 1687.

"Mere chance having thrown me into these parts, by accident, as I was at York, in my journey towards Scotland, I heard of the Duke of Buckingham's illness here, which made me take a resolution of waiting upon his Grace, to see what condition he was in. I arrived here on Friday, in the afternoon, where I found him in a very low condition: he had been long ill of an ague, which had made him weak, but his understanding was as good as ever, and his noble parts were so entire, that though I saw death in his looks at first sight, he would by no means think of it. He told me he was on horseback but two days before, and that he found himself so well at heart, that he was sure he could be in no danger of his life. He told me he had a mighty descent fallen upon his abdomen, with an inflammation and a great swelling, but he thought by applying warm medicines the swelling would fall, and then he would be at ease; but it proved otherwise; for a mortification came on

those low parts, and rapidly ascended, so that it soon occasioned his death. So soon as I had arrived, I sent to York for one Dr. Waler, for I found him here in a most miserable condition: he desired me to stay with him, which I very willingly obeyed. I confess it made my heart bleed to see the Duke of Buckingham in so pitiful a place, and in so bad a condition; and what made it worse, he was not at all sensible of it, for he thought in a day or two he should be well; and when we minded him of his condition, he said it was not as we apprehended. The doctors told me his case was desperate, and though he enjoyed the free exercise of his senses, that in a day or two at most it would kill him, but they durst not tell him of it; so they put a hard part upon me to pronounce death to him, which I saw approaching so fast, that I thought it was high time for him to think of another world, for it was impossible for him to continue long in this. So I sent for a very worthy gentleman, Mr. Gibson, a neighbour of his Grace's, who lives but a mile from this place, to be an assistant to me in this work; so we jointly represented his condition to him, who I saw was at first very uneasy; but I think we should not have discharged the duty of honest men, or I of a faithful kinsman, if we had suffered him to go out of this world without desiring him to prepare for death, and to look into his conscience.

"After having plainly told him his condition, I

asked him who I should send for to be assistant to him during the small time he had to live; he would make me no answer, which made me conjecture; and having formerly heard that he had been inclining to be a Roman Catholic, I asked him if I should send for a priest; for I thought any act that could be like a Christian, was what his condition now wanted most; but he positively told me he was not one of that persuasion, and so would not hear any more on that subject, for he was of the Church of England; but hitherto he would not hear of a parson, though he had declared his aversion to my offering to send for a priest. But after some time, beginning to feel his distemper mount, he desired me to send for the parson of this parish, who said prayers for him, which he joined in very freely, but still he did not think he should die; though this was yesterday at seven in the morning, and he died about eleven at night.

"Mr. Gibson asked him if he had made a will, or if he would declare who was to be his heir; but to the first he answered that he had made none, and to the last, whoever was named, he always answered 'No.' First, my Lady Duchess was named, and then, I think, almost everybody that had any relation to him, but his answer was always 'No.' And to see if he would change any way the answer or manner of it, they asked him if my Lord Purbeck was to be sent for, but to that he answered, 'By no means.' I did fully represent my Lady

Duchess's condition to him, and told him it was absolutely fit, during the time he had the exercise of his reason, to do something to settle his affairs; but nothing that was said to him could make him come to any point.

"I then said, that since he would do nothing in his worldly affairs, I desired he might die like a Christian; and since he called himself of the Church of England, the parson was ready here to administer the Sacrament to him; which he said he would take; so accordingly I gave orders for it, and two other honest gentlemen received with him, Mr. Gibson and Colonel Liston, an old servant of his Grace's. At first he called out three or four times, for he thought the ceremony looked as if death was near, which for the strength of his noble parts (they not being yet affected) he could not easily believe; for all this time he was not willing to take death to him; but in a few moments after he became calm, and received the Sacrament with all the decency imaginable, and in an hour afterwards he lost his speech, and continued so till eleven at night, when he died.

"The confusion he has left his affairs in will make his heir, whoever he be, very uneasy. To tell you truly, I believe there is no other will in being but what they say is in the trustees' hands; for all the servants say they knew there was a parchment sealed, which my Lord said he would alter, which they looked upon to be his will:

whether he has cancelled it I cannot find; some say one Mr. Burrell has it; but nobody here can give any distinct account of it. But my Lord himself said positively, in the presence of several, that he had no will in being; so what to make of this I cannot tell you. We supposed that it might be Sir William Villiers that he intended for his heir; but he said several times, before us all, 'No;' so that I cannot imagine, if he has any will, to whom he has given it, I myself being as nearly related to him as any by full blood. Mr. Brian Fairfax, and Mr. Gibson, have been witnesses of my proceedings since my being here; I hope they will give an account of it. I thought in honour I could not leave him in this condition being so nearly related to him; especially his Grace being in such a retired corner, where there was nobody but myself till I sent for this Mr. Gibson. My Lord Fairfax, of Gilling, came yesterday in the afternoon; but he was speechless when he came.

"I have ordered the corpse to be embalmed, and carried to Helmsley Castle, and there to remain till my lady Duchess's pleasure shall be known. There must be speedy care taken; for there is nothing here but confusion, not to be expressed. Though his stewards have received vast sums, there is not so much as one farthing, as they tell me, for defraying the least expense; but I have ordered his intestines to be buried at Helmsley, where his body is to remain till further orders.

"Being the nearest kinsman in the place, I have taken the liberty of giving his Majesty an account of his death; and have sent his George and blue ribbon, to be disposed of as his Majesty shall think fit: I have addressed it under cover to my Lord President, to whom I beg you would carry the bearer the minute he arrives.

"I have given orders that nothing shall be embezzled, and for that reason, as soon as my Lord died, I called to see his strong box, but not before Mr. Brian Fairfax and Mr. Gibson. I found nothing of moment in it, but some loose letters of no concern; but such as they are, I have ordered them to be locked up, and delivered to my Lady Duchess; so also the small plate and linen he had, I have committed it to the care of Lord Fairfax.

"So now that I have given your Lordship this particular account of everything, I have nothing more to do, but to assure your Lordship, that I am, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most assured
"Friend and humble servant,
"ARRAN."

According to Lord Dover, in his Notes to "The Ellis Correspondence," the house in which Buckingham died, in the town of Kirby Moorside, still exists, and must formerly have been one of the best in the place. We learn, from the same authority,

that the only memorial of this once brilliant personage, which now remains in Kirby Moorside, is the following rude entry in an old register of burials:—

"1687, April 17th, Gorges villus Lord dooke of bookingam!"

Buckingham died peaceably, as we have seen, in his bed, on the sixteenth of April 1688, in the sixty-first year of his age. His body was embalmed and brought to Westminster, where it was interred in the vault of his family in Henry the Seventh's chapel. He left no children by his Duchess, nor, apparently, by any of his numerous amours.

An attempt has affectionately been made by Fairfax to rescue the name of his master from entire reprobation. He dwells on his undoubted genius and varied accomplishments; he considers his reputation for intrigue to have been greatly exaggerated; and, finally, gives him the credit of good-humour, charity, and a forgiving disposition. There is something redeeming and agreeable, in his having left even one friend to regret his loss and respect his memory. But, after all, it is to be feared that the bitter censure of Warburton is scarcely too severe. "It was the fortune," he says, "of this wretched man to do as much mischief to the morals of Charles the Second's court, as his father had done to the politics of James the First's."

In taking leave of a character which has been so often drawn, we will conclude with one of the most

finished passages from the pen of Walpole. "When this extraordinary man," he says, "with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty king and his solemn Chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad ministers, or equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots, one laments that such parts should have been devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chemist; when he is a real bubble and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolishest ends, contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character."—"His portrait," adds the same writer, "has been drawn by four masterly hands: Burnet has hewn it out with his rough chisel,— Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy, that finishes while it seems but to sketch,— Dryden catched the living likeness, — Pope completed the historical resemblance." To these we may add the dark outline of Butler. His sketch of the libertine Duke,— prompted, however, as it was by the bitterest feelings of personal dislike,—is one of the most disagreeable portraits in the gallery of human character.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

00036837

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018